THE 10 CARS THAT MAKE GAS STILL WORTH BUYING!

MAXIM

NOVEMBER 2005

NICOLLETTE SHERIDAN

HOT MAMA!

HOUSEWIFE OF THE YEAR!

THIS NAUGHTY NEIGHBOR GIVES US A LITTLE SUGAR!

100 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT WOMEN

THE NBA IS BACK!

BUT DON'T ALL YAWN AT ONCE!

SPECIAL REPORT

THE WAR COMES HOME

THE ENDLESS AGONY OF OUR RETURNING VETS

PLUS!

SARAH SILVERMAN, 50 CENT, AND HOW TO MAKE FIRE FROM JUNK FOOD!

Yes, we've done our chores

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*All advantage claims are supported by AIC Autosource manufacturer data reported as of June 2005. Based on Import Midsize Pickup Truck category as defined by Jato Dynamics sold in the U.S. Retailer terms and availability may vary. Not all features standard on every Raider model. See retailer or visit www.mitsubishicars.com for details.

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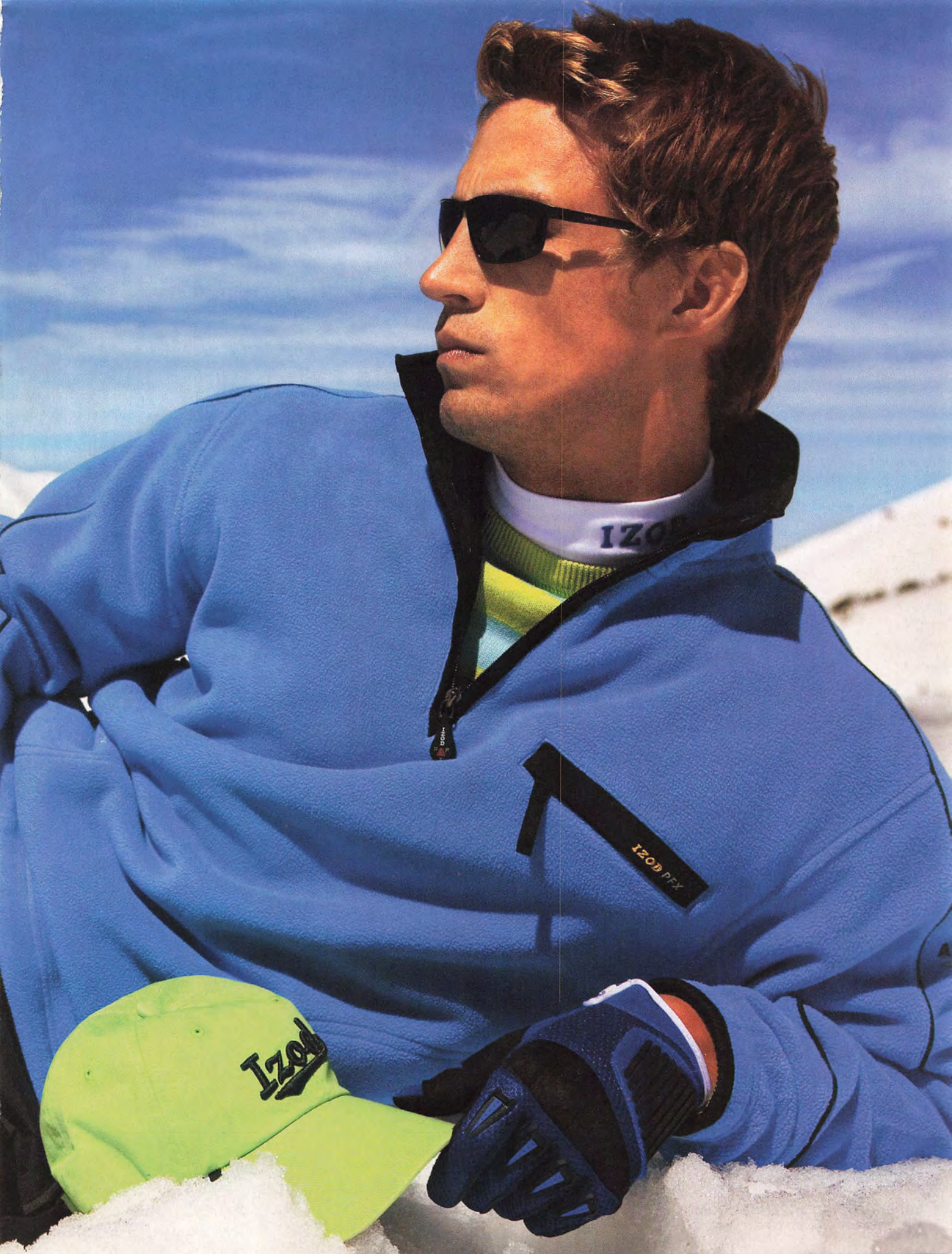
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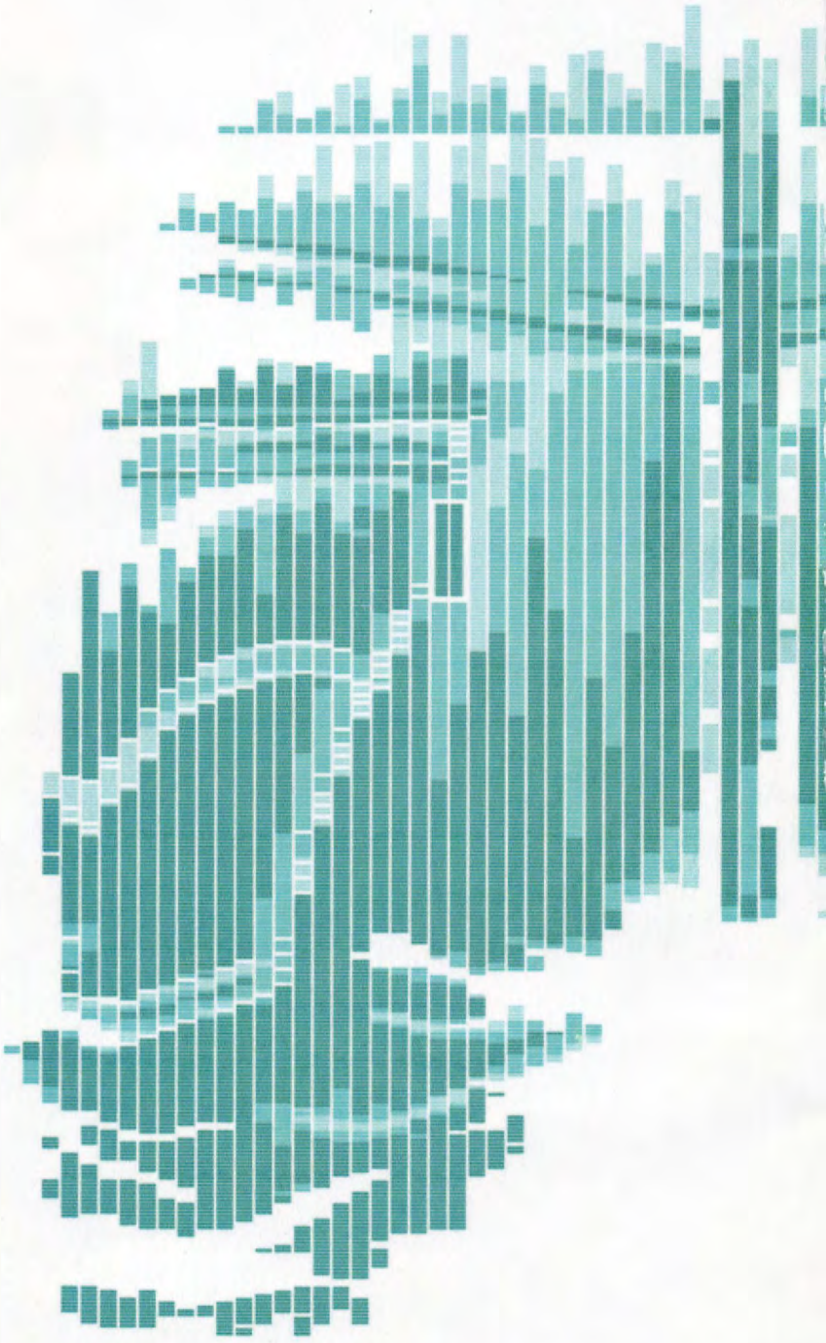

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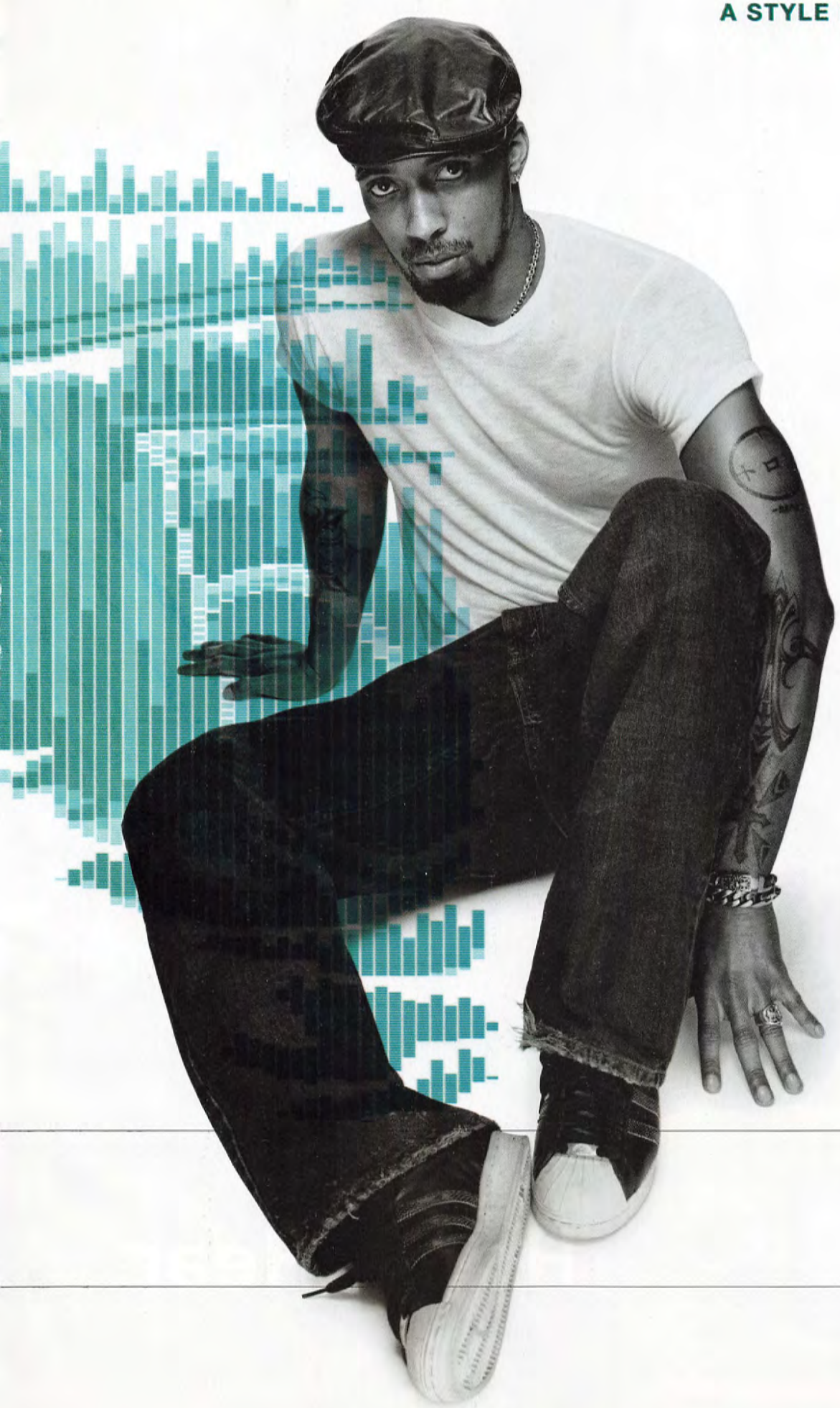

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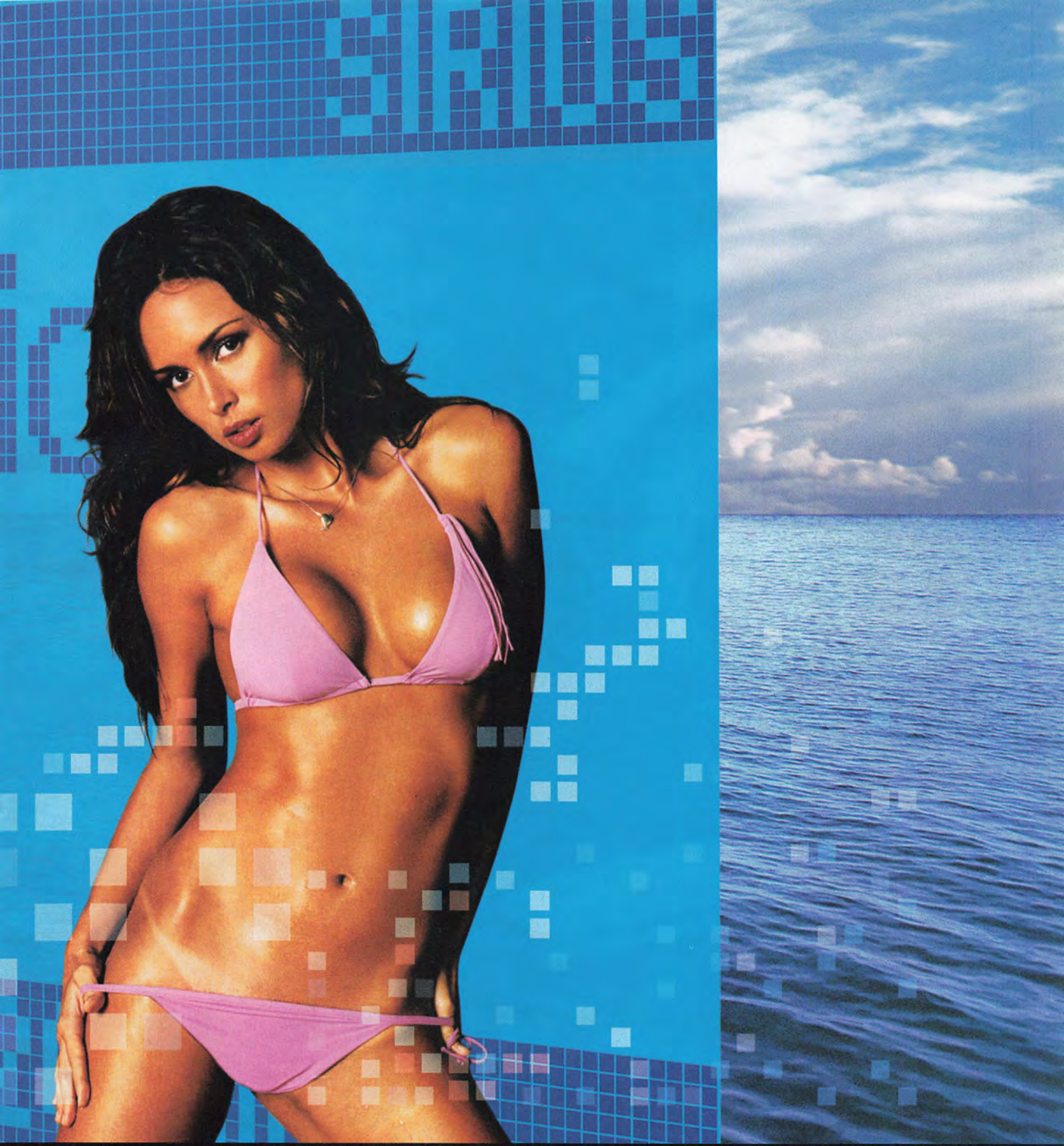

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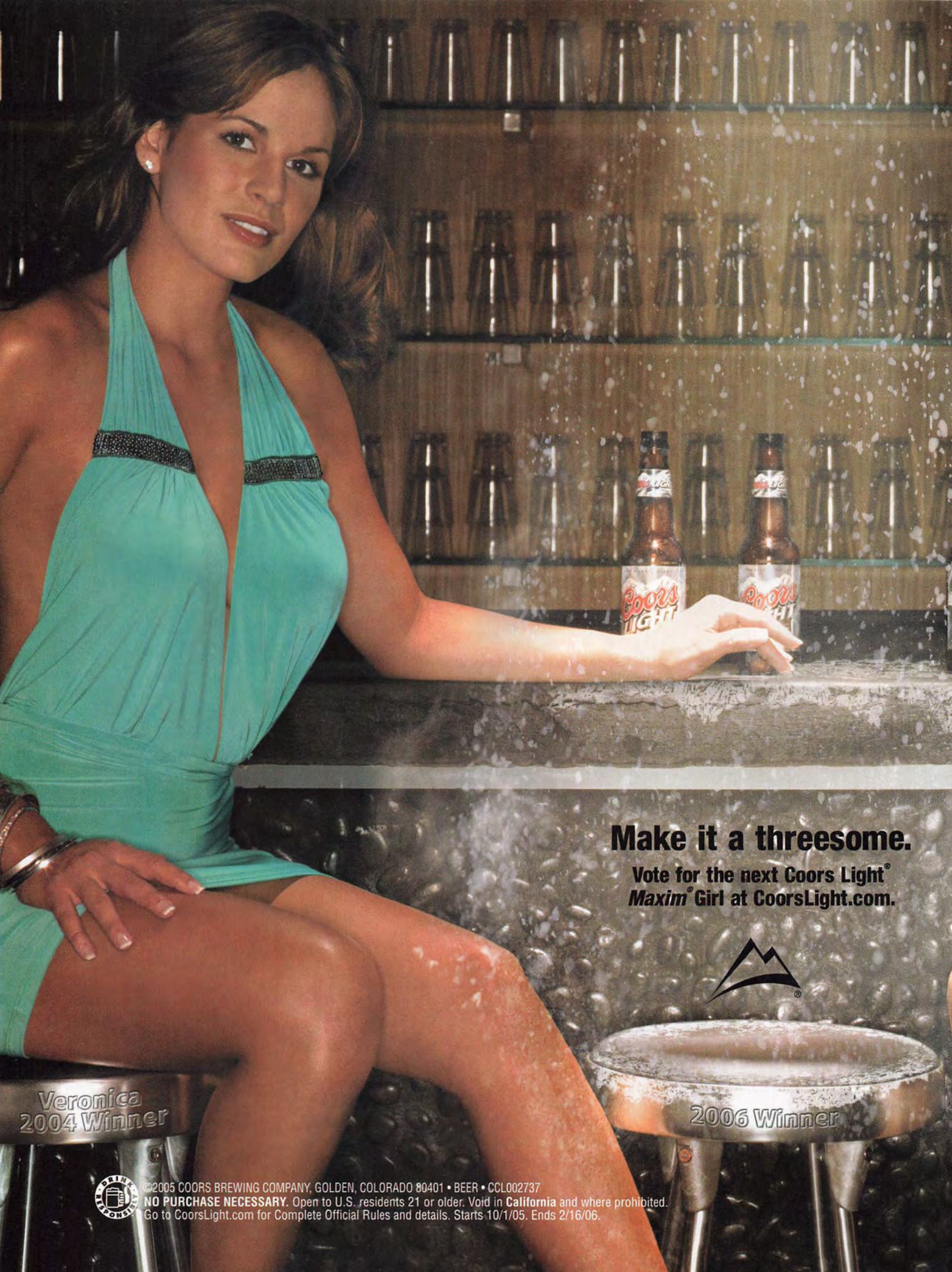

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COVER GIRL
NICOLLETTE SHERIDAN

The Desperate Housewife and world's sexiest on-screen soccer mom gives you the inside track on catfighting, nude sunbathing, and her beef with Paris Hilton. If she could only cook a decent meat loaf, she'd be perfect.

If chairs could talk, p.138

Please disperse, there's no innuendo to see here, p.134

Makes our Chevette seem lame, p.124

INSTANT EXPERT
100 ON THE SET

Motion pictures take hard work and careful planning, less so if the movie is *Supercross*. Learn how to speak like a bona fide coke-snortin' hack.

HOT AND FRESH
102 MICHELE MERKIN

The host of *Foody Call* and *Extreme Dodgeball* dishes on the dangers of Dodger Stadium dining and the power of fondue.

p.102

SPECIAL REPORT
108 NO END IN SIGHT

These soldiers risked death overseas, facing bombings and snipers daily. Then they came home, and things got rough.

DO YOUR DUTY
115 MAXIM'S MILLION MINUTE MARCH

Our troops may need to be away from their families, but with your help we can ensure they still get to talk to them.

PERFECT UNION
116 GABRIELLE UNION

ABC's *Night Stalker* star explains why she is entirely capable of playing a lesbian. We never doubted you, Gabrielle.

SHOWROOM 2006
124 CARS OF THE YEAR

From Hummers to Hondas, we unveil the rides that will make you wish you could still afford gasoline.

LADIES' TIME
134 100 THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

If a typical date consists of you playing *Halo 2* in your underwear and socks before angrily refusing even to consider engaging in a bit of foreplay, you probably should read this one, Romeo.

p.116

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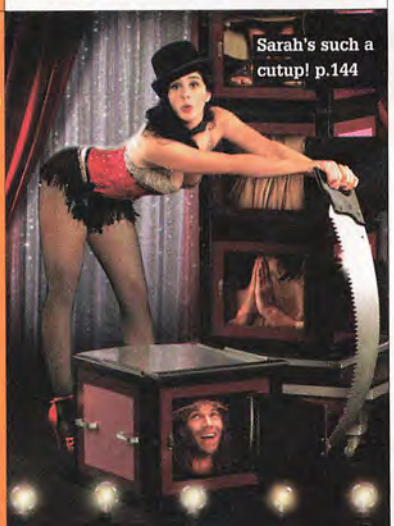
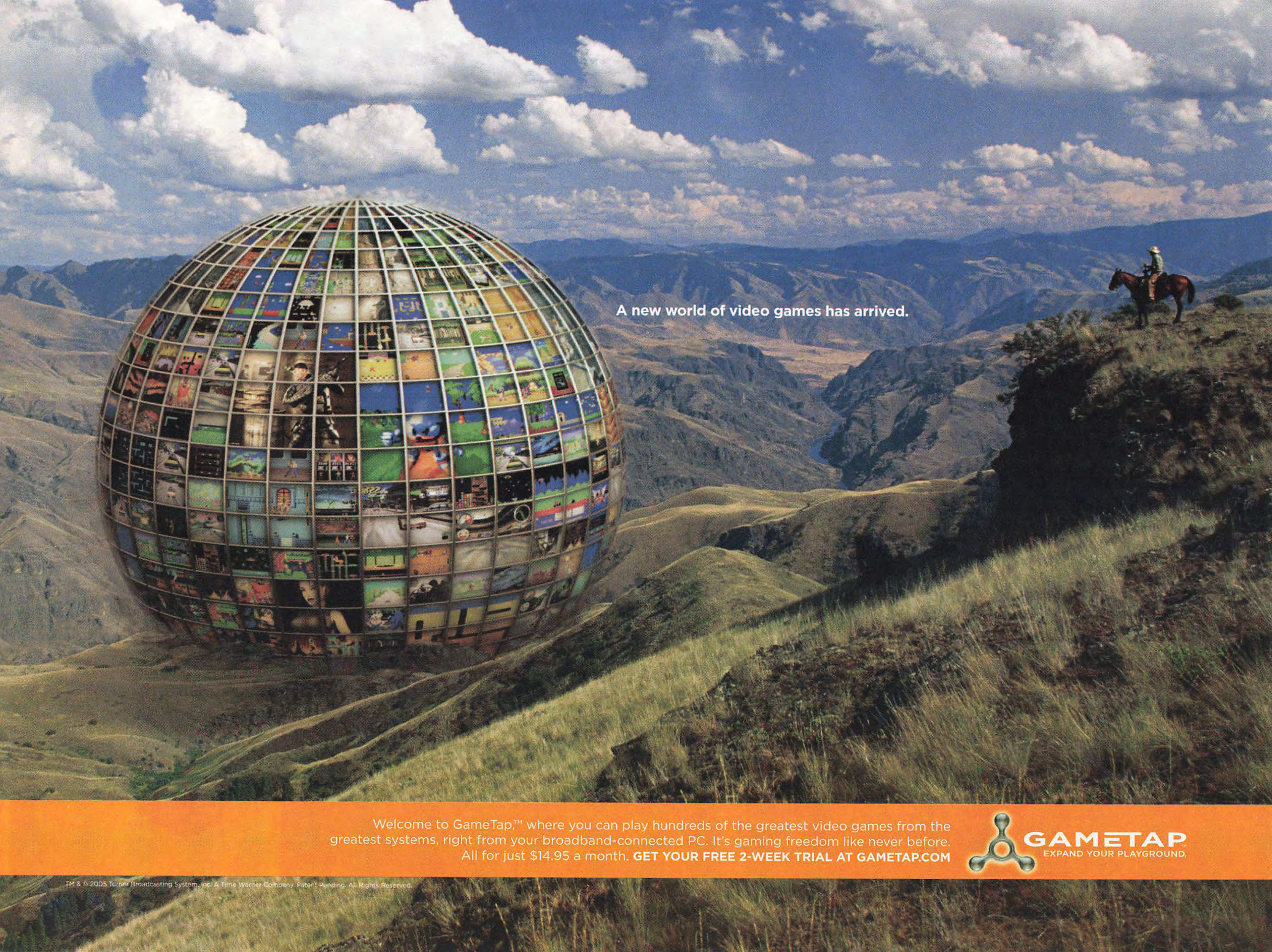
WE WANT ANSWERS!
SARAH SILVERMAN

The *Jesus Is Magic* comic and world's funniest female explains why men in chicken suits need to be left the hell alone.



Sarah's such a cutup! p.144



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The 265-hp Nissan Frontier

NISSAN

SHIFT_utility

80

HOT ZONE

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Christina Lindley makes us want to watch pre-movie ads—albeit only the ones for MovieTickets.com. Then we chat with rap kingpin 50 Cent about his G-Unit empire (it includes a video game *and* Vitamin Water) and meet Takashi Miike, Japan's scariest export since Hello Kitty.

So worth the bypass, p.66

Top this, nature! p.147

Bubble boy streetwear, p.172

READERS' LETTERS

24 WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

We accept Candygrams. All forms of communication should be so delicious.

Die laughing, p.78

THE FUNNIES

32 LAUGH, STUPID!

Adam Ferrara tells why his bathroom habits upset his girlfriend. She dislikes urine puddles. Then learn something about rabbit sex.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

36 THE FEY WAY

Enter the dressing room of our favorite *SNL* news anchor (sorry, Amy Poehler), learn how Japanese people are being replaced with robots, and win a VIP weekend and a date to *Maxim*'s big game bash with a Coors Light model. Huzzah!

p.72

HOW TO

60 SHOOT SKEET

All-Pro Muhsin "Moose" Muhammad teaches you to take out the clay pigeons, while we show you how to birth a baby (hospitals is pricey).

GASTRONOMY

66 SANDWICH CRAFT

Feast your eyes on five sandwiches that'll change your life.

JOCK TALK

72 SLAM SESSION

The NBA's Dwyane Wade, Jermaine O'Neal, Baron Davis, and "Big Shot Bob" talk game and groupies.

CELEBRITY ADVISER

78 ADAM GOLDBERG

The *Head Cases* star tells how he wound up in Willie Nelson's cowboy boots.

TOP GEAR

147 PURE X-TASY

Experience Microsoft's Xbox 360. Seems you win again, Bill Gates.

ASK US ANYTHING

172 WHAT DO YOU DO TO BECOME AN ASTRONAUT?

First you ride Space Mountain without soiling yourself.

Get him the ball...*now*, p.60

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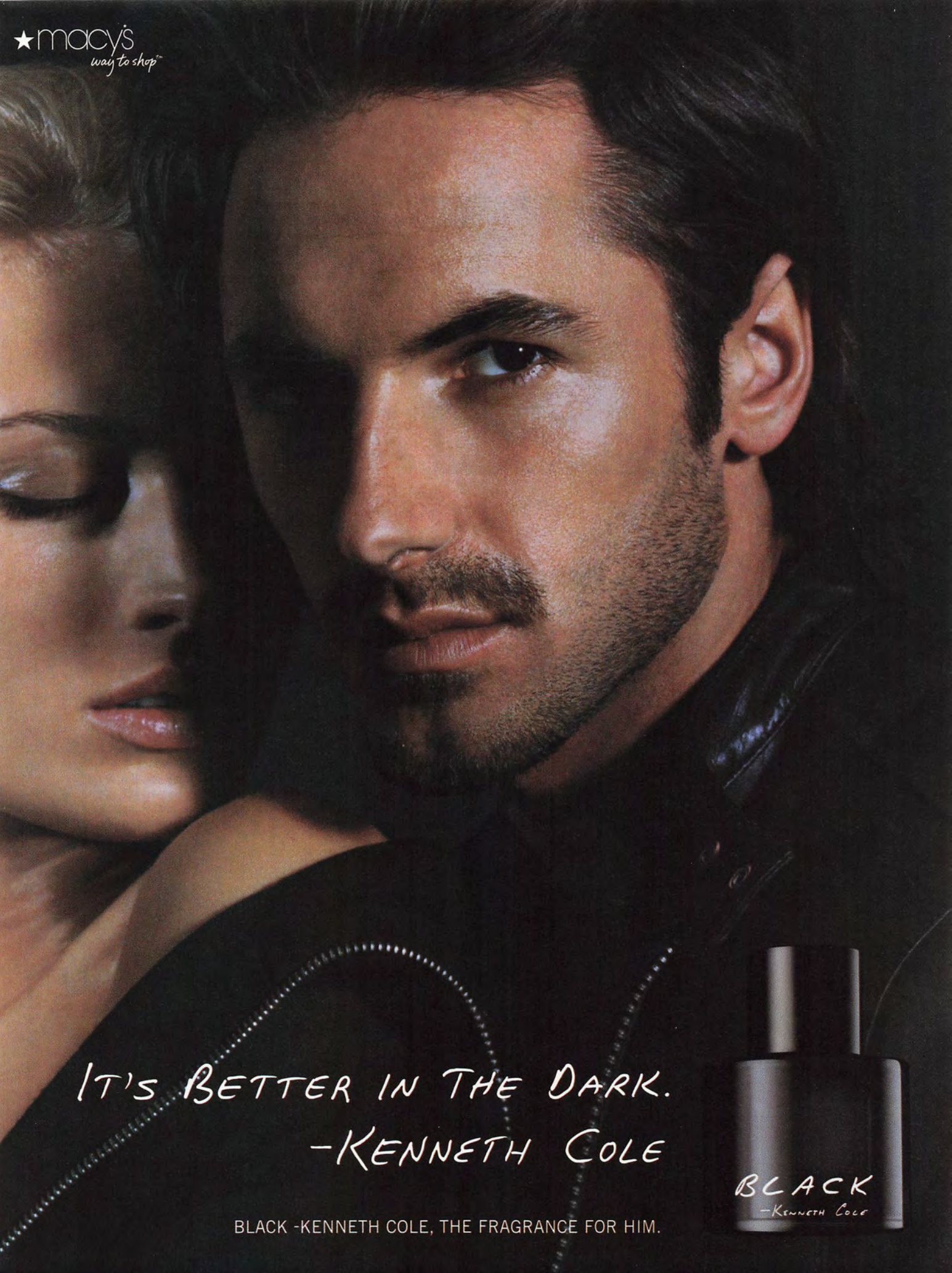
MAXIM STYLE

EXTREME ELEGANCE

Discover a better class of biker gear, plus see the new look of sunglasses, and a shaving kit. Don't miss it, Sasquatch.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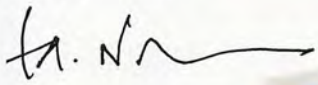
To all of you who participated in our auction to help raise money for Hurricane Katrina victims, many thanks for your generosity, and I hope you were successful in your attempt to buy whichever celebrity artifact you bid on. And to those of you who are still in a giving mood, good news! Because we're rattling the can again. This time, though, it's your chance to help a different bunch of *Maxim* readers who bear a hard load—the troops in Iraq. Whatever your position on the wisdom of that particular conflict, many troops are returning to the U.S. only to find that they are not the same people they were before they left, and are finding it tough, and in some cases impossible, to readapt to life back home.

Starting on page 108, you can read about the predicaments faced by some of these people, and hopefully you'll be sufficiently moved to want to do something to help.

In order to make the desert less of a lonely and terrifying experience for those unfortunate enough to find themselves sent there, we have set up *Maxim*'s Million Minute March, in which we plan to raise enough money to buy at least one million minutes of phone time, paid for by small donations from people such as yourself. These minutes will then be chopped up into little pieces and distributed, in the form of phone cards, to the troops overseas through the VFW's Operation Uplink program, so they can call wives, parents, mistresses, bookies, Uncle Jerry, or whomever they turn to in times of need. By enabling them, even for a few minutes, to connect with someone not sleep-deprived or with nerves frazzled by suicide bombers, you could be helping some of our soldiers retain their sanity when everything else is conspiring to deprive them of it.

All you need to do is sacrifice the cost of, say, a round of drinks, and send it to the address you'll find on page 115. You could make a huge difference to the life of someone you've never met, but who reads the same magazine you do. *Maxim* readers, you've done it again.

Enjoy the issue,



ON THE COVER: NICOLETTE SHERIDAN

STYLING BY Eric Orlando for Exclusive Artists

HAIR BY John Ruggario for Bumble and Bumble

MAKEUP BY Agostina for cloutieragency.com using Giorgio Armani Cosmetics

CLOTHING sheer lace slip and underwear by La Perla

PROPS BY Kyle Kannenberg

THIS MONTH IN MAXIM

Staffers who participated in an office morale-building canoeing expedition	30
Serious injuries sustained as a result of drunkenness and/or overall aquatic incompetence	3
Cell phones destroyed as a result of defective plastic bags	9
Hours spent gathering ingredients to construct the finalists in the *Maxim* sandwich contest (p.66)	12
Final score of the first-ever Desk Chair Football game (p.57)	21-14
Total ceiling tiles broken by errant passes	3
Wild animals brought to the *Maxim* offices by Animal Planet's Jeff Corwin	9
Number of tiger cubs that fit right in by soiling editor Charles Coxe's desk	1
Number called by editor Jon Wilde to save editorial bitch Matt Christensen's life after he accidentally ate walnut bread	911
Successive nut jokes made by mocking staffers	45

Photograph, Len Irish (Ed); grooming, Andie Markoe Byrne

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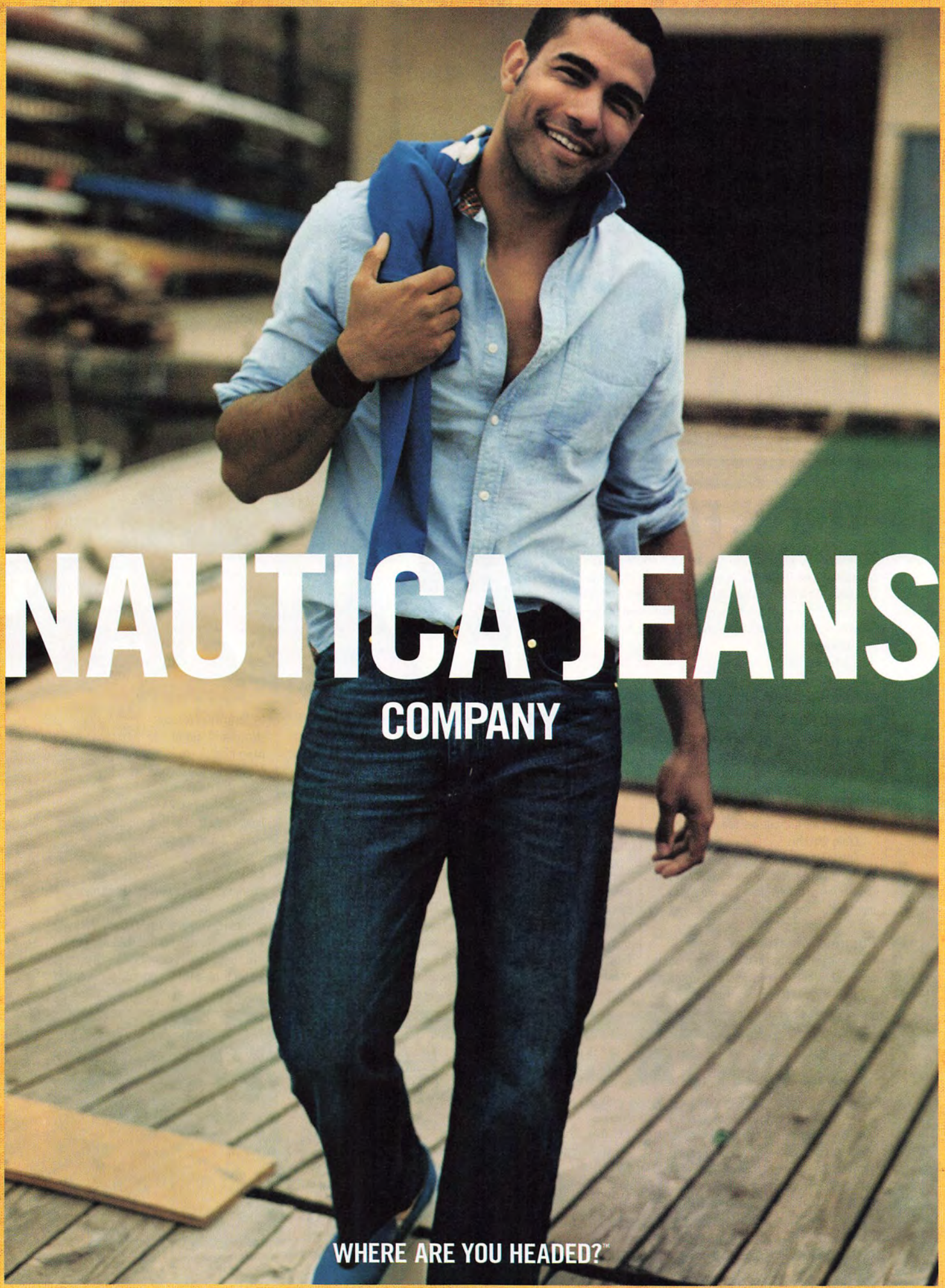

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

Let us all give thanks for fake spray-on sweat

LETTER OF THE MONTH

WIN $200!

YOU'RE FIRED

I thought you guys might like this picture. It was taken in the Umatilla National Forest. The fire was almost as hot as your cover girls. I guess the other crew members were doing something more important at the time. Either way, there's always time to drool over the girls of *Maxim,* especially when the government is paying for it.

Chase
Ashland, OR

Man, fire is great. It destroys evidence so quickly.

Monaco Maniac

Your issues are always full of beautiful women, but Kelly Monaco is beyond words. I might have to start watching soaps and reality shows. Add mine to the list of online marriage proposals to her. Tell her if she needs a house husband, I can cook, clean, and give one hell of a foot massage.

Craig Watkins
Castle Hayne, NC

We don't think Ms. Monaco is looking, but we can forward this on to John Stamos for you. That man's feet get very tender.

Bummer Vacation

I was going on vacation at the end of the month and was breathlessly waiting for next month's *Maxim* to come so I could take it with me. It never came, so my holiday was missing that special something. When I got back, I found out that my boyfriend had hidden it so that I wouldn't be able to take it with me!

Ange Unger
Via e-mail

Wanna get him back? Here's what you do: First, take all his socks and hide them. Then—this is the wacky part!—kill his parents. He'll never steal your Maxims *again (they won't either).*

The Eagle Has Ranted

In "Turf Wars," your September football preview, you made two huge mistakes. First your "expert," Rich Eisen, had the Eagles losing in the first round. Enough said. Yet the more incredible error was dressing our gorgeous Eagles cheerleader in a pair of soccer shin guards! Stick to paper football, you cubicle-dwelling cockroaches.

Justin Hawkes
Philadelphia, PA

Bringing the score of huge mistakes thus far to Maxim*: 2, Justin's parents: 1.*

Labor Day

I want to thank you guys for saving my ass. I had to hold out for three months from reading my magazines. Why ever would I do this? My wife was pregnant with our first child, and I knew that labor wouldn't be quick. When it came time for her to head to the hospital, I was prepared with plenty of great reading material and ▶

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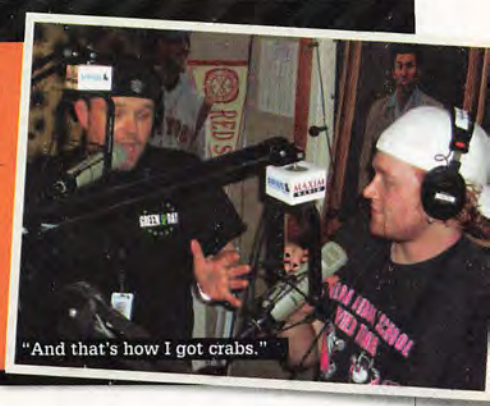
Maxim's on Sirius satellite radio. Choke on that, FCC!

Throw out your old transistor, because *Maxim* now has its own radio network on Sirius channel 145, where you can hear editors speak like trained monkeys! You'll get John DeVore Wednesday evenings at eight, as he mixes self-loathing with scotch. Check out the banter of Charles Coxe and his punching bag, editorial bitch Matt Christensen, Fridays at 4 P.M. on the Bower Show. Scott Stein talks football Thursdays at 4:20 P.M., while every Wednesday at 4:30 P.M. Jon Wilde tells you which Web sites are the best for wasting your workday. Now you can finally hear what the boneheads creating this mag sound like. Then sit back and marvel that we're able to compose sentences.


"And that's how I got crabs."

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Say good afternoon to David Reutimann of Darrell Waltrip Motorsports. Just your average, everyday Tundra-drivin' guy. *toyota.com/nascar*

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OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

If you're blind, you're most likely not reading this. But if you can see, try to best our lackluster effort for the juxtaposed caption of the worst rubber ducky bath time in history. Make us cry and you can DJ your own victory party with a tubular Hercules DJ Console MK2, plus a state-of-the-art karaoke station, from Guillemot. E-mail us at **caption@maximmag.com**, and get ready for your life to peak.

WIN!

SEPTEMBER'S WINNER

"Scott Peterson's final sentence: drive to visit his wife."
—Gregg Pompei, via e-mail

caffeine. Twenty hours and three magazines later, my wife gave birth to my newborn son—a future *Maxim* subscriber.

Rod Gentile
Streamwood, IL

Sure, "your" son. Good one, Rod! We hope his real father is as funny as you are (according to your wife, he's about six inches more entertaining).

Clothes Minded

Two big thumbs up for the September issue—football and sexy women! I was most impressed with the lady wearing the Dolphins bikini on page 126. I was about to drool on her pictures when my girlfriend said that *she* could look just as good. Please tell me where I can find that outfit. I promise I'll send a picture.

Doug Riggs
Ft. Walton Beach, FL

Our best guess is it's being gently caressed beneath the nose of a lonely man. We'll check around the office.

Guilty Pressure

Do you guys ever feel guilty about receiving a paycheck for your "job"? I mean, I wouldn't, but I've heard some people have a conscience. Just wondering.

Gary Unrein
Niagara, WI

"Conscience"? We don't know that one. Speaking of which, what's a "paycheck"?

Groom for One More

In your September issue, the story about "How to Sell an Engagement Ring" was missing a tip. A close friend of mine has been engaged three times, and all three engagements ended in a breakup. Two of the three times, he took the ring back to the jeweler and said that his fiancée had died. He got a full refund. One of the jewelers even sent him sympathy cards!

Rob
Via e-mail

We are sad to report that this trick doesn't work when returning handcuffs or lube.

Assterpiece Theater

Thank you for gracing your June cover with Vanessa Marcil. The last time I saw her, she was signing my husband's ass. Being the good wife that I am, I sent Michael on a trip to Super Soap Weekend with the hope that he could finally meet his precious Brenda Barrett (Marcil's character on *General Hospital*). Obviously, he did meet her, and while on the phone with me, he yelled to Brian Austin Green—Vanessa's then-beau—"This is the best day of my life!" Then he mumbled the afterthought, "Well, aside from the day that Grace was born." Grace is our newborn daughter.

Erin Linnen Berlew
Via e-mail

We can't wait till the day when Grace learns to read, and her subsequent years in therapy. ▶

YOURS FOR THE TAKING

TREAD ON ME

Finally, rubber you can actually use.

Sick of getting smoked out of every intersection? Help's on the way. Bridgestone is giving one lucky motorist four Dueler H/L Alenza tires, complete with SUV technology and enhanced grip so tight you'd think you were driving on Stick-Um. *Maxim* will also throw in a $1,500 gift certificate to your local auto shop so you can finally afford those "seat belts." Hit **maximonline.com** for your chance to win.

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Wrong Inbox

Well, yeah, we need to do it this weekend. I really hope Bret does not go to jail. That would be so bad for his business. What would he do? Anyways, are you going to go tanning today or not? I really need to start going. I am a *white* girl. Anyways, what is on your mind lately? I am so bored. I wish I could be off so bad.

Chris
Via e-mail

We also hope Bret stays free. It's scandalous how many prisons don't have good tanning beds.

Schiz All Right

Since this is your "First Annual TV Awards" [September], I suggest you get another writer next year who isn't schizophrenic. You rated John Madden as the #2 Best Sports Broadcaster, then, two pages later, ranked him as the #1 Most Irritating Sportscaster.

Magic Dave
Ferndale, MI

We're not schizophrenic. We just think Madden has a talent for being both good and annoying. We think that too. We disagree.

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UNSOLVED MYSTERY

G.I. WHOA!

Forget that video of the horse. This is the office e-mail worth losing your job over.

Our inboxes are usually clogged with all sorts of offensive communiqués, many of them starring family members (you never cease to amaze us, Uncle Walter). This time, however, unselfish petty officer "Joe" Saunders has brought a matter to our attention that needs to be shared with the world, instead of stealthily deleted after several private viewings. "We got this pic sent to us through the many forwards we get," claims the admittedly horny sailor. "Maybe you guys can use your connections to track down this smoking bomb loader." So who is this gorgeous G.I.? Is it you? Is it your sister? Is it your brother, after the estrogen treatments kicked in? As the self-proclaimed best private dicks in the country—sorry, John Shaft—we're on the hunt for any information leading to the whoabouts of this stunning soldier. If you or someone you know can help our cause, e-mail **whosthatgirl@maximmag.com** and hopefully we'll have more photos of her in a future issue. Now get back to your inbox and that other message, titled "Bulgarian Breakfast Burrito."

DRAWING BORED

PEN PAL

I sent a drawing of mine to *Maxim* that was never published. *Maxim* is more than just a prominent magazine I've come to appreciate. Throughout the years it's also become my favorite reliable art book, providing numerous ideas for drawing. I feel the pain of our troops and, like the Operation: Hottiedrop campaign, I started my own Web site through **cellpals.com** with the hope of some *Maxim* hotties dropping me a line. In order to get "maximum exposure," I'm sending another drawing as a tribute to the troops—and Kim Smith.

Clay Bear
Ely, NV

Thanks, uh, Clay Bear. Another great way to get "maximum exposure" that worked for us. . . actually, forget it. You're already behind bars.

Shattered Dream of the Month

I have some article ideas, but I can't find writer's guidelines on your site. Can you fire me some?

Aaron Hoos
Via e-mail

We could, but that would probably mean you'd write back. So we're going with "no."

Acronymrod

Each month I think *Maxim* can't get any better, but in your September issue you really outdid yourselves with the photos of Kelly Monaco. She is so hot. I've come up with something for her, and I'd appreciate it if you could pass it on. It's an acronym for her name. KELLY (Keep Everyone Longfully Lusting You) MONACO (Men Obviously Need A Classy Obsession).

John J.
Florence, SC

Actually, Kelly Monaco is an acronym for "You Are The Biggest Toolbox Ever, Especially If You're Checking To See What This Really Spells."

Feel a Cop

Your battle of TV cops ["The Usual Suspects," September] was great. I'm gay, and while Crockett is definitely '80s hot, I agree Chief Wiggum is top cop. *Maxim*, you have the right to remain fabulous!

Buzzly De La Roche
Upper Sandusky, OH

Thanks, but we choose to waive that right. M

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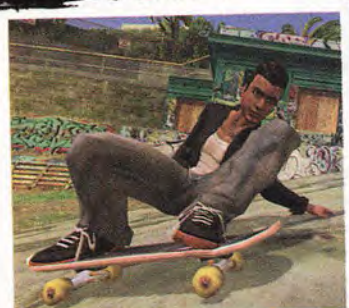

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activision.com

LAUGH, STUPID!

STAND-UP SPOTLIGHT

ADAM FERRARA

Dripping puddles everywhere.

My girlfriend just moved in with me. You learn a lot when you live with a woman. I found out my bathroom habits are deplorable.

"How come when you take a shower, the water gets all over the place?"

"Honey, the water is shooting out of the wall! When it hits you, it bounces off. That's why there's a curtain."

"No, it's you. You're in there splashing around!"

"What, do you think there's a slide in there? I'm playing pool games by myself? Marco? Polo!"

"When you get out of the tub, the bath mat is soaking wet!"

"Oh, God forbid my feet touch the precious bath mat, that's one of the sacred artifacts I can't go near in this museum we're living in. Like the soap that's only for company or the guest towels I can't touch. When are these filthy people showing up to wash themselves? Can you tell me? Because I want to make sure they smell the dead fermenting flower petals."

"That's potpourri!"

"It's a bucket of mulch, lady. Don't lie to me!"

I know she's just trying to make things nice, so I do my part. Now when I get up to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, I turn on the light. I used to go by sonar—just keep peeing till you hear water. You should have heard her in the morning.

"What the hell happened in here?"

"Must be the humidity…"

"Humidity doesn't smell like asparagus!"

Don't let those doe eyes fool you

To buy Ferrara's CD, *Have Some,* or to check tour dates, visit adamferrara.com.

Q: Why did Frosty the Snowman pull down his pants?
A: He heard the snow-blower coming.

Not as cute when they're on 'roids

THE $200 JOKE!

Three Brave Mice

Three mice are sitting at a bar late at night in a pretty rough neighborhood trying to impress each other with how tough they are.

The first mouse downs a shot of scotch, turns to the second mouse, and says, "I set off mousetraps with my foot. When the bar comes down, I bench-press 20 reps and then eat the cheese."

The second mouse orders up two shots of bourbon, downs them, turns to the first mouse, and replies, "When I see rat poison, I collect as much as I can, grind it up to a powder, and add it to my coffee. It barely even gives me a buzz!"

The first and second mice turn to the third mouse. He lets out a long sigh and says to the first two, "I don't have time for this horseshit. I've got to go home and bang the cat."

—Scott Tally, via e-mail

Doing Division

A 54-year-old accountant leaves a letter for his wife that reads:

"Dear Wife, I am 54, and by the time you receive this letter I will be at the Radisson hotel with my beautiful and sexy 18-year-old secretary."

When he arrives at the hotel, there is a letter waiting for him that reads:

"Dear Husband, I, too, am 54, and by the time you receive this letter I will be in a suite at the Hilton hotel with my handsome and virile 18-year-old boy toy. As an accountant, you'll appreciate that 18 goes into 54 many more times than 54 goes into 18."

What's in a Name?

Three mothers are in a psychologist's office.

The psychologist says to the first mom, "Your obsession with food made you name your child Candy."

He says to the second, "Your obsession with alcohol made you name your kid Brandy."

The third mom grabs her son's hand and says, "C'mon, Dick, we don't have to stand for this!"

Pubic Hare

Q: Why is rabbit sex so quiet?
A: Cotton balls.

Brush With Death

A blonde decides to paint the living room of her house. At the end of the day, her husband comes home and walks into the room to find his sweaty wife wearing both a parka and a jacket.

"What are you doing?" he asks.

"I just wanted to surprise you by painting the living room while you were at work."

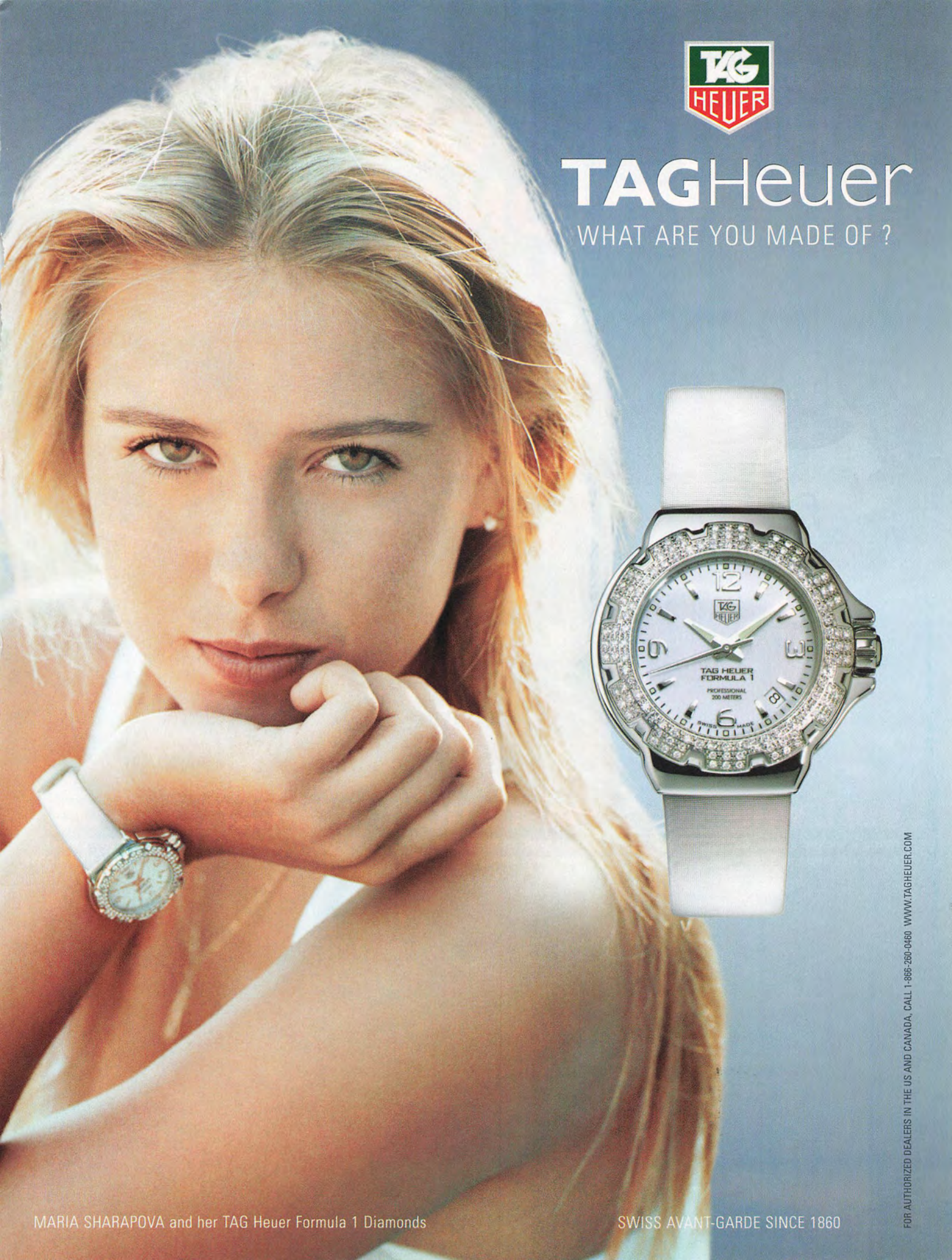
"Well, nice job," he says. "But why are you wearing two jackets?"

His wife points to the paint can and replies, "It said, 'For best results, put on two coats.'"

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at maximonline.com.

ADVENTURES OF THE WIDOWER

Illustration, Mick Coulas; comic strip, Barney Farmer and Lee Healy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CATTLE PROD

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FRAT PADDLE

Decent, but Snapmother wasn't down with spanking other dudes.

NIGHT STICK

Commanded respect, but left you more beat down than pumped up.

SLIM JIM

In the end, Snapmother found nothing motivates like 13 inches of spicy smoked meat.

snap into a slim jim.®

A Maxim View of the World

CIRCUS M

The upside? Putrid squid entrails smooth chapped skin!

AXIMUS

SHORE OF GORE

This isn't anything an oil tanker full of marinara sauce couldn't solve.

A discount travel agent might describe Santa Maria as a beautiful Chilean island with a coastline full of pristine beaches—except for the thousands of jumbo flying squid corpses rotting ashore. But the only people privy to this surprise scene of oceanic carnage would be the locals trying to clear their port of giant bouquets of tentacles, and they're a lucky bunch. Commonly referred to as Humboldt squids, these sucker-enabled snot sleeves are aggressive beasties that can grow up to six feet long, and it's a mystery as to why they beached themselves in such massive quantities. A totally gross mystery.

DEEEE-LICIOUS RECIPES

EASY FRIED CALAMARI

Italians have given us so much: Vespas, Catholicism, and ways to turn spineless sea worms into yummy finger food. Use this recipe in the event your local beach fills with free squid.

* Thoroughly clean squid, and cut body into 1/2 inch rings.
* Dredge squid in mix of flour, parsley, salt, and pepper.
* Pour three inches of vegetable oil into a large saucepan and put the heat to medium. Fry until crisp and lightly golden. Serve with lemon wedges. Dip is your call.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

BROAD COMEDY

Tina Fey: She's like Janeane Garofalo, but funny and hot.

When Tina Fey announced on *Saturday Night Live* that "*Maxim* released its annual Hot 100 list with Eva Longoria at number one…while I placed between Bonnie Hunt and Joy Behar," we knew we'd blown it. We had left the funny girl out.

We're sorry, Tina. We want to make it up to you. But with no backstage pass, we have to guess.

See, there's something buried in Tina—below the rapier wit that wrote 2004's funnier-than-we-expected *Mean Girls* and the hyper-ambition that made her *SNL*'s first female head writer—that gets us excited. Watching her rip on a celeb, then crack that sexy scar-dimpled smirk, we can tell she's a vixen-in-hiding who's eager to break free of her empowered-woman demeanor.

So this picture is our way of saying, "Tina, we'll always respect you, even when you wear see-through panties. Oh, and knock 10 minutes off the skits, would ya?"

WOMEN YOU'LL NEVER SEE IN MAXIM
100% FAKE

Styling, Jamie Rosenthal for Code; prop styling, Manuel Norena at DMS for De Facto; air brushing, blairwear.com; grooming, Shannon Grey Williams for Oliver Piro

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

"It's great," said one Claus. "I get older, they stay the same age."

WORLD EVENTS

THOSE WACKY FOREIGNERS!

This is what happens when countries don't have casual Fridays.

BEARDED, CHILDREN-LOVING FAT MEN GATHER

Denmark More than 100 Santa Clauses gathered in Copenhagen at the annual World Santa Claus Congress. Kringles from 10 countries attended the three-day convention, which included a parade and a chimney-climbing competition. The Santas also made a list of demands, including uniform chimney widths and a biannual Christmas to ease the workload. Members have to look and dress like Claus and promise not to smoke or booze before meeting with kids. Good thing malls don't have the same rules.

PORN ENTHUSIASTS FORCED TO WORK UP A SWEAT

India Police busted a crowd of adult-film viewers and punished the horny sociopaths with exercise. The fuzz forced nearly 200 triple-X moviegoers in the Balasore district of New Delhi to do 10 sit-ups each and to promise never to watch porn again. A number of the viewers were younger than 17, prompting the cops to call their parents and make them watch the gut-busting scolding. With any luck, the youngsters will once again understand: Porn bad, dehumanizing caste system good.

MAN PROVES BEARS STILL STRONGER THAN HUMANS

Ukraine A drunk man picked a fight with a grizzly bear, and lost. The 22-year-old lush decided to prove his strength to friends by wrestling the biggest animal around. He and his pals went to the local zoo, where the braggart leaped into the bear cage and began punching the 588-pound beast. Unimpressed, the bear pinned him down and commenced mauling. Zoo staffers rescued the man and took him to a hospital, then suggested that next time he lead with the jab, *then* follow with the uppercut.

THIEF GIVES LESSON IN IRONY

Brazil A man was arrested for stealing toothbrushes from a store, despite not having any teeth in his mouth. Security cams caught 32-year-old Ednor Rodrigues liberating seven oral scrubbers from a supermarket in Ribeirao Preto. He denied stealing the toothbrushes when police apprehended him, showing off his empty orifice as proof that the accusations were ludicrous, but eventually admitted his guilt. "I know it's a stupid thing to do," said the sticky-fingered, gummy-mouthed Rodrigues. "I have no teeth—what was I thinking?"

CELEBRITY GOLD!

VENUS WILLIAMS

> **"Father made us jump on the bed to make our legs stronger."**

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The Romanian villagers didn't understand why the iron horse turned on them

HIT AND RUN

OFF ROADING

Hey, look out! Never mind.

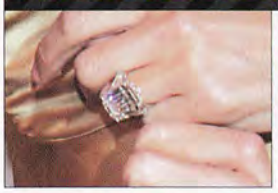
Nothing ruins a good time more than an out-of-control car plowing into a crowd of people, as these spectators watching a Romanian rally found out. The driver lost control, suddenly careening into these fans, causing several serious injuries. We know the terror these innocents felt, having had a similar experience. Only we were tripping on peyote and thought the highway was covered in diamonds.

BANDWAGONS

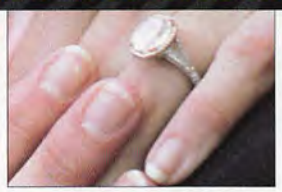
THREE'S A TREND!

But two is not. We don't make the rules—that's just how it goes.

OBNOXIOUSLY GIGANTIC CELEBRITY ENGAGEMENT RINGS



Paris Hilton
An African boy is very proud of this 24K rock.



Katie Holmes
What makes this 5K stone special? Embedded GPS.

Nicole Richie
Ten grand buys a pretty pink wedding booger.

CHICKEN GRISTLE POUNDED INTO SHAPES

Chicken Fries
Everything should come in a fry version.

Chicken Rings
Fast food, sex toy. White Castle gives so much.

McNuggets
Unlike old nuggets, these are "white" meat.

HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN IN BARS

Alcohol
It makes you think you're charming!

Staring
After alcohol, this technique is foolproof.

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TALL TALES

OLD MAN WINTER

At age 99, Norman Vaughan plans to summit a 10,302-foot mountain in Antarctica named after him.

You became the first man to climb Mount Vaughan at a spry 88 years old. Why spend your 100th birthday climbing it all over again?
Admiral Richard Byrd named Mount Vaughan for me about 75 years ago, when I was the chief dog driver on his expedition to the South Pole. I thought I'd go back and climb it while I'm still alive.

What was it like the first time?
It was difficult. My legs weren't strong, because I'd frozen them in the Iditarod, a 1,150-mile dogsled race in Alaska that I competed in 13 times during my 70s and 80s.

How is this expedition going to work?
I'll have six strong guides pulling me up,

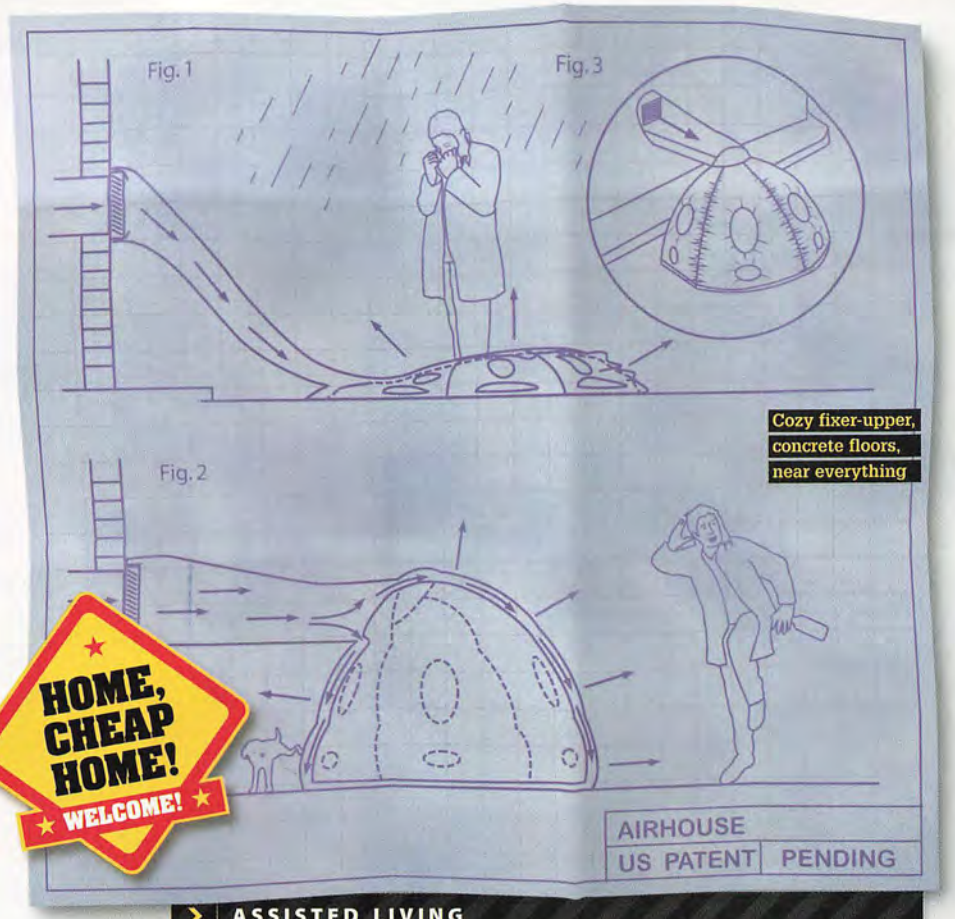
Next goal? Wrestling 50 sea lions...

but I'll be making the last few steps at the top myself.

What's the toughest part of the climb?
The first section is a 1,500-foot knife-edge ridge with steep drop-offs on either side. After that there's exhaustion and the risk of freezing up on the sled.

How does a 99-year-old train for something like this?
Walk as much as you can and eat lots of good food—wild meat if you can get it. I eat a lot of meat.

Can we send you a bottle of whiskey when you get back?
I've never had a drink in my life. But when we reach the summit, I'll be having my first glass of champagne. So, yes, that would be just fine.



ASSISTED LIVING

INFLATE-A-HOUSE

Because what's bad for the ozone layer is good for homeless people.

Turns out air-conditioner exhaust fumes are good for more than just huffing. About eight years ago, artist Michael Rakowitz developed the paraSITE as cheap housing for the homeless that's inflated by a building's vented air. The 32-year-old N.Y.C. resident manufactures his hobo shacks out of polyethylene plastic and a heat sealer. "At first I made them out of packing tape and Hefty bags," he says. "Even now they only cost $5 to make." About 30 urban nomads in Boston, New York, and Baltimore enjoy the pads, no two of which look alike. But now what do we do with all the extra refrigerator boxes?

The Eskimos adapted well to city life

CELEBRITY GOLD!

MARIAH CAREY

> "Butterflies are always following me."

NEW ECONOMY

OUTSOURCING JOHN MAYER

We paid virtual assistant Sumit Kumar $25 to write lyrics like John Mayer. Which were scribbled by our Indian hack, and which by Mr. Sensitive?

1. Baby your heart is in my hand/Baby you're breathing in my heart/Touch me oh my love/You're a feel never loved	**2.** I know a girl/She puts the color inside of my world/And she's just like a maze/Where all of the walls all continually change	**3.** Sleeping beauty/A story untold/A divine essence so wide/ You're like a morning saga/ A dream never realized	**4.** This space is not enough to love/Time is running behind to breathe/Come to my life oh my love/You're a song never composed

Answers: 1, 3, 4, Sumit Kumar; 2, John "Wet Spot" Mayer Interview, Jordan Rane (Vaughan)

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2. Stick decal on gas tank lid.
3. Never wonder again what side your lid's on.

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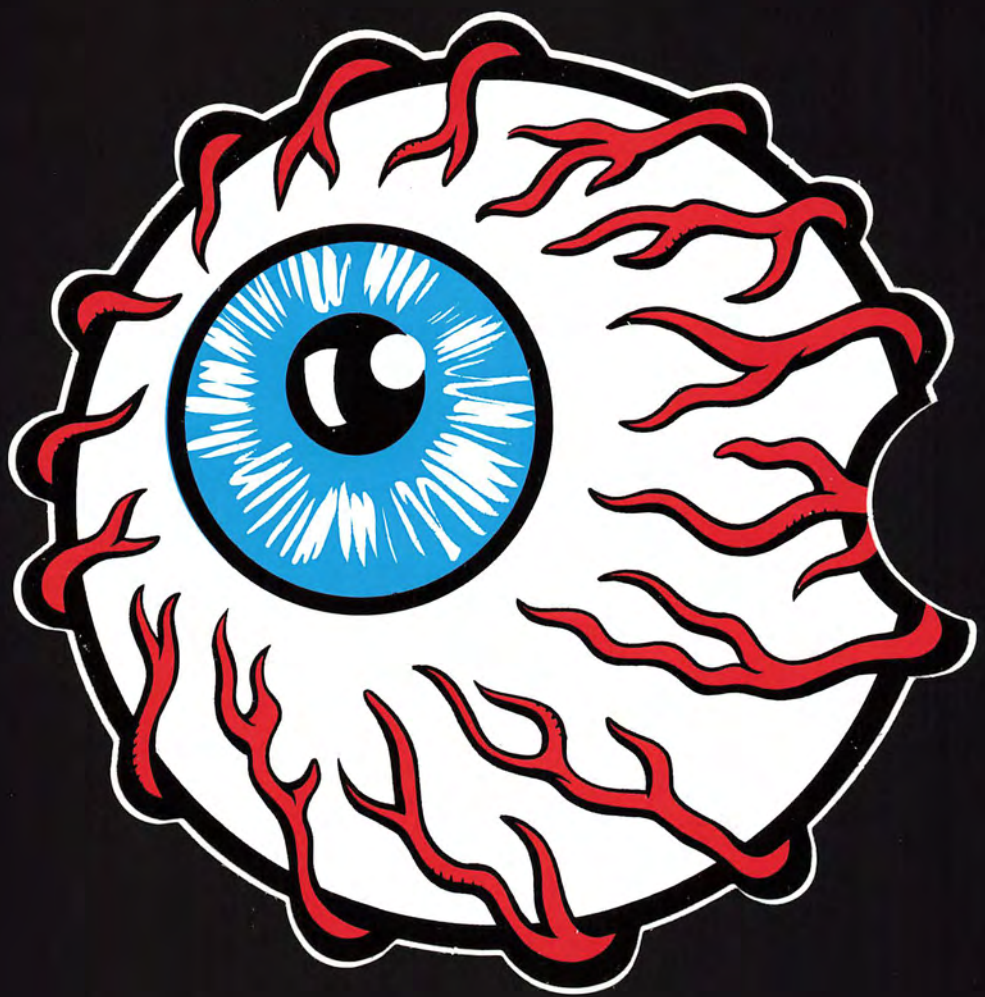

For more about what's under the lid, go to **MINI**USA.COM

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SOUND CHOICE

Do you long for the sweet, sweet sounds of Maxim hotties on your cell phone? We can help.

JUMP ONLINE

1 Go to **MaximToGo.com.** That's the Web site URL printed on Theresa's T-shirt, if you hadn't already noticed.

STAY FOCUSED

2 You're now entering man's paradise. Get your bearings and look for the ringtones section. Click in.

SAMPLE SEXY

3 This is the hard part. Choose which of the seductive *Maxim* girls you'd like to have ring your cell phone.

FOLLOW THROUGH

4 From here all you have to do is select your carrier, pick your handset, and follow the download instructions.

COME HITHER

5 Now, instead of a lame phone ring, you'll be greeted with the soft, sexy voice of your favorite *Maxim* miss.

SURROUND SOUND

NOISE POLLUTION

Get the attention you so desperately crave with these ringtones from MaximToGo.com.

MEXICAN NUT DANCE

Pay tribute to our neighbors down south with this ditty (we'll deal with you later, Canada).

JUNGLE BOY

If Tarzan's cry sounds that good in the jungle, imagine how cool it'll be at the nursing home!

CAR CRASH

It's the ideal method to send the message "Your driving leaves something to be desired."

ROOT CANAL

Think there couldn't be a worse sound than nails on a chalkboard? Check out the drilling.

DROPPING THE BALL

There's no better way to remind Cub-loving friends of Steve Bartman's moment of glory.

CHOPSTICKS

Our favorite classical composition is ideal for work, school, or your latest court date.

PIMP YOUR PHONE MaximToGo.com is loaded with pages upon pages of sexy wallpapers, ridiculous ringtones, and other stuff for your cell phone.

AIRBORNE ENTERTAINMENT

YOU AND THIS HOTTIE?
E-MAIL NOW!

FREE UPGRADES

"DUMP YOUR GIRLFRIEND FOR ME!"

Catherine's a 20-year-old single Southern belle in N.Y.C. Go for it.

CATHY'S OFFERINGS	YOUR GIRL
Thumbs up, keep her. Thumbs down, break up.	
SHE EATS HEALTHY FOOD! "I generally try to avoid greasy fried chicken, but I like Waffle House a lot."	
SHE'S HUMBLE! "I had an awkward phase in eighth grade. I had braces, and my hair was short. Not pretty."	
SHE'S ORALLY FIXATED! "I want to be an orthodontist. But I'm dentist-phobic. It bothers me to go."	
SHE'S NOT NEEDY! "I understand guys' night. I have friends of my own, and I understand that he does, too."	
SHE'S A POOL SHARK! "I'll say, 'I can beat you in pool,' and they'll be like, 'Yeah, right.' And then I really do."	

DECISION TIME

The ol' ball and chain failed to make the grade? Gently send her packing, and e-mail Cathy at **catinthenyc@yahoo.com.** We're here to help.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

Styling, Jamie Rosenthal for Code; prop styling, Manuel Norena at Donnie Myers Studio for De Facto; hair Shannon Grey Williams for Oliver Piro; makeup, Jacqueline Sheppard for Photogenics Media

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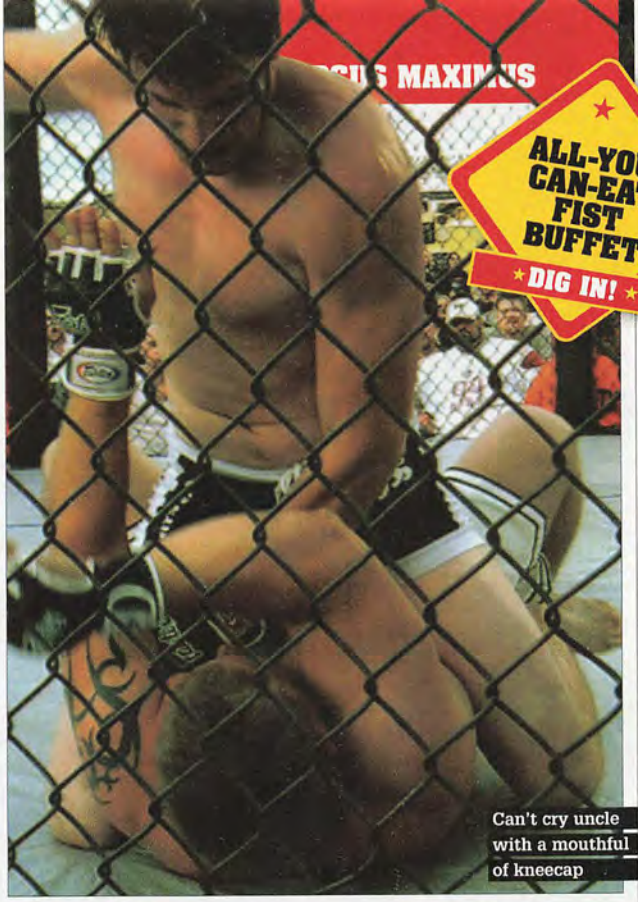

Can't cry uncle with a mouthful of kneecap

FIGHT CLUB

BRAWL OF THE WILD

Ultimate Fighting is slick show biz. These amateur cage fights are the real blood-splattered deal.

Yum! Dude pretzels!

Think you can last a single round in a chain-link cage with one of Chris Christianson's handpicked berserkers? The owner of "the Cage," a traveling circus of hurt based in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Christianson recruits scrappers from all over the Midwest.

"You can tell the guy that's got a hairdressing job from the guy who's been a football player," says the proactive Christianson. (He recently signed up a pair of meatheads, one of whom had beaten up a marine in a street fight in Iowa.)

Banned in civilized states, the Cage's matches are low on production value but high on blood, broken noses, and busted knuckles. And Christianson says fans go crazy for an upset or a grudge match.

"One guy outweighed his opponent by 50 pounds, but the smaller guy had a wrestling background," says Christianson. "He took the big guy down. The crowd loved it."

The Cage has some rules—e.g., you can't kick a guy's kidneys with the heel of your foot—but not everyone plays nice. "There was one guy who tried to refuse taking off his steel-toed boots," Christianson says.

We're guessing he was just abiding by Rule #1 of the Cage: Be the last guy standing.

CELEBRITY GOLD!

NICK LACHEY

> "I tell people, 'Don't take my advice. What do I know?'"

To the victor go the bikini-clad spoils

Text, Kathleen Pollock; photographs, eStorm Web Design

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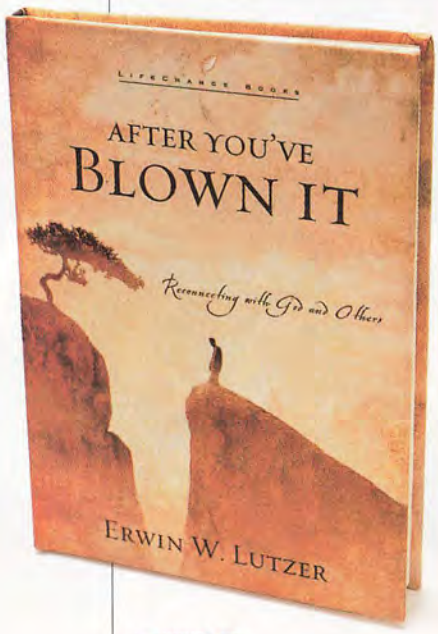
SEEMS WRONG SOM

FOUND PORN

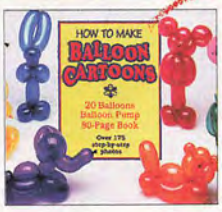
Somebody actually thought this stuff was innocent.

THE $150 WINNER!
Once the show went off the air and Scooby hit the sauce, Scrappy didn't like Easter at his uncle's anymore.
—Frank Angelino, Brooklyn, NY

▲ RUNNER-UP
Perhaps the rarest of all sea creatures, the bearded clam devours sea cucumbers and deters predators with its dreaded red tide.
—Darren Hill, Boyle, Alberta



▲ RUNNER-UP
Get down on your knees and offer a heartfelt apology: "Baby, I'm sorry about the hair, but I'm still not going to kiss you."
—Jim Kinnerk, Chicago, IL



◀ RUNNER-UP
"Pay attention, kids, and I'll show you how to make the rest of the horse."
—Tom Griffith, Cochranville, PA

◀ RUNNER-UP
It makes you wonder—is it possible to make a fifi out of a kitchen sponge?
—Anelisa Cristobal, Tacoma, WA

HEY, PERV—SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?
If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. It's more fun than doing Courtney Love's laundry.

EXPLOSIVE EXPOSÉ

THUNDERSTICK 2005

New from the defense industry: rifles that are 500 percent more lethal!

"Hey, wanna see something cool?" he asked. RIP, Cletus.

Let's say uppity Iraqi insurgents are taking potshots from behind walls at your pals as well as innocent children and women, but the rounds from your standard issue M-16 harmlessly ping off of the bricks. Time to whip out the new XM25 assault rifle. Designed by Alliant Techsystems, the XM25 is an experimental smart rifle that allows a soldier to program an exploding 25 mm shell to detonate at a specified distance. If you're in the shit and need to take down a wall of malcontents, the XM25 will fire a steady stream of shells able to pop at 40, 60, 100 meters—however far away you need to dispense death. The U.S. Army is already field-testing the XM25; its bonuses as a weapon are considerable, as it's lighter than a rocket launcher, can deliver ordnance in rapid succession real quick-like, and is scalable to immediate battlefield needs. Ka-boom!

"No fair! I called safesies, and you know it!"

Photographs, Steve Cohen (Found Porn)

ONE MAN'S CREATION IS ANOTHER'S DEMISE.

Explore the SOULCALIBUR world in "Chronicles of the Sword" and test your abilities in a real-time simulation.

Battle classic SOULCALIBUR warriors like Mitsurugi or square off against newcomers such as Zasalamel, Setsuka and Tira.

Create your own character and battle other players or legendary SOULCALIBUR warriors.

The battle begins anew in SOULCALIBUR III when Nightmare returns to a world inhabited by classic and new warriors. Create and play with a character, choosing the face, hair, armor and weapons you want in "Character Creation" mode. Employ strategy and classic combat to lead your original character and the team to victory in "Chronicles of the Sword" mode. Experience the world of SOULCALIBUR like never before.

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ESRB CONTENT RATING www.esrb.org

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TAKE CONTROL®

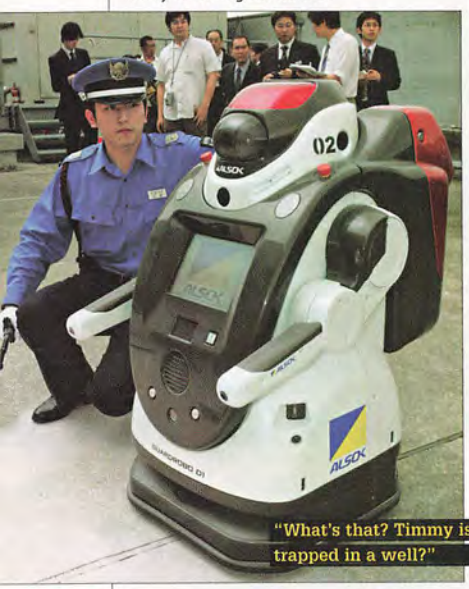
SECURITY THREAT

ROBOCOP

Burglars, beware—you're about to get busted by an ATM.

The future of book burning is now!

Japan's aging work force means their near-sighted rent-a-cops can't stroll corridors looking to bust crooks without a nap and fresh Kevlar diapers. So to compensate, Japanese tech companies are rushing to fill this void with the only logical alternative: robots. Sohgo Security Services Company recently introduced its menacing 45-inch-tall mechanized sentry, cleverly nicknamed Guardrobo D1. The bag o' bolts rookie is loaded with various sensors and a camera, and it's been designed to follow a preprogrammed path as it patrols warehouses or offices. In the event that Guardrobo D1 encounters a group of Yakuza intruders, it can alert human guards. And if it rolls upon, say, an unattended hibachi, the bot is capable of shooting fire-suppressing mist out of its otherwise useless arms. With one in every five Japanese a ripe 65 or older, that feature should also come in handy for curing hot flashes.



"What's that? Timmy is trapped in a well?"

"What's wrong with you little people?"

1. MIDGET MASSACRE

Who would win in a scrap, a lion or 42 loco little people? This question was answered in the Cambodian city of Kâmpóng Chhnăng, where a knee-high fighting league was challenged to make good on their claim that they could defeat any opponent—man, animal, or machine. The midgets accepted the unique wager and faced a savage African lion. The resulting carnage was epic, with 28 tiny brawlers horribly mauled to death and 14 others seriously injured. The lion was subsequently killed.

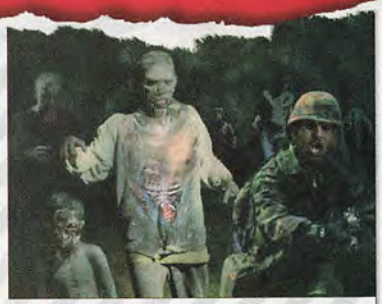
NEWS LIARS

BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ

All these stories were reported online as true. But which turned out to be pranks?

2. MONKEY BUSINESS

A 62-year-old Los Angeles man recently woke up from a three-month coma after enduring a horrific animal attack. The man had visited an animal sanctuary to celebrate the birthday of Moe, a former pet chimp the animal enthusiast was forced to intern there. What the man didn't realize when stepping into the cage was that two other chimps in nearby cages had escaped. These two primates, each with three times the strength of a human, proceeded to chew off the man's face, rip off his testicles, and beat him unconscious. Seems Charlton Heston had it right: Never trust those damn, dirty apes.



3. DEAD AGAIN

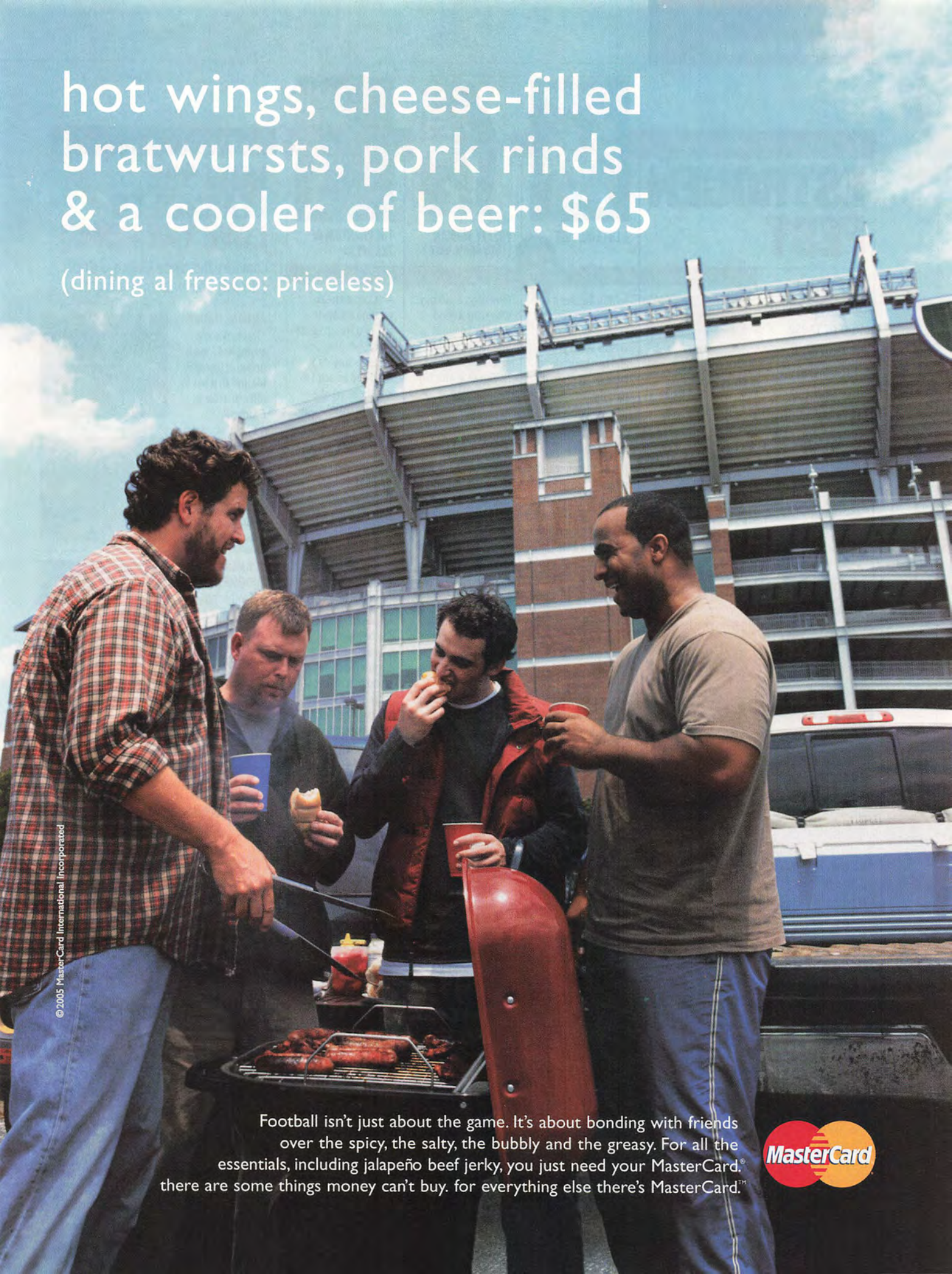
Zombies are the newest addition to the exotic fauna of the Cambodian jungle, as residents recently discovered during an outbreak of a rare and virulent strain of malaria. The mosquito-borne virus not only consigns its victims to an agonizing death but also "resurrects" the corpse by jump-starting the heart and inducing lifelike spasms. Though these zombies have life spans of only a couple of hours, the improbable death-seizures have understandably caused widespread panic among the superstitious locals, prompting local authorities to send in armed militias to rekill the dead and burn the corpses.

CELEBRITY GOLD!

JUDE LAW

"I didn't become a star until I took my clothes off."

Illustrations by Big Sesh Studios; **Answers:** 1. Hoax 2. Real 3. Hoax


hot wings, cheese-filled bratwursts, pork rinds & a cooler of beer: $65
(dining al fresco: priceless)
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Football isn't just about the game. It's about bonding with friends over the spicy, the salty, the bubbly and the greasy. For all the essentials, including jalapeño beef jerky, you just need your MasterCard.®
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SECURITY BRIEFING

ESTROGEN FEST

Deal with it: Your girl's going to rent these new-to-DVD chick flicks. We give you the advance skinny, so that you can zone out.

	A LOT LIKE LOVE	PRETTY WOMAN (15th Anniv. Edit.)	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
RECAP	Ashton Kutcher meets Amanda Peet on an airplane but then wastes seven years and two hours deciding if he wants to go past the friends-with-bennies stage.	Gere plays a rich guy who ruins a good thing by falling in love with a tactless, golden-hearted hooker. One with big teeth, no less.	A deformed freak wearing a plate terrorizes a French opera house, lynching an unsuspecting stagehand and an actor to win the heart of a singing hottie.
ONE MORE TIME	Moments before the climactic scene, Peet smacks her face into a piece of clear Lexan. It's slim pickings, but slapstick is a welcome reprieve from this sappy emote-athon.	Watch as Gere clocks a pre-*Seinfeld* Jason Alexander for trying to purchase Roberts' services. How dare he insult the integrity of a braying whore?	Buried two-thirds of the way into this nonstop rape of your eyes and ears is a respectable sword fight in a cemetery. Thank God.
EXTRA CREDIT	Afterward, tell your girl, "I just can't get over the main guy's fear of commitment. I know relationships are scary, but losing a woman I cherished would be even scarier."	"You know, honey, I don't think I could ever have sex with a prostitute. I need more of an emotional connection in order to consummate a relationship. Hold me."	"To be honest, I felt pity for the Phantom. He just didn't understand that macho violence will never win a woman's heart. Only love. A deep, penetrating love. From behind. I mean, yeah."
WATCHABILITY	★★★★★	★★★★★	★★★★★

PSY-OPS

HOW SHE LEARNED TO LOVE THE BOMB

Convince her these films are chick-safe and take back movie night!

ANIMAL HOUSE
"This movie is a triumph of friends united, celebrating life and all it has to offer. Just like *Beaches*!"

SCARFACE
"Tony Montana is ambitious. You're always telling me to do something with my life. He's a great role model."

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY
"A mother protects her son, aided by a cyborg acting as a father figure. It's a family flick, honey."

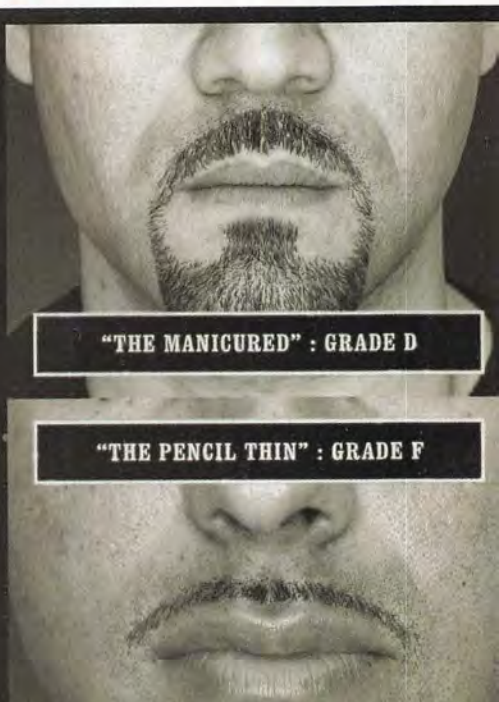
I LOVE IT ROUGH! #2 FEATURING LANA COXX
"Whore? No. Lana's a liberated neo-feminist. I thought you'd understand."

LIVING FULL THROTTLE
03
FACIAL HAIR

If executed properly, the use of facial hair can be an invaluable supplement to your BADASSNESS. However, not all facial hair is created equal and one false move of the razor can shave the attitude right off your face.

THE GOATEE
The most basic of all badass facial hair formations, it's easy to master. Just remember, the less you mess with it the more badass it is.

THE MUSTACHE
While the mustache can yield an undeniably badass look, you must trim with care. Too little and you're a sissy, too much and you're all over the place.



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Human resources was especially vicious

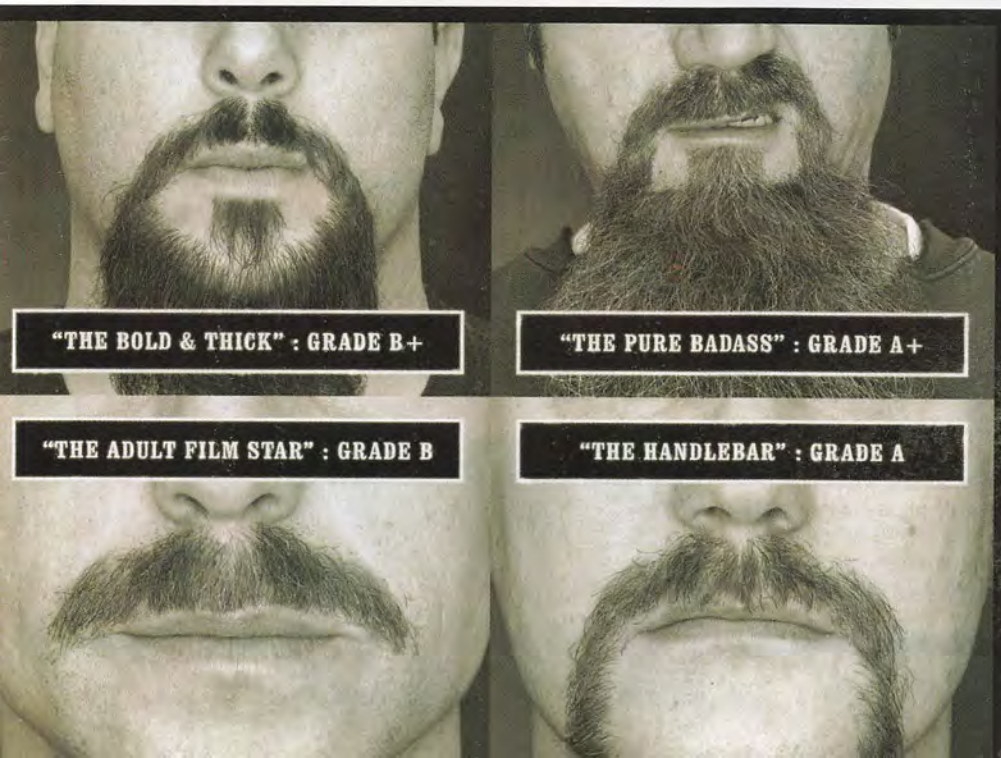
GAME THEORY

DESK CHAIR QUARTERBACKS

After watching *Murderball*, we thought, Why should quadriplegics have all the fun? So we invented a new game. Go long!

1. Clear a large swath of space in the office and form two teams of three. Each player needs a rolling chair.
2. Designate the boundaries of the field—say from the copy machine to the water cooler.
3. Tape Bubble Wrap around your boss' stapler. This is your football. Protect it.
4. Affix two Post-it notes to the back of each chair. Pull one off to tackle. Think flag football.
5. Each team has only four downs to get to the end zone. Contact isn't just OK—it's required.
6. The offensive team can face any direction, but defense must face the scrimmage line.
7. Rule #1: Your ass must stay in the chair. Fall out? Get up or get rolled over. Fame awaits.

Got your own cubicle pastime? Send us the rules at officegames@maximmag.com.



FAIR GAME

YOUR CHANCE TO SCORE!

PACK YOUR FACE PAINT! DETROIT XL

Enter to win a VIP football weekend in Detroit for the big game with this hottie. (Who loves ya, baby?)

God bless our nation's search-and-seizure laws

HUT! BARE YOUR SOUL

Game plan: Think you're the ultimate pigskin junkie? Then warm up those typin' fingers and prove you're America's number one football fanatic. . . in 100 words or less, Shakespeare. If your inspiring essay is selected, *Maxim* will spring for an all-expense-paid trip for you and a friend to Detroit. Not super enough? How about taking model Ashley to *Maxim*'s legendary pregame party—it's like heaven, only without the overdramatic dying part.

Today's victory; tomorrow's eBay item

HUT! YOUR HOT DATE!

Lady in waiting: Ashley, 25, beat out hundreds of hopefuls to be crowned the winner of the Coors Light Maxim Girl Search, but she's more than just the definition of freakin' gorgeous. She's an easygoing Three Stooges fan who loves her football. "I want to go on this date with someone who can teach me something about the game," she says. "He obviously has to have a favorite team and know all the stats back to 1945. And go shirtless to games in 30-degree weather half-painted." Does this sound like you?

HIKE! SUBMIT NOW!

Huddle up: Think you deserve the chance to escort Ashley to *Maxim*'s exclusive big game bash as well as cheer for/against New England alongside 65,000 other lucky fans? Then get writing, you gridiron slut.

THE GORY DETAILS

The deadline is November 30, so send essays to **thebiggame@maximmag.com.** Submit entries in some form of English. Go to maximonline.com for contest rules and regulations. Good luck!

Photographs, Jim Malucci (Ashley); styling, Alexis Pappas for Code Artists Mgmt.; hair, Yessina for Code Artists Mgmt.; makeup, James Burns for Code Artists Mgmt.

DOLCE & GABBANA
EAU DE TOILETTE
DOLCE & GABBANA
PARFUM
MACY'S

Do Everything Better (Except Sashaying)

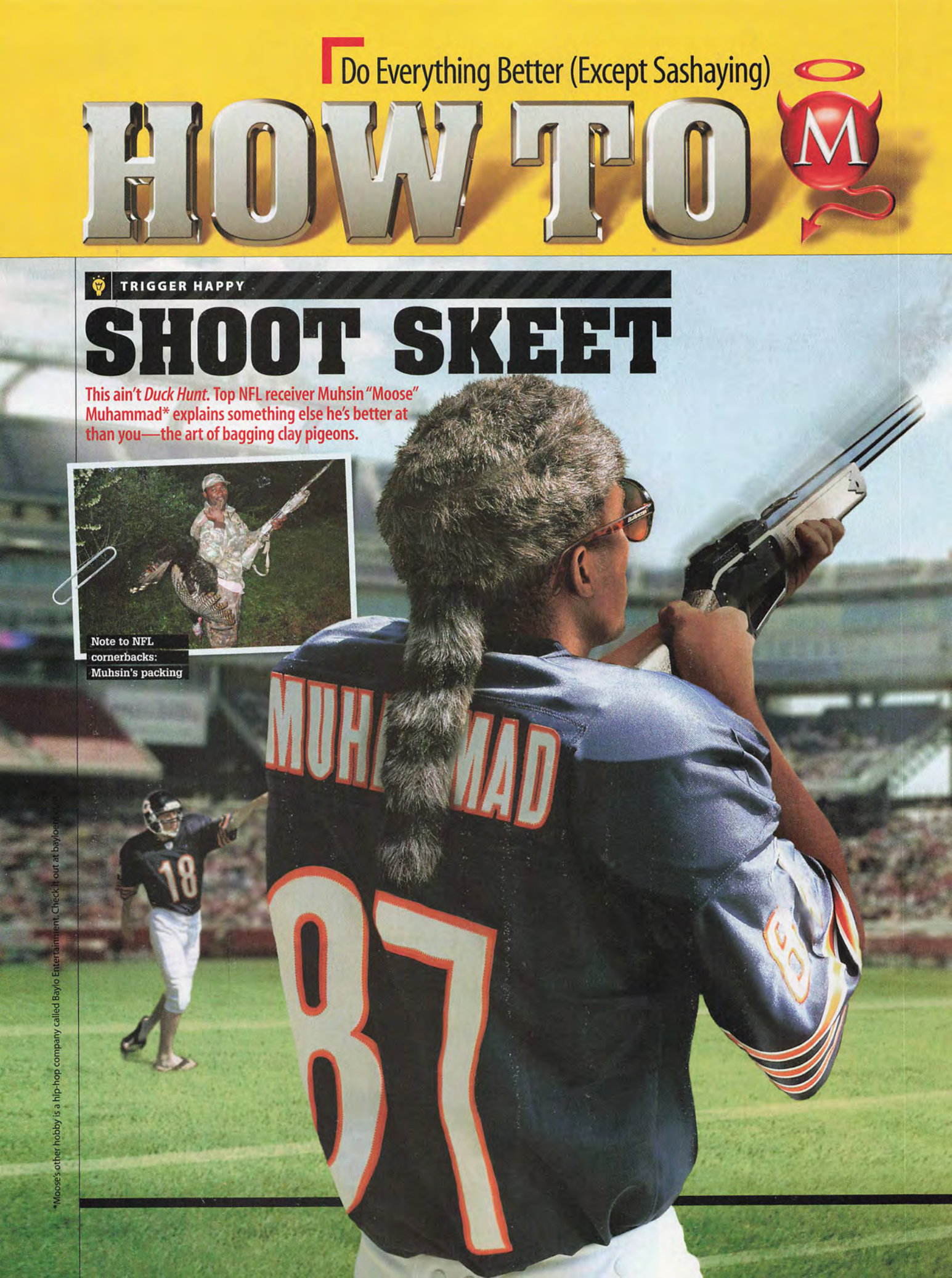
HOW TO M

TRIGGER HAPPY

SHOOT SKEET

This ain't *Duck Hunt*. Top NFL receiver Muhsin "Moose" Muhammad* explains something else he's better at than you—the art of bagging clay pigeons.

Note to NFL cornerbacks: Muhsin's packing



*Moose's other hobby is a hip-hop company called Baylo Entertainment. Check it out at baylo

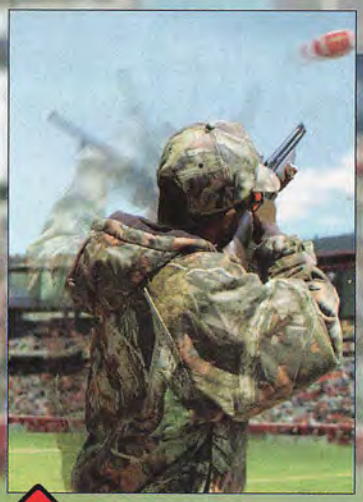
TARGET TAGGIN' TIPS

1 READY...

"First you've got to have a good wardrobe," advises Muhammad, who as a boy hunted rabbits in Michigan. "Get a jacket with big pockets for your shotgun shells, a pair of tinted sunglasses, and a good country-boy baseball cap. Mine's camouflage. You also need a nice over-and-under shotgun. That means one barrel sits on top of the other. I've got a 12-gauge Beretta. When you pop it open, the shells discharge on their own, so it's pretty easy to work with."

2 AIM...

"Make sure the stock sits right in your shoulder," says Moose. "The gun should be comfortable in your arms, and when you raise it up you should be able to just lean your head over, look down the barrel, and aim with both eyes open across the bead. The pellets form a pattern of 12 to 18 inches in circumference, so you don't have to have the bead exactly on the pigeon. Remember to call to have the station attendants release the pigeons—say, 'Pull!' and they shoot them out."



3 FIRE!

"You need to have good anticipation, because the time between the two pigeons varies, and they go in different directions—quickly left to right, or flying away from you, or along the ground. So when I pull my gun up, I get the bead on the pigeon as fast as I can, then move the barrel in the same pattern it's traveling. I shoot when I get a few inches ahead of it. It's a lot like throwing to a wide receiver—lead him a little bit so you ain't laying him out in front of a safety."

4 FIRE AGAIN!

"Now don't stop moving your barrel. Squeeze the trigger through the continuous motion of following the pattern of the pigeon, because if you stop the gun you'll miss. Get the first one as quickly as possible, and keep the barrel moving as you track down the second one. If you miss the first, don't shoot at it again—just go after the second. You only get two shots, and past 100 yards, you won't hit it. Later on you can shoot one-handed like I sometimes do. You know, Terminator-style."

ILLUSTRATION BY BIG SESH STUDIOS

FLAME ON

MAKE FIRE WITH JUNK FOOD

Avoid hypothermia in the wilderness by keeping the necessities—candy and cola—close by.

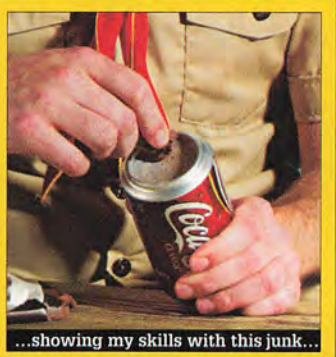
BOTTOMS UP

Flip a soda can over so you can work with the bottom; its smooth, concave surface is perfect for reflecting and concentrating energy from the sun. But the matte finish on the aluminum needs to be polished. That's what the chocolate bar and wrapper are for, chubs.

"Sure, I may look really happy...

WAX ON, WAX OFF

Smear chocolate on the bottom of the can and rub it with part of the wrapper until you can see your ugly mug in the surface. Note: This could take an hour, depending on how strong your forearms are. It'd be much faster with metal polish, but you're MacGyver, dammit.



...showing my skills with this junk...

LOVE ME TINDER

You can't get a flame without something to burn. If you don't have any disposable paper money lying around, tear a strip from the wrapper. Aim the polished bottom of the can at the sun, but don't look directly up at it. You want to fry eggs, not your retinas.

...but in truth I feel quite bad about...

BURN, BABY

Hold the wrapper an inch or so above the can bottom so that you see a tiny ring of sunlight on it. Once it ignites, transfer the flame to a pile of twigs and blow on it to create a blazing inferno. Who's ready for S'mores? Oh, wait—the chocolate's all tainted with aluminum.

...that Boy Scout I hid in my trunk."

Text, Katie Pollock (Fire); photographs, Satoshi (Scout); props, Sarah Arzt

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BIRTH RIGHT

DELIVER A BABY

No matter what you drive, you might as well use the backseat of your car for *something* exciting involving a girl.

1 WAIT FOR IT

The key to telling imminent birth from a pregnant gal's normal whining is if she has painful uterine contractions less than two minutes apart and feels like taking a huge dump. "If there's rectal pressure between contractions, it can come within five minutes," warns Joel Evans, M.D., author of *The Whole Pregnancy Handbook*. If not, tell Mama to repeat short, deep breaths during contractions, which'll delay things long enough for you to grab a Slurpee on your way to the hospital.

2 PUSH IT

Call 911, then position the lady with her knees bent and spread and her head and back propped up 15 to 45 degrees. During contractions, have her pull back on her knees, push, and hold it for 10-second intervals with a breath between; when the contraction stops, she stops. Then, "Just put your hand beneath her and let it happen naturally," says Evans. No pulling. When you see the kid's head, wipe mucus from his nose and mouth before he arrives.

3 SAVE IT

Even if the baby's breech—feet or butt first—don't yank. The kid will unfold naturally. Shoulders stuck? Press just above the mother's pubic bone. If that fails, insert two fingers in the vagina onto the baby's back and gently corkscrew him out. If the umbilical cord is around his neck, lift it over his head—if it's too tight, tie it off in two spots, two inches apart, then cut or bite in between. Adds Evans, "If the mother loses consciousness or starts hemorrhaging, get your ass to the hospital and don't worry about anything else."

4 WRAP IT

Flick the kid's feet to get him crying (a.k.a. breathing), then wrap him in a blanket and place him on his mother's chest. If he doesn't respond and looks blue and limp, give him air—cover his nose and mouth with yours and *lightly* puff into his lungs. When the placenta pops out, wrap it up along with the baby and massage the woman's lower abdomen for 10 to 15 minutes to firm up her uterus and stop bleeding. Then get to the hospital, where the proud papa should be waiting with a cigar—or a shotgun.

Text, Craig Better; photographs, Satoshi; prop styling, Sarah Arzt

♀ LESSONS FROM LADIES

GREEN JELLY

TELL IF FOOD'S GONE BAD

Because one day that steady diet of peanut butter and mold sandwiches is gonna catch up with you.

1 WINE: If recorked firmly, it'll keep at room temp for a day or two, longer in a fridge. Once it smells vinegary, use it as a marinade, or save it for when you're *really* drunk.

2 COLD CUTS: Green, slimy, or smelly meat is garbage. But a shiny, iridescent sheen is just the way light glimmers on muscle tissue. Mmm, muscle tissue.

3 LEFTOVERS: Most doggy bags keep for two days, but food that's been sitting out for more than two hours should be pitched (one hour for foods from a summer barbecue).

4 CHEESE: "Moldy hard cheese like Parmesan can be cut one inch below the mold," advises Jackie Newgent, R.D. But toss moldy soft cheeses like fresh mozzarella.

5 BEER: If not exposed to heat, suds will stay fresh at room temp for 110 days, says Anheuser Busch brewmaster George Reisch. In the fridge? Nine months!

6 CONDIMENTS: Butter's good for a month after opening. BBQ sauce, four months. Peanut butter, two to three months. Ketchup and jelly, six. Yes, refrigerate after opening.

7 BREAD: Lose the loaf if even one slice is moldy. Mold emits mycotoxins that infect areas that look spotless. Keep it on the counter or freeze it; the fridge makes it stale.

8 MEAT: Most uncooked meat lasts only two days in the fridge, so freeze it. Steaks will last six to 12 months; chicken pieces, nine months; raw ground meat, four.

LIVE FREE OR DIE

SIDESTEP COMMITMENT

She's thinking relationship, you're thinking...chili cheese fries. Here's your way out.

TOUCH IT UP
"Girls read into body language. To avoid a future talk, combine affection with sweet but vague comments. She'll take it as a good sign." —*Angie, 24*

HIT THE BRAKES
"Say you want to take it slower, even if you don't mean it. She'll like that you want to get to know her. Or if you don't care, do the deed and hit the road." —*Susan, 22*

STAY OPEN
"Say you don't know where your life or career is headed, but it'd be cool if she were a part of it. I've used that line on dudes with much success." —*Kristie, 26*

STRIKE FIRST
"Beat her to the punch. Tell her how much you enjoy your no-pressure, pure-fun relationship. She may surprise you and want the same thing." —*Joan, 32*

SHUT YOUR FACE
"Every time I told this guy I wanted more from our relationship, he said nothing and just acted like he got it. The less you say, the more we're confused." —*Cassie, 24*

LADIES, SHOW US YOUR TIPS! Got your own suggestions for the unrepentant man-children in your lives? Send your wise words to girladvice@maximmag.com.

Text, Laura Shin (Food); Wes Milligan (Commitment); photograph, Satoshi; prop styling, Sarah Arzt

TRIM JOB

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

Why pay $20 for a haircut you'll hate when you can screw it up yourself for free?

"I am not afraid to use this."

GET WET

Gather your tools: scissors, electric clippers, a razor, a comb, and a hand mirror. Then wash your hair, but don't dry it. "Wet hair is always easier to work with," notes Anthony Linzalone, a stylist at Manhattan's Pierre Michel salon. It smooths out waves and curls, reducing your odds of butchering yourself. Next, use your comb to section off a chunk of hair near the crown and grab it between your first two fingers so that an inch protrudes above them. Hold tight!

"Relax, I only *look* like a terrorist."

TAKE IT FROM THE TOP

With your scissors at a slight angle, cut through the section you're holding (above your fingers). "Common sense says to go straight across, but you can't make it even unless you can see the top of your head," explains Pirooz Sarshar, cofounder of the Grooming Lounge in Washington, D.C. "Cutting jagged will allow it to blend into the natural texture of the hair." Grab a different section and repeat on the top and upper sides until everything's about the same length. Or you're in tears.

"Would a Van Gogh be too extreme?"

FEEL THE BUZZ

For the sides and back, face away from the bathroom mirror and use your handheld to check out the rear view. Put the longest attachment on the clippers—you can always go shorter—and start at the base of the neck, working your way around the head to the ears. "Don't give yourself any clean lines on the neck; it's very hard to give yourself a square back," Linzalone says. As you move the clippers up, gradually lift them away from your head to increase the length, creating a subtle fade.

"Lovely! I think I'll do my scrotum next."

FINISH UP

If you've made it this far without looking like, well, a guy who cuts his own hair, congrats. Now use your everyday razor to even up your sideburns. And don't forget to use your clippers or razor to get rid of the fuzz on your neck, ape boy. Once you're done, towel-dry or blow-dry your hair and look for imperfections (yes, there'll be a few, especially the first time). Carefully clip any stray hairs—or not. "You're not looking for a perfect newscaster haircut here," Linzalone says. (Except for you, Koppel!)

"Please tell me you saved the funnies."

BOSS HOG

COLD-SMOKE BACON

Prep tasty pig flesh in your backyard. ("Presliced" is for the weak and employed.)

"The circumcision will just take a moment."

1 CURE YOUR MEAT

For mouth-watering flavor you can't get in the frozen food aisle, you've gotta smoke bacon yourself. Grab a four-pound raw pork belly at a butcher shop, rinse it, and rub it with a mixture of four parts Morton Tender Quick (a curing salt), two parts sugar, and one part cracked black pepper. Seal in a plastic bag and refrigerate for four days, flipping daily. Then rinse and dry it. Unlike your glue-sniffing habit, it's now "cured."

2 HANG A SHEET

Stand an 18"x22"x48" box on end. Cut an access flap near the bottom of one side, then open the top and insert two half-inch-wide dowels through the sides, a foot from the top. Hang newspaper over the dowels to absorb moisture. Top that with an ice-filled pan and a grill rack. "Meat accepts smoke better when cold," says Mark Motta, cofounder of the Arizona BBQ Association.

"I only smoke to keep the weight off."

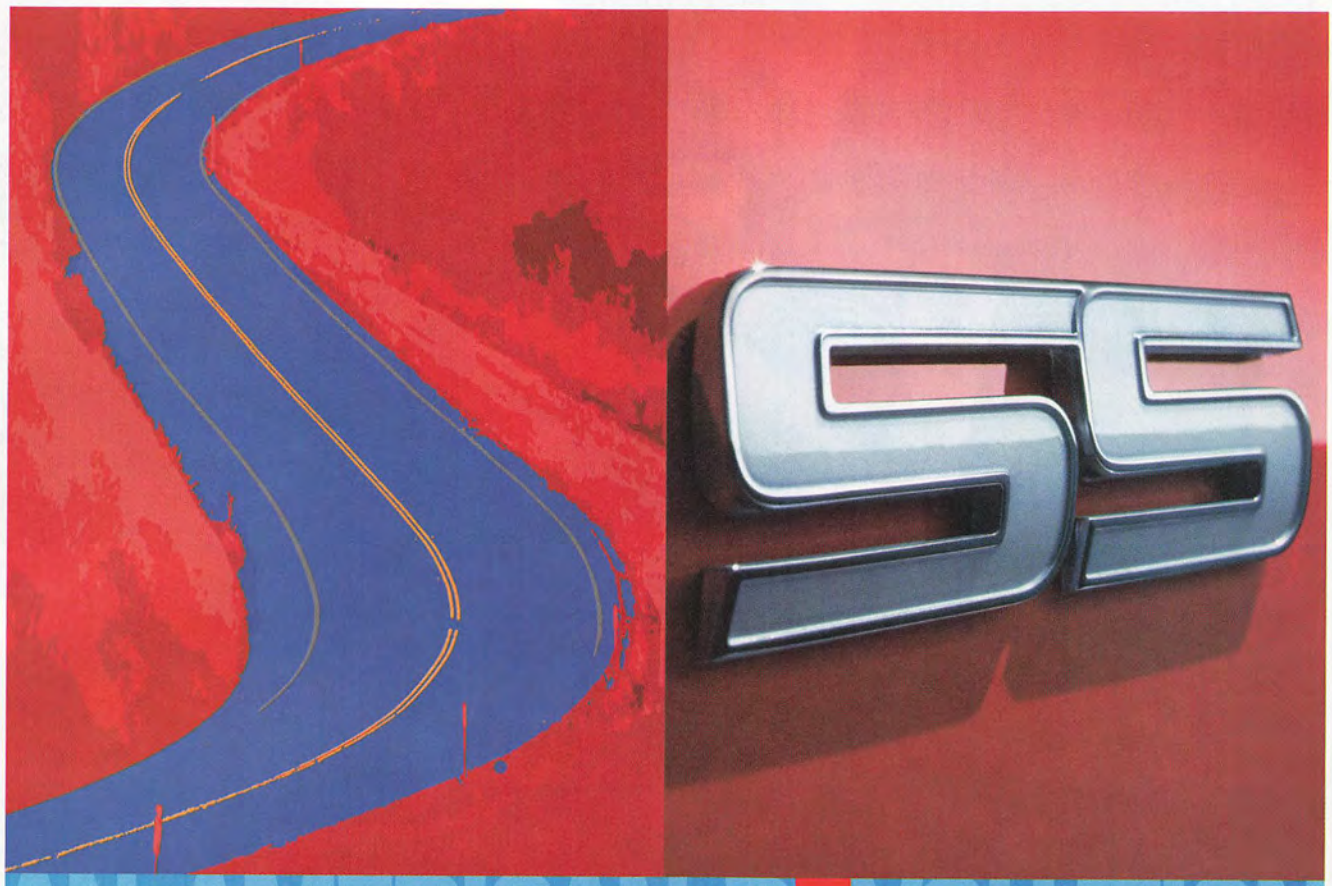
3 BRING THE HEAT

Soak two handfuls of applewood sawdust or hickory chips in water for an hour, then throw 'em in a cast-iron skillet. "Apple and hickory are popular with pork because of their mild, fruity sweetness," notes Motta. Open the access flap and place an electric hot plate and the skillet on the bottom of the box. Then, right before you're ready to shove your pork in, crank that hot plate up to get those chips a-smokin'.

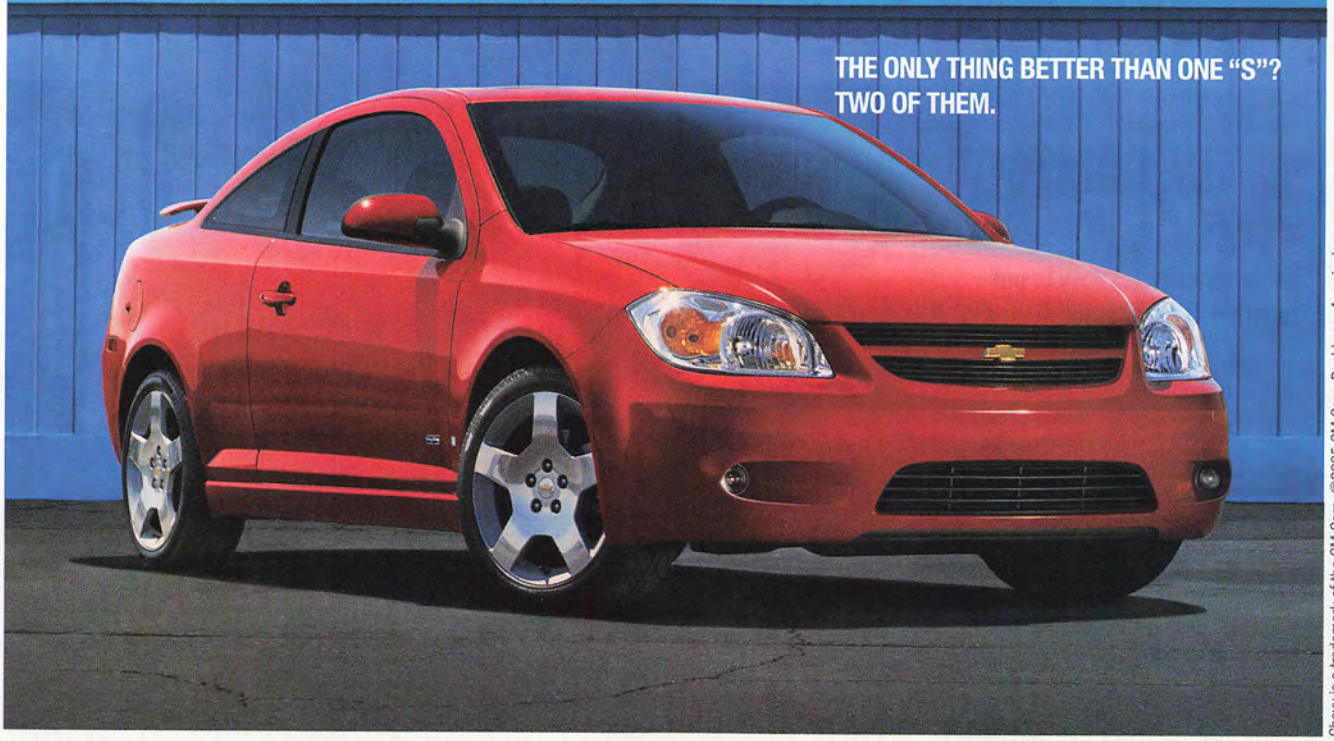
4 SMOKE AND EAT

Place your prepped belly on the rack and loosely close the box. "Letting some smoke escape is part of the process. Too much 'captured' smoke makes it sooty and stale." Two hours later the belly will still be cold (for safety it should stay below 40 degrees), but it's fully smoked. Chill it in the fridge for two hours to make slicing easier. Chop off the rind, cut the bacon into thick strips, and fry 'em over medium heat. Eat with both hands. Share with no one.

Text, Geoff Van Dyke (Hair); Wyatt Myers (Bacon); photograph, Kareem Black (Hair); illustration, Graham Murdoch (Bacon).



AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION



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FINE DINING

SANDWICH CRAFT

We asked *Maxim* readers to send us the recipes for their favorite go-to gut-busters. We salute these fine winners. *Burp!*

BY SEAN FITZGERALD

5 THE COMFORT ZONE

BITE ME!

It's carb-heavy. It's easy to put together. It's what's for dinner.

The construction: Like all good tales of glory, it starts with a hero. A nine-inch Italian hero, to be exact. Cut the roll open, remove the excess bread, and replace it with a spicy, deep-fried chicken cutlet. Next, add the two essential condiments, homemade mashed potatoes and Kraft mac 'n' cheese. Then dump on some black pepper. Got dry mouth? That's what the bowl of dippin' gravy is for, pothead.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH SAYS:

"Take ye olde phone off the hook, switch on yon *SportsCenter,* and wash down with a thick, import stout."

COMPILED BY MATT CHRISTENSEN

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BY BRADLEY HIROTA

3 THE DESTROYER

Stomach pain and crippling gas never hurt so good.

The construction: Slice a loaf of French bread down the middle (mind the fingers). Layer the inside with pastrami, ham, and provolone cheese, then set it in the broiler for a few. Meanwhile, fry up some garlic, mushrooms, and onions in salted olive oil, while at the same time simmering three precooked meatballs in a shallow pool of marinara sauce in a separate pan. Throw everything onto the now-toasted blunt and blast it with BBQ sauce. Top with Parmesan cheese, red pepper, Tabasco sauce, bacon, and onion rings. Now open your mouth and commence deep-throating.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH SAYS:

"When the harsh realities of living hath worn thee down, eat this. It will take years off thine life, but the experience is truly trouser-tickling."

BY MARK PITMAN, SCOTT MARTIN, AND STEVE BRADY

4 THE DIRTY MOTHER

Finally, something nastier than a Waffle House breakfast.

The construction: Use two slices of buttery Texas toast as bookends, and slap together a sausage patty, hash browns, and three generous chops of ham, separating each layer with a slice of cheddar cheese. Throw two fried eggs in the mix (sunnyside up, Nancy), and comfort them with four strips of crispy bacon. A splash of ketchup or Worcestershire sauce is your choice, but tons of S&P is mandatory.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH SAYS:

"This creation is best consumed whilst watching the sun rise, with an empty bucket at the ready...or not."

BY GAVIN SNYDER

2 THE SALTY DOG

We used to hate the ocean and everything in it...till now.

The construction: On a 10-inch sub roll, combine fried clam strips, fried shrimp, and bacon. Add shoestring potatoes, tomatoes, and romaine lettuce. Top with Russian dressing, Tabasco sauce, and Old Bay seasoning until your eyes water.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH SAYS:

"Best eaten post-2 A.M., when that blitzkrieg at yon local watering hole hath left ye insides pasted on yon outside."

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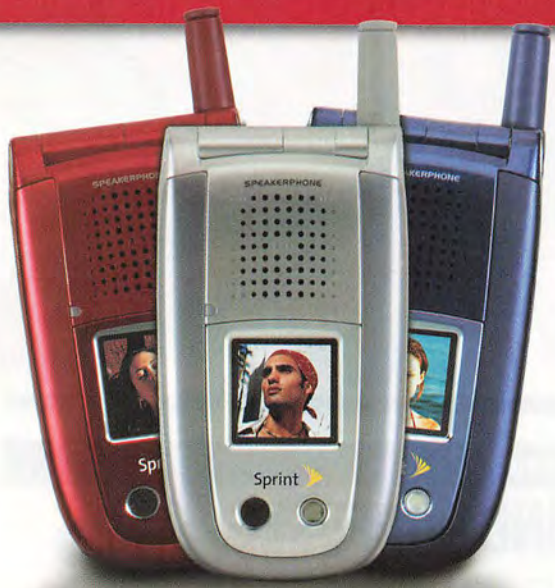

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SANYO

Two quarter-pound bratwursts to help get you aroused
One French bread roll—fresh from the steamer
Shredded cheddar cheese balances out the processed animal
SIGN YOUR WILL!
Diced onions—cry before, and after
The quality of the dill pickles will make or break it
Chili: a symphony of musical fruit

BY S.C. WELCH

1 DA BITCHIN' FAT CAMARO

It can't burn rubber, but it'll burn clean through your colon.

The construction: Start with a nine-inch French bread sandwich roll and slice it down the center, so it ends up looking like a giant clamshell. Bake the bread so the outside gets crunchy, and the inside stays soft and moist. Lather the bread with canned chili, then drop in two quarter-pound bratwursts, along with two chopped-up dill pickle spears, diced white onions, and shredded sharp cheddar cheese. Wrap that sumbitch in butcher paper and let it marinate while you put your cardiologist on speed dial.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH SAYS:

"Be sure that thou hast a frosty ale on hand and plenty of napkins nearby. Or at least the end of yon dress."

TRIBUTE TO AN ORIGINAL

GLAZED AND CONFUSED

So someone finally invented a hamburger that can actually kill you? Yo, waitress? We'll take three!

Amateur sandwich creations are fine, but only the pros at Mulligan's in Decatur, Georgia could birth such a gloriously scrumptious, artery-clogging creation like the Luther Burger. Named after the recently deceased Luther Vandross, this burger combines bacon, ground beef, and cheese packaged betwixt a 200-calorie Krispy Kreme glazed donut. Rumor has it that Vandross himself actually invented the burger and that it was his favorite snack. Next time you're down south, stop in and treat yourself to a few. Your taste buds will thank you...and so will anyone standing to gain from your death.

Photographs, Steve Cohen; styling, Annebet for Code Artist Mgmt.; prop styling, Manuel Norena at Donnie Myers Studio for De Facto; food styling, Suzette Kaminiski; hair and makeup, Ingeborg for Oliver Piro. Still life

Special thanks to Sarge's Deli in N.Y.C. for helping us put together our taste test.

I'M GOING BACK TO MUSTAFAR TO OPEN A MOLTEN-HOT CAN OF WHOOP ASS.

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JOCK TALK

SLAM SESSION

Need one good reason why you shouldn't ignore pro basketball like you did last year? Try four: Robert Horry, Baron Davis, Jermaine O'Neal, and Dwyane Wade.

BY DIANE HILL

Let's start by talking about your peers. Which draft pick will kick the most ass this season?

Davis: Chris Paul's my favorite.

Wade: I like the kids from North Carolina. And Hakim Warrick. He's skinny, but he's underrated.

O'Neal: Danny Granger. He could give us that boost we need to win the championship.

Who's the most overrated guy out there?

Horry: I'm not gonna touch that one, come on!

Davis: I don't like talking shit about people. Fuck, half the NBA is overrated, but I'm not going to call them names. . . 15 percent of players and coaches should just go jump in a fucking lake, because they can't hack it here.

O'Neal: I wouldn't go as extreme as half, but I would say 20 to 25 percent.

OK, fine. Who's the best player no one talks about?

Wade: Chauncey Billups. He's the leader of the Pistons and very tough, night in and night out.

Davis: Joe Johnson. He's like Scottie Pippen with offensive skills.

O'Neal: Al Harrington of the Hawks. He had a chance to really get his feet wet last year, and I think he can be a real star in this league.

E-MAIL
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Who's the dirtiest?

Wade: Everybody fouls me, so I don't think one player's dirtier than another.

Davis: Bruno Sundov—that motherfucker's dirty as shit. He's just *clumsy.*

Horry: People think players are dirty because they play hard, but everybody throws an elbow here and there.

O'Neal: Nobody's dirty, but we have some extremely wild guys. He'll probably be pissed when he reads this, because he's a friend, but: Bo Outlaw. He plays so hard that you know you're gonna get elbowed, you're gonna get tripped.

Who has the nastiest elbows?

O'Neal: Chauncey Billups. He likes to elbow people. When he's coming off the ball he throws them out like little chicken wings.

Wade: Mutombo. No question about it.

Horry: Yeah, you don't want to run into one of Mutombo's. Those will skin a man up.

Your choice: Shaq or Kobe?

Davis: Shaq.

Horry: Shaq.

O'Neal: Shaq.

Wade: Shaq.

Robert Horry—legend or lucky?

O'Neal: It's never luck. Not when you do it as many times as he's done it. I mean, he's won six rings. It takes a lot of guts to take the shots that he takes, and it takes a lot of talent to make those shots. He's definitely a legend.

Wade: He's in the middle. He's not lucky, but he's not a legend yet. But everybody will remember him. He'll be a borderline legend because he'll be talked about forever. ▶

OUR EXPERT PANEL

Robert Horry
Spurs forward, king of the clutch

Baron Davis
Warriors guard, trash talker

Jermaine O'Neal
Pacers forward, headband model

Dwyane Wade
Heat guard, bad-ass, Shaq-magnet

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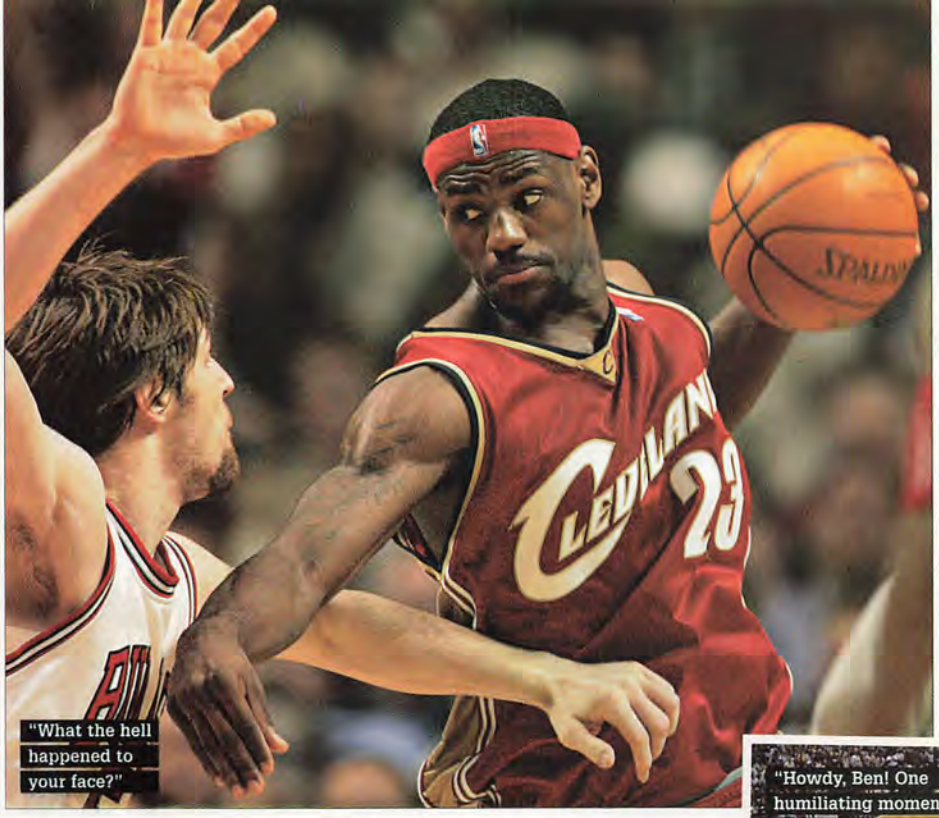
"What the hell happened to your face?"

Davis: He's one of the best clutch performers in NBA history. He should be a Hall of Famer.

Ron Artest is back. Discuss.

Davis: I'm glad. He's a friend of mine, a guy who made a mistake and paid the consequences. And he'll be back with a vengeance.

Horry: There's no question what he did was wrong, and if he messes up again, he could get himself a ban. But I'm happy he's allowed to come back; everybody deserves a second chance.

O'Neal: I'm excited. All the tough times our team went through last year brought us together as a family. We really feel like it's our time to win the championship.

Be honest: Are European players soft?

Wade: You know what? They're not. I went overseas, and I was in the Olympics, and I played with them. Those guys aren't soft at all. They're just not used to our game. Just like when we go over there, we're not used to *their* game.

O'Neal: They're very talented and skillful, but not as strong. It's a different game in Europe.

Davis: Some of them are very skilled, and they deserve to be in the league. A lot of guys get drafted based on potential, but sometimes it's all about being in the right situation.

Horry: Nah, I don't think so. Just look at Manu.

But he's Argentine.

Horry: Manu's a European player—if you ain't from America, you're considered European. We lump them all together.

Is Michael Jordan really the best player in NBA history? And if not, who is?

O'Neal: I don't think anybody else is even close. Second best, Bill Russell—because of the way he dominated both ends of the floor.

Horry: Yes. It depends. If you like big men, it would be Wilt Chamberlain. Or if you're racist, you're gonna pick Larry Bird.

Wade: Jordan was the greatest player that we have seen in our lifetime. In other lifetimes there've been other great players. And when his lifetime ends, there's going to be another great player. Even though he wasn't the most talented guy, I think Bill Russell is one of the greatest ever. Eleven rings in 13 years. That's unbelievable.

Davis: Jordan was the most physically gifted: the perfect height, the perfect weight, the perfect athleticism. No offense to Jerry West, but Michael Jordan should be the NBA logo. If not him, then definitely Magic Johnson.

Name your all-star team of current players. Who would you want by your side to make a run at the title?

Davis: LeBron, Shaq, Kevin Garnett, Kobe. And Amare Stoudemire as the sixth man.

Horry: Jason Kidd, LeBron, Shaq, and Garnett.

Wade: Shaquille O'Neal, Udonis Haslem, Eddie Jones, and Damon Jones.

O'Neal: I always run with the high school players. I'd take LeBron, T-Mac, Kobe, and KG.

Speaking of high school guys, does the new under-19 rule suck or what?

Wade: I'm not gonna say it's good or bad, but if a kid is good enough to come into the league and play, I think he should be able to do it. Some of the best players in the game came out of high school—LeBron, Tracy, Kobe, Jermaine O'Neal. At the same time, some other kids weren't picked.

Davis: I have mixed emotions about it. For me, going to college was a tremendous opportunity, but some guys are just naturally smart. Like LeBron: He didn't go to college, and look how intelligent he is. I don't think the rule is necessary.

Horry: Even one year of college makes a difference. A lot of high school kids say, "Well, I've got the talent. I'm not even worried—I'm going to the NBA." College makes them try to learn something. That's why I like it. Not to keep them out; just to prepare them.

O'Neal: It doesn't really make sense. Age shouldn't determine whether you're ready. The people the NBA promotes are the high school players. LeBron came in two years ago and brought such a buzz to the league and got all these people who don't normally even watch basketball to start watching it. The idea that you've gotta be 19 to play pro basketball is one of the most ridiculous things I've heard.

"Howdy, Ben! One humiliating moment, coming right up."

'The idea that you've gotta be 19 to play pro basketball is one of the most ridiculous things I've heard.'

"Don't hate the player. Hate the Fu Manchu."

Outside of a Lakers-Heat final, what can the NBA do to improve its lousy ratings?

Wade: They need to push the people who are positive. There are only a couple of people who are bad for the league. But if somebody is positive for the NBA, they need to promote him.

O'Neal: Pick better games. You can't feel like you owe teams the right to be on TV. The teams that deserve to be on TV should be on TV, and any team that has a losing record should be dropped. Nothing against the Clippers, but *nobody* wants to watch the Clippers.

Davis: Put a few *Maxim* girls on the sidelines. The cheerleaders are cool, but you just need some models every two or three minutes for a break.

Does having huge numbers of women desperate to sleep with you ever get old?

Horry: You know what's funny? When I first got to the league, everyone was talking about the groupies—how they'll be at the hotel waitin' on you. My first road trip, I was ready! And, man, there wasn't nobody in the lobby! I didn't see no girls or nothing! That whole rumor is not true. But later, in Minnesota, these two girls walked up and said, "We know what hotel you're staying in, so which one of us are you takin' home?" I said, "Neither one of y'all." It was too forward.

O'Neal: It doesn't get old, but it isn't ▶

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SUPER BOWL I
PACKERS 35, CHIEFS 10

SUPER BOWL II
PACKERS 33, RAIDERS 14

SUPER BOWL III
JETS 16, COLTS 7

SUPER BOWL IV
CHIEFS 23, VIKINGS 7

SUPER BOWL V
COLTS 16, COWBOYS 13

SUPER BOWL VI
COWBOYS 24, DOLPHINS 3

SUPER BOWL VII
DOLPHINS 14, REDSKINS 7

SUPER BOWL VIII
DOLPHINS 24, VIKINGS 7

SUPER BOWL IX
STEELERS 16, VIKINGS 6

SUPER BOWL X
STEELERS 21, COWBOYS 17

SUPER BOWL XI
RAIDERS 32, VIKINGS 14

SUPER BOWL XII
COWBOYS 27, BRONCOS 10

SUPER BOWL XIII
STEELERS 35, COWBOYS 31

SUPER BOWL XIV
STEELERS 31, RAMS 19

SUPER BOWL XV
RAIDERS 27, EAGLES 10

SUPER BOWL XVI
49ERS 26, BENGALS 21

SUPER BOWL XVII
REDSKINS 27, DOLPHINS 17

SUPER BOWL XVIII
RAIDERS 38, REDSKINS 9

SUPER BOWL XIX
49ERS 38, DOLPHINS 16

SUPER BOWL XX
BEARS 46, PATRIOTS 10

SUPER BOWL XXI
GIANTS 39, BRONCOS 20

SUPER BOWL XXII
REDSKINS 42, BRONCOS 10

SUPER BOWL XXIII
49ERS 20, BENGALS 16

SUPER BOWL XXIV
49ERS 55, BRONCOS 10

SUPER BOWL XXV
GIANTS 20, BILLS 19

SUPER BOWL XXVI
REDSKINS 37, BILLS 24

SUPER BOWL XXVII
COWBOYS 52, BILLS 17

SUPER BOWL XXVIII
COWBOYS 30, BILLS 13

SUPER BOWL XXIX
49ERS 49, CHARGERS 26

SUPER BOWL XXX
COWBOYS 27, STEELERS 17

SUPER BOWL XXXI
PACKERS 35, PATRIOTS 21

SUPER BOWL XXXII
BRONCOS 31, PACKERS 24

SUPER BOWL XXXIII
BRONCOS 34, FALCONS 19

SUPER BOWL XXXIV
RAMS 23, TITANS 16

SUPER BOWL XXXV
RAVENS 34, GIANTS 7

SUPER BOWL XXXVI
PATRIOTS 20, RAMS 17

SUPER BOWL XXXVII
BUCS 48, RAIDERS 21

SUPER BOWL XXXVIII
PATRIOTS 32, PANTHERS 29

SUPER BOWL XXXIX
PATRIOTS 24, EAGLES 21

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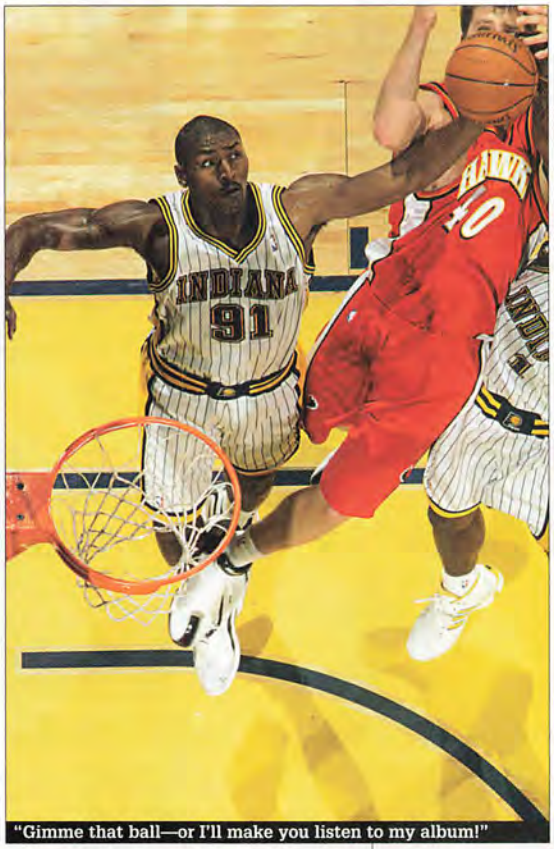

"Gimme that ball—or I'll make you listen to my album!"

something I look forward to every single day. It's something that comes often. But, you know, I don't really look at it like that. I look at it as people who are fans of basketball. But people exaggerate. Women at the hotels? It's not like that anymore.

Wade: You like the fact that—oh, man, I'm trying to get around what I'm saying—you're attractive enough that people want you. But at the same time, I mean, my wife would kill me.

Davis: That's old. Boring. Like, OK, I'm young, I'm successful, but I know no girl's going for me because of my looks. That's what a lot of us don't realize—it ain't your beauty, it's your pocket. You can see groupies coming from a mile away. They stick out like fuckin' orange clouds in a blue sky. They're like a concierge service—when you don't want to go out for dinner, you just call.

Who has the worst visiting locker rooms?

Wade: I think Boston's is the same locker room the hockey players use, and they sweat a lot.

Horry: I'd have to say New Jersey. It's just old.

O'Neal: The Pistons' locker room. The drainage is always backed up.

Davis: New Jersey's is disgusting. The showers don't even work. It's between them and Detroit.

Will the Spurs repeat? And if not, who's gonna take the title from them?

Davis: We are! The Warriors. I'd be a fool to say we won't.

Wade: Miami Heat.

O'Neal: Indiana Pacers.

Horry: I'm not gonna make guarantees, but we got a great nucleus. We got a great chance. M

'Groupies are like a concierge service. When you don't want to go out for dinner, you just call.'

MORE HOOPSTER HOT AIR
Read Diane's full interviews with the guys at **maximonline.com.**

HOLDING COURT

PICK A WINNER

TNT analyst Steve Kerr predicts who will be the best bet this season. Hint: It ain't the Raptors.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

ATLANTIC

CHAMP: NEW JERSEY NETS
"This season will be the first time that we see Richard Jefferson, Jason Kidd, and Vince Carter together with a training camp under their belts. I think they're gonna be pretty explosive."

SLEEPER: NEW YORK KNICKS
"Just because of Larry Brown, they'll be interesting. Reclamation projects are his specialty. Although the roster is lacking, it wouldn't shock me to see him get them turned around quickly."

CENTRAL

CHAMP: DETROIT PISTONS
"They've got everybody back [except Larry], they're deep, and they've got a veteran coach, Flip Saunders, coming in who doesn't need any grooming. So they're clearly the favorites."

SLEEPER: INDIANA PACERS
"They've got Artest back, and they signed a shooter in Lithuanian point guard Sarunas Jasikevicius. Plus, they got the steal of the draft in Danny Granger. They're championship contenders."

SOUTHEAST

CHAMP: MIAMI HEAT
"Trading for Antoine Walker and Jason Williams was a bold move. They're talented, but how they adjust to playing supporting roles with Shaq and Dwyane Wade will be the key to this team's success."

SLEEPER: ORLANDO MAGIC
"Grant Hill looks like he's healthy, and Dwight Howard has the potential to be a superstar. Just adding one year in the league will make him a ton better. I think they have a chance to be pretty good."

WESTERN CONFERENCE

NORTHWEST

CHAMP: DENVER NUGGETS
"Carmelo had a terrific second half last season under George Karl. Kenyon Martin now has a year of experience in Denver. They're a young team, but they have the most pieces in place in the division."

SLEEPER: UTAH JAZZ
"They impressed me early last season, then they got pounded with injuries. Kirilenko's just a freak—and they feel like they have a point guard in Deron Williams. They'll bounce back."

PACIFIC

CHAMP: PHOENIX SUNS
"They had such a great season last year. Even with Joe Johnson leaving for Atlanta, with their three all-stars—Steve Nash, Amare Stoudemire, and Shawn Marion—Phoenix is still the favorite."

SLEEPER: GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS
"Golden State came on strong after they got Baron Davis last year, and they drafted Ike Diogu, who was really impressive in summer league. They have a chance to make a splash."

SOUTHWEST

CHAMP: SAN ANTONIO SPURS
"The current team has won two championships and gone to a Game 7 in the finals. That experience is huge. They'll be a year better, and they're the champs, so they're the team to beat."

SLEEPER: HOUSTON ROCKETS
"They'll be much improved. They came on strong late last year as McGrady and Yao started to click. They're not a real sleeper because they're supposed to be good, but they could be *really* good."

FINALS FORECAST: SPURS BEAT PACERS IN SIX

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PASSING JUDGMENT

ADAM GOLDBERG

He plays psycho lawyer Shultz on Fox's *Head Cases*, and now he's here to answer your questions pro bono.

Q OK, once and for all, how many days should I wait before calling a girl who has just given me her number?
Richard T., Seattle, WA

A You can call right away, because the number she gave you is fake. In case it's not a fake, though, you should wait a day. A day seems honest and a good foundation on which to build your fledgling relationship.

Q My girlfriend wants us to do ecstasy with her mom, but to be honest, the whole idea kind of freaks me out. What should I do?
BSBjunior, via e-mail

A You should take speed with them. It's less sexy. Instead of touching each other, you'll clean the house.

Q Is it ever socially acceptable to wear cowboy boots?
Mike D'Angeleno, Astoria, NY

A It depends on the person, but actually, more often than not it isn't acceptable. I think most cowboy boots are really horrible. At a boot store nine out of 10 boots are on the tacky side. I have a couple of pairs of Lucchese cowboy boots that I wear, but lately it's been hot and my calves have been sweating. I recently got a pair of boots because the guy said they were ordered for Willie Nelson for the *Dukes of Hazzard* movie. He wears a size nine, and they ended up not using them. So, yeah, I'll buy boots if they were Willie Nelson's.

Q I pay all the bills, but my girlfriend won't let me decorate our place the way I want. What should I do?
John C. McCarty, Houston, TX

A I'm going to take a Dr. Phil approach on this one—no bullshit. Turn off the heat, and then when you're paying the bills, don't pay the heating bill. Freeze her out. You know, at least until she lets you put up your Schlitz sign or whatever it is you want.

Q I need to take a self-defense class. What style do you recommend?
Scott Haney, San Marcos, TX

A Kobe beef—it's a little known Asian art form. I think it involves ingesting an inordinate amount of Kobe beef and, I would imagine, unleashing wretched flatulence. When I was about seven years old, after I saw *Rocky*, I ended up doing something called freestyle American karate, but I think it was just kick boxing. I'd go, and I'd quit, and I'd go, and I'd quit; I ended up getting only an orange belt. Maybe you should just avoid physical altercations.

'There's absolutely no excuse for men in sandals. It isn't even funny.'

Q What's a good cure for hiccups?
Amy Rebecca, Paterson, NJ

A Put Angostura bitters on a lemon and take a bite. For some people, nothing works—standing on their heads or drinking water upside down or punching themselves in the kidneys. But I swear to God *this* works. Lemons work for nausea too. When I was a kid, I had to take a boat to Catalina, and my doctor told me to bite a lemon if I started getting sick. I think the taste distracts you in the same way that if your elbow hurts you bang your head against the wall to make the elbow stop hurting. But lemon with bitters really works for hiccups. If I can offer one thing, other than a statement to help liberate the people of Hawaii, it's this.

Q What's a good, noneffeminate cure for dry skin?
Jeff K., Indianapolis, IN

A Sperm. You don't get less effeminate than sperm. Because only men can produce that, as far as I know. Am I being too literal? Well, my skin is exactly what a man's skin should be, except it's really soft on the bottom of my feet because they haven't seen a day of work in their entire lives. But you could try Kiehl's or Lubriderm . . . or Lubrisperm!

Q I'm 25 years old, and I really need to move out of my parents' house, but I can't find a decent job. Any tips?
T. Segal, Stamford, CT

A Become a senator. There are so many of them. What are there, like two to a state or something? Actually, I went to college and then dropped out and moved back in for about a year. You didn't ask to be born. It's your parents' fucking fault for not using birth control.

Q My wife hates my parents, and they hate her right back. What can I do to bring them together?
W. Corey, Providence, RI

A This question makes me feel confused and lonely. I don't know. You're fucked. I think for a lot of people it's pretty complicated because a mother is never really pleased, but, really, I'm the last person in the world who can help you. What I would do if I were you is turn the page and look at the chick in the bikini.

Q Is it OK to have a couple of shots of whiskey before a job interview?
mattt001, via e-mail

A I've maybe had a drink before an audition, but I don't think I've ever gotten drunk before one. So I guess only if it's a suppository. That way you don't have the smell on your breath. I once wrote a song called "Vodka Suppository." I think it's just a more discreet way of getting drunk. I mean, they put Tylenol up your ass at the hospital, right?

Q Is there any solution to the men's summer footwear problem? Sandals feel great, but my feet get dirty. And sandals look stupid, don't they?
Steve Stanley, Detroit, MI

A Jesus God! There's absolutely no excuse for sandals. Please don't even mention men in sandals, hypothetically or in jest. It isn't even funny. It's something I personally take an issue with quite a bit. If I were a woman, which I might be, that would be a deal breaker. No one wants to see a man's feet. I don't see why that part of your body needs to be more ventilated than any other part. I mean, do you walk around with the crotch cut out of your jeans? No. I don't even think Jesus wore sandals. He was depicted wearing them so that men could justify their own sandal wearing. In fact, Jesus probably wore cowboy boots.

NEED ANSWERS?

Want your very own quirky query answered by one of our cerebral celebrities? You got it! E-mail us at celebadviser@maximmag.com for your chance to win . . . nothing, besides having your silly name in print and getting mocked by your friends.

Illustration, The Boy Fitz Hammond

INTERVIEW BY BEN BRASHARES

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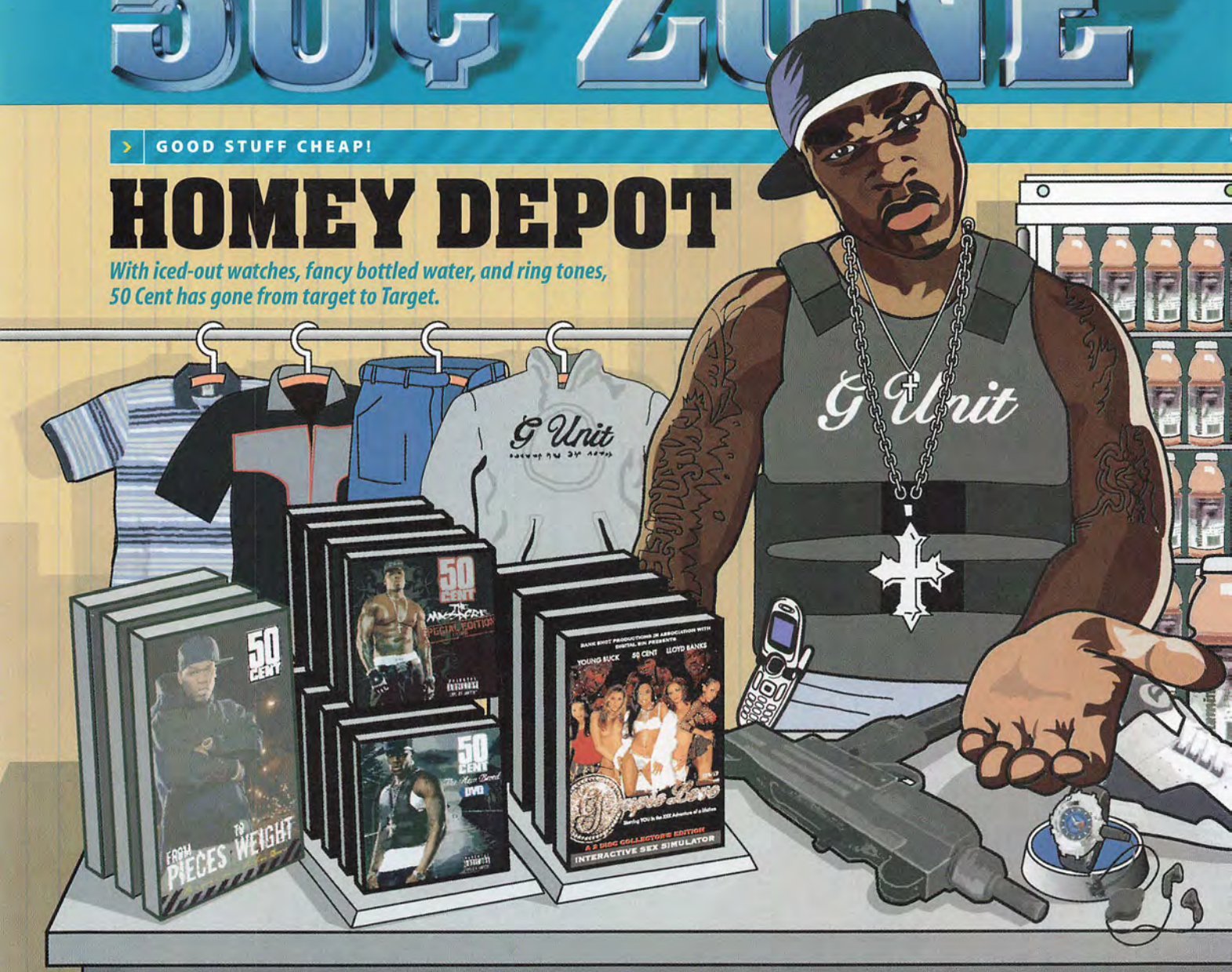
Where are your friends, man?

50¢ ZONE

GOOD STUFF CHEAP!

HOMEY DEPOT

With iced-out watches, fancy bottled water, and ring tones, 50 Cent has gone from target to Target.



CLEAN UP, AISLE THREE

FROM PIECES TO WEIGHT
(Book) **Cost:** $23

RING TONES BY ZINGY
Cost: $3

GROUPIE LOVE
(DVD)
Cost: $30

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Cost: $20–$360

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Cost: $36–$111

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Cost: $1.50

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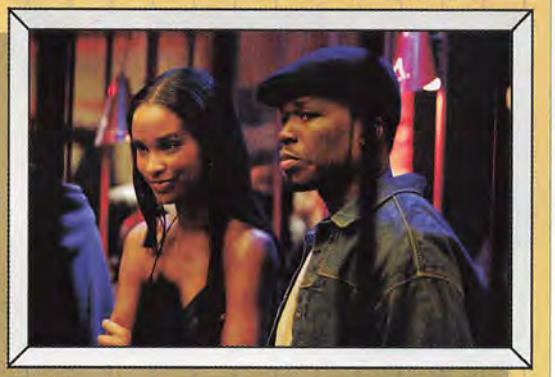


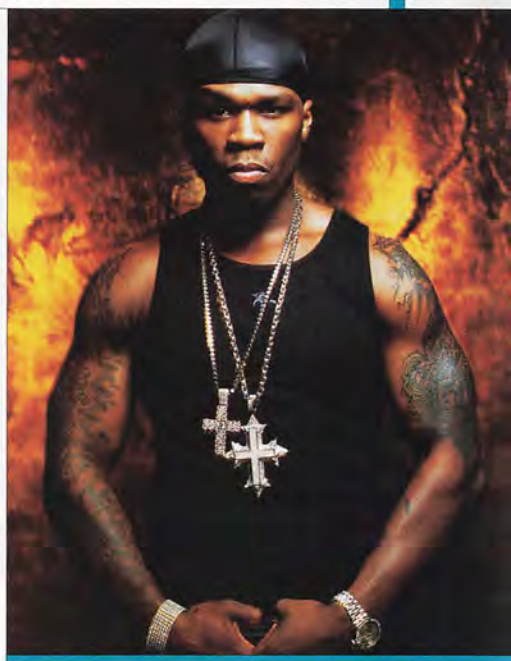
GET RICH OR DIE TRYIN'
Out: November 11
Sure, Eminem's rappin' Rocky was peachy in *8 Mile,* but 50 Cent's semiautobiographical film, about his rise from southside Queens crack slinger to no-necked rap legend, looks downright sick. It was written by *Sopranos* scribe Terence Winter and directed by Jim Sheridan—a six-time Oscar nominee for films like *My Left Foot.* With that kind of pedigree, ample amounts of violence, and a hot soundtrack, this ain't no *Cool as Ice*.

50 CENT: BULLETPROOF
Vivendi Universal [PS2]
After being shot nine times and left for dead, the real life 50 Cent took his vengeance out on a mic. In this video game, 50 Cent takes out his vengeance on the stupid bastards who didn't finish what they started, enlisting his fellow G-Unit buddies to help him out. With 25 brutal counter-kill moves, more weapons than a Fallujah hideout, and the largest collection of 50 Cent music assembled on one disc, this game is truly bangin'.

GANGSTA RAPPIN'

50'S SENSE

He's got a new movie, a video game, and a whole mess of other stuff, but 50 Cent still can't bring Dave Chappelle back.



Aren't you worried that the demand for 50 Cent stuff will slow down?
Of course it will slow down at some point—anyone's career in entertainment ends up that way. But I'm expanding beyond just music, and I'm going to be relevant much later on because of that. A lot of artists become VH1 specials because they're not really involved in their own finances and business.

What product would you never endorse?
I wouldn't do something that wasn't a reflection of my lifestyle. All the things that you see me endorsing are things that actually tie into who I am, like the Vitamin Water. I actually came across that product in the gym, then did the research and found that it was a privately owned company based in Queens. So I set up the meetings to make something happen.

Do you enjoy playing as yourself in the video game?
I'm excited about it. When I'm on tour, I'm amused to see how long people can entertain themselves with these video games. People will get on and play for four or five hours straight. Personally, I like to play *Tetris, Pac-Man, Centipede*—the ones that just require a joystick and one button.

Samuel L. Jackson reportedly said he didn't want to be in your movie because you're not an actor. What do you think?
I think it was wrong because he didn't make a judgment if I was good or not. I had never interacted with Samuel Jackson, so I thought it was foolish for him to make a statement like that—it's not like we even offered him a role. Besides, I don't even see where Samuel Jackson fits into my life story anyway, unless he plays one of the crackheads. He was a crackhead originally, right? So I come from being a rapper, and he comes from being a crackhead.

Do you want to keep making movies, or is this a one-time thing?
It's a big thing making a jump to movies, but I took a huge pay cut to do this film. Let's say I had an album that sold 6.5 million units. If I had been touring for three months, I probably would've made maybe $15 million. That's likely more than I'll make for this.

With all this work, when do you plan on going on vacation?
I don't really go on vacation. I stayed in Hawaii for two days after performing there, and at the end of the second day I started wondering what I was doing. I'm so excited to have the opportunity to do business on this level that that in itself is a vacation. I'm loving life right now.

'I don't even see where Samuel Jackson fits into my life story, unless he plays a crackhead.'

You've got all this stuff...so what's next?
There are so many things I can do. Ever heard of artists owning a communications service? You know T-Mobile? How about G-Mobile?

You make it sound so easy. What's the ultimate goal? President 50?
President? *[laughs]* The world may not be ready for that. What I'm doing seems effortless, but that's because I'm enjoying it so much.

Name one thing you really want to buy but can't afford.
You know what? I'd really like to be able to afford Interscope Records. I'm making 70 percent of the black music at Interscope, and I'm growing. If I keep the pace I'm at now for the next three years, eventually I'll own it.

Are they for sale?
No, but once you make the right offer, everything is for sale.

Say, you're the kind of guy who gets things done...*and* you were on *Chappelle's Show.* Can you make him come back?
I don't know if that can happen right now, man. But I'm going to write down a note right now reminding myself that people want me to help bring Dave Chappelle back.

"Kicking ass, *check*. Chewing gum..."

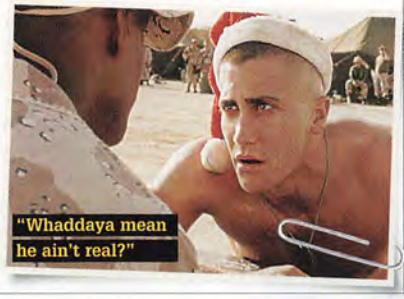
MAXIM MOVIE OF THE MONTH

> HIGH AND TIGHT

JARHEAD

Relive the good ol' days, when Bush was president and we were fighting in Iraq!

Out: November 11 **Director:** Sam Mendes
Stars: Jake Gyllenhaal, Jamie Foxx, Peter Sarsgaard
The story: The nightly news not enough to sate your war jones? This movie adaptation of Anthony Swofford's best-selling memoir should hit the spot. About a Marine brat (Gyllenhaal) who survives the hell of boot camp and eventually becomes a sniper serving in the first Gulf War, *Jarhead* is packed with more flashbacks than Phish's tour bus. It's also filled with the kind of twisted black humor that people who not only laugh at death but *point* and laugh at death can provide. With a great cast (including Foxx as a sergeant) and a director who doesn't use action sequences to cover gaping plot holes ("paging Mr. Bruckheimer—you have a telephone call at the front desk"), *Jarhead* is a rarity: an Oscar contender you actually want to watch.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪


"Whaddaya mean he ain't real?"

"No peeking under my loincloth!"

> WAMPUM STOMPUM

THE NEW WORLD

Colonists and Indians bury the hatchet...in each other's heads.

Out: November 9 **Director:** Terrence Malick
Stars: Colin Farrell, Christian Bale
The story: In 1607, Europeans landed at Jamestown and made friends with the Native Americans, generously trading deadly diseases in exchange for land. *The New World* gets colonial on your ass, going back to when Virginia was a lawless frontier outpost and John Smith (Farrell) got all hot and bothered for an underage Pocahontas. (See? We *told* you it was lawless.) With reclusive director Terrence Malick, *The New World* could have you checking your watch like an obsessive-compulsive train conductor...or could be one of the best films of the year, like Malick's 1973 spree-killing classic, *Badlands*. We're betting this is one for the history books.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

"It's OK, I saved money on my car insurance."

RATINGS:

POMPADOUR	✪✪✪✪✪
WIFFLE	✪✪✪✪✪
FAUXHAWK	✪✪✪✪✪
PONYTAIL	✪✪✪✪✪
MULLET	✪✪✪✪✪

> ALSO PLAYING

DOOM
Out: October 21
In this video game adaptation, space marines on Mars fight aliens, causing more gore than third shift at the slaughterhouse after nickel draft night.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

ELIZABETHTOWN
Out: October 14
A jobless schmuck gets dumped, then falls for a flight attendant before a funeral—proving your girl will believe anything in a romantic comedy.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

THE LEGEND OF ZORRO
Out: October 28
The masked man hangs up his sword...until a studio exec offers him a paycheck to make a tardy sequel to *The Mask of Zorro*. The $ marks the spot!
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

THE FOG
Out: October 14
Oh, no! It's droplets of water vapor suspended close to the ground, forming a cloud that makes it difficult to see! Aah! It's so scary!
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✪

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> JAPANAMANIA!

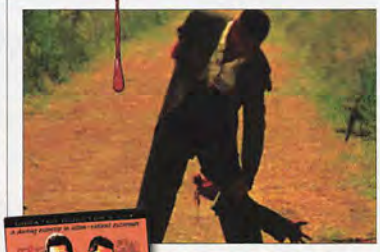
BE LIIKE MIIKE

It's Takashi Miike, Japan's answer to the question "What the...?"

Over the past 10 years, Takashi Miike (pronounced "mee-kay") has directed more than 40 films, becoming the Japanese Roger Corman—that is, if Corman were raised on a steady diet of snuff films, the last third of *GoodFellas,* and things that air on the public access channel at 3 A.M. To celebrate the U.S. theatrical release of *Three...Extremes,* Miike's collaboration with fellow Asian auteur lunatics Chan-wook Park (*Old Boy*) and Fruit Chan (*Public Toilet*), here's a look at his greatest hits.

> MIIKE'S MAGIC MOMENTS

AUDITION (1999)
Plot: It begins as a romantic comedy about a widower who "casts" a fake movie in order to meet actresses...then takes a horrifying turn.
Highlight: Remember the "orgasm" scene in *When Harry Met Sally*? This film's shocking scene is like that, only Sally drugs Harry into paralysis and saws off his foot with piano wire.



DEAD OR ALIVE (1999)
Plot: A Chinese gangster and a Japanese cop wage war on each other, which ultimately causes the *entire world* to explode.
Highlight: In the final fight scene, a man rips off his own arm, tosses it to the ground in disgust, then pulls out a missile launcher from behind his back and fires it.

HAPPINESS OF THE KATAKURIS (2001)
Plot: Like *The Sound of Music* meets *Gumby* with sing-alongs. And zombies.
Highlight: The lengthy, utterly inexplicable Claymation sequences. Oh, and a sumo wrestler dies during sex and suffocates his girlfriend. (Helpful sex pointer #458: The 500-pound guy goes on the *bottom.*)

ICHI THE KILLER (2001)
Plot: Ichi kills a rival gang leader (hence his name), then someone tries to kill him.
Highlight: If this movie were any more violent, it would actually come to your house and beat the shit out of you. In one brutal scene, a man cuts out his own tongue. (But don't worry, kids—since this is a Miike film, it grows back.)

VISITOR Q (2001)
Plot: A struggling TV producer—and the worst father in the history of film—tapes himself having sex with his prostitute daughter and cheers when his son gets beaten up.
Highlight: A woman lactates enough milk to flood the floor of an entire room, then her son lies down and makes "milk angels."

THREE...EXTREMES (2005)
Plot: In Miike's segment (*Box*), a writer reflects on when she and her twin sister were contortionists... until her twin was burned alive. Good times!
Highlight: Nothing says "quality family entertainment" like watching a woman in a plastic bag being forcibly folded into a tiny container.

GET THIS!

> **Miike decided to go to film school because it didn't require any entrance exams.**

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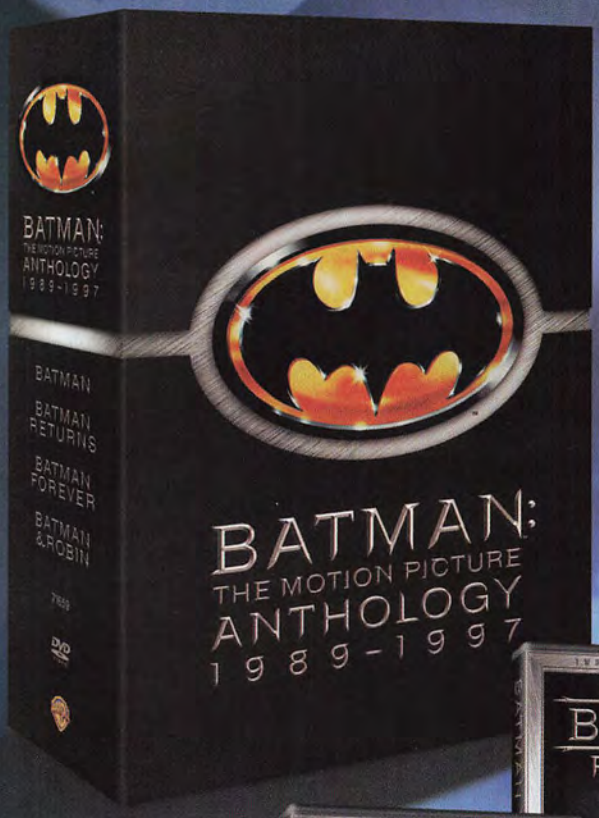

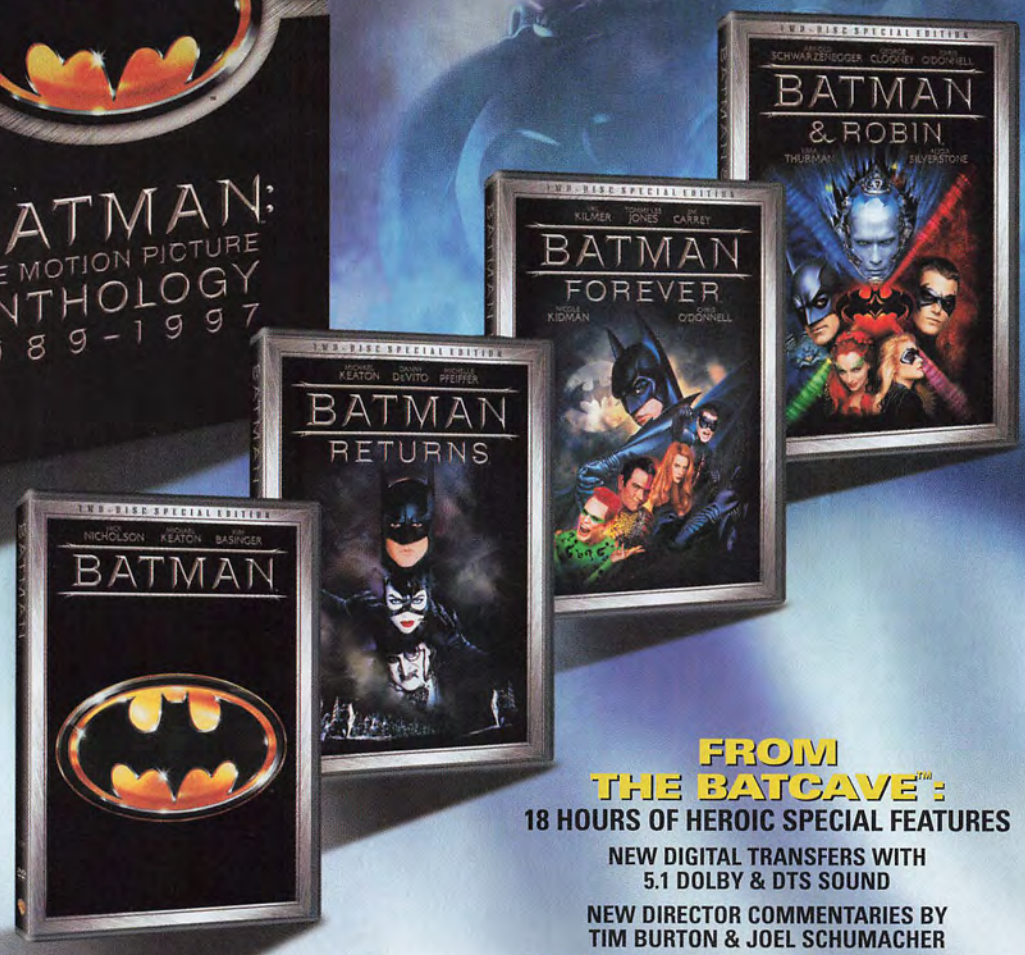

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> 'I've dated a dork in real life, but he wasn't a dork to me.'

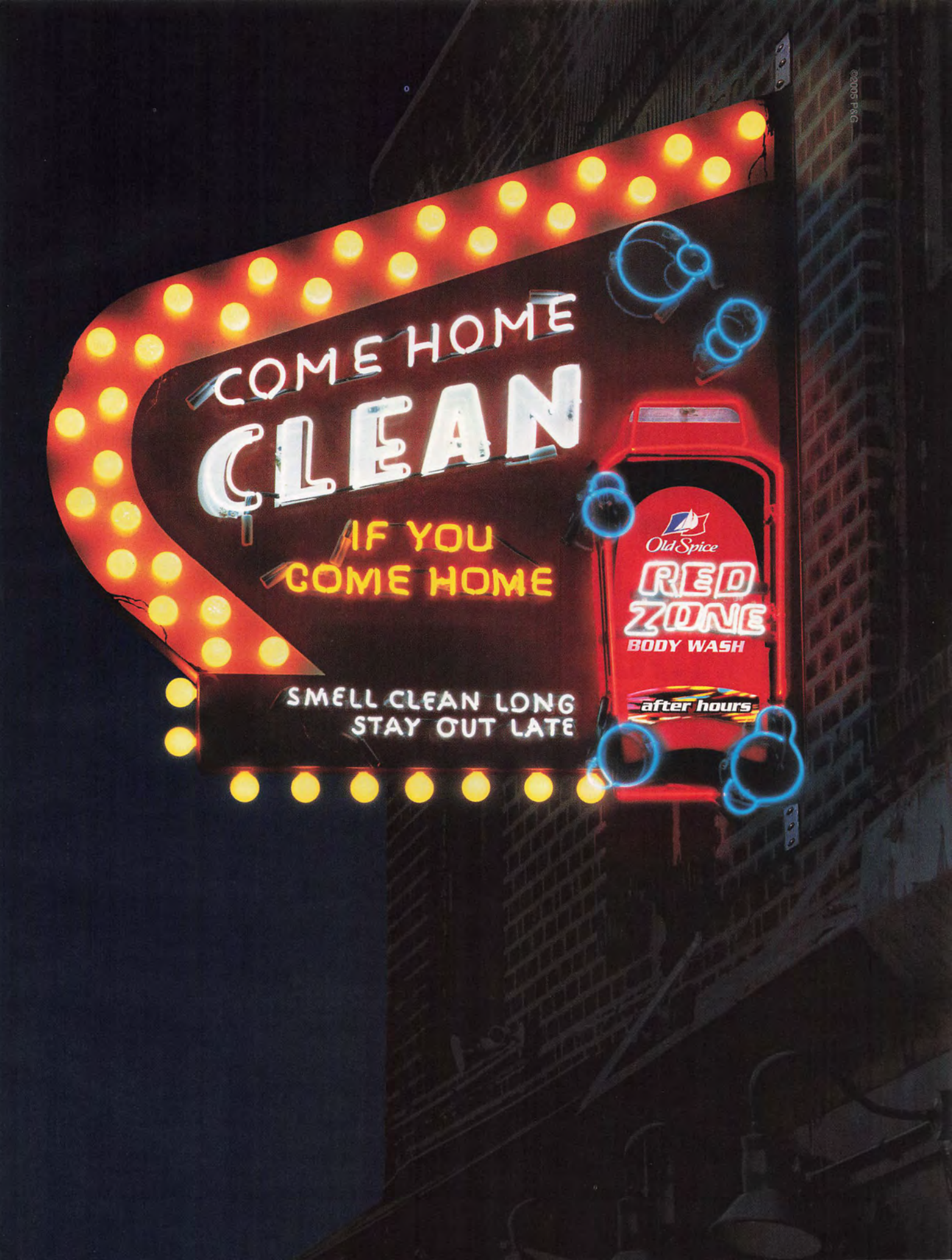
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Christina Lindley
Better known as: That hot blonde from the MovieTickets.com commercial.
Her story: Born and raised in Georgia, this peach is the hottest thing to march out of Atlanta since General Sherman. Currently, you can catch her before the coming attractions, playing arm candy for the dorky inventor of MovieTickets.com and proving yet again that the geek shall inherit the Earth. "I've dated a dork in real life," Christina confesses. "He was kind of a pudgy guy, but he wasn't a dork to me." Ah, and she's a humanitarian too. When she's not appearing *before* the movies, Christina's actually *in* them, cornering the market on the "incredibly sexy blonde" role in everything from *The Island* to the upcoming *Big Momma's House 2*: "I play a hot Newport Beach mom, and I leave my kids on the side of the road to get a designer purse." Can you blame her? That purse was probably real sparkly.

GET THIS!
> Christina works out at the same gym as James Caan.

MAXIM ONLINE
Check out more of Christina at **maximonline.com.**

Photograph, Stephan Würth; styling, Seneca Moss for cloutieragency.com; hair, Will Carillo for cloutieragency.com; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Clinique at Luxe; set design, Kyle Kannenberg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MAXIM START YOUR ENGINES!

"My other car's still on fire."

> X MARKS THE SPOT

BLOWOUT!

On* Driver X: Race for the Ride, *one lucky driver will win a slot on a racing team.* Maxim's *Paul Bibeau is not that man.

I'm here to show these pansies that I can push a souped-up 2005 Mustang GT around the track faster than they can. One problem: I'm wiped out, hung over, and still burping up last night's barbecue. At least when I die, the rescue workers will be pleasantly surprised by the delicious smoky flavor of my pork-saturated corpse.

Welcome to the Gong Show, where Roush Racing has been discovering new talent since 1989. This year's winner not only gets a fully sponsored ride on the 2006 Craftsman Truck circuit but will also be filmed for the Discovery Channel's new TV show *Driver X: Race for the Ride.*

And I'm about to compete with the last dozen to make the cut, meaning I'll be tooling around an obstacle course in a car that can pull a cool 1 G while accelerating *sideways.* But every time someone takes that goddamn curve, the screeching tires sting my ears, and the smell of burnt rubber wafts over me. During a NASCAR race, the temperature inside a vehicle can heat up to 140 degrees, and drivers typically lose six to eight pounds from dehydration. Old-timers used to put Styrofoam cups over their shoes so they wouldn't burn their feet on the pedals.

A moment of silence for *Maxim*'s writer

"You doing OK?" one of the film crew asks me, worried by something in my pale, trembling expression.

"Yeah!" I chirp. "This will be fun!"

The 12 finalists are waiting to strap themselves into $47,000 worth of hardware. These kids have been racing their entire lives—but only one of them is old enough to go down to Hertz and rent a Buick.

First in the Mustang is Max Jones, the general manager of two of Roush's teams, who won the Gong Show himself back in 1989. A thin, quiet man with a tanned face and white hair, he slowly builds speed, his car flying like something out of a Steve McQueen movie, his turns quick and decisive like he memorized the track.

Then the young racers each take their turn trying to outrun Max. None of them come close to the old coot. But I'm different, I'm special, I've got 14 pounds of pork in my belly. Max graciously shows me the track before I kick his ass.

"Want a little speed?" Max asks. Before I get a chance to nod, he hits the accelerator and whips the Mustang through the course while we rattle around as if we're strapped into a paint can mixer. Then Max makes the brakes squeal like harp seals during clubbing season. His expression doesn't change once.

"You OK to drive?" someone asks me after we pull up, and I change seats.

"Sure . . ." I gulp.

"I hit that old lady *twice.* Fifty points!"

I punch it, and the car explodes forward, causing me to miss the entrance to the obstacle course. I screech around, trying to right myself, but it's too late, and people are running toward me, waving wildly. Not good.

They lead me back to the entrance, and I floor it, slowing up before each turn, trying to jerk the car back onto the course and not go airborne. I'm flopping around in the seat like a wet fish, and I'm gripping the wheel so hard I'm sure I'll still be holding it when they find my arms 20 feet from my body. At some point I lose count of my laps and accidentally do one extra. Finally, I bring it in.

"Dude, why were you using your turn signal?" one of the crew asks. I shrug—I was taking a left turn, after all. Unsurprisingly, my time was 20 seconds slower than the slowest kid's—but at least I live to eat barbecue another day.

Naming your car is cute, but "Darnell"?

Discovery CHANNEL

> *Driver X: Race for the Ride*
Discovery Channel
Airs: October 31

Photographs, Matt Marchese. Images courtesy of Rousch Racing/The Discovery Channel.

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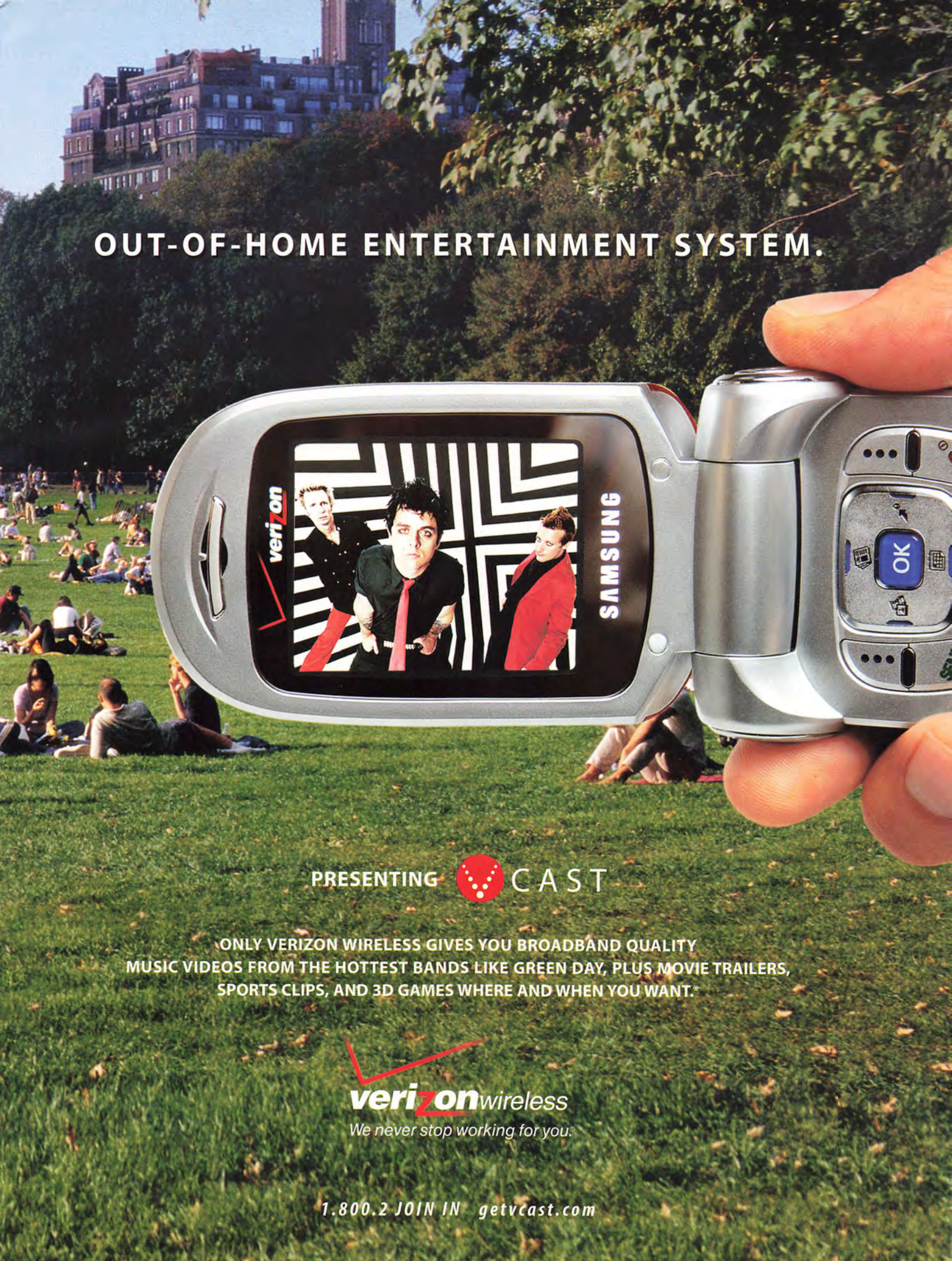
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BFMG0307 (1105)

MAXIM ALBUM OF THE MONTH

> ROCKY ROAD

LIVING THINGS

Ahead of the Lions (Jive)

This is Living Things' first album, but the résumé of these St. Louis rock fuckups' already includes intraband brawls, passing out onstage after mixing pills and booze, a tongue-lashing from Nikki Sixx, and some good, old-fashioned fan-on-singer gunplay. Even more amazingly, these distractions don't take away from the red-eyed fury of these tunes, which combine punk vocals with a pelvis-thrusting rock'n'roll groove. Imagine Iggy Pop fronting Stone Temple Pilots and singing songs that sound like politically fueled hand grenades. Except it's 10,000 times better than that sounds.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

GET THIS!

> Before releasing their debut, Living Things were booted from two different record labels.

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE

ATMOSPHERE
You Can't Imagine How Much Fun We're Having
(Rhymesayers)
Being a white dude from Minneapolis has its advantages in the rap world—namely, no one expects you to be able to rap for shit. Atmosphere's Sean "Slug" Daley, the white dude in question, sounds refreshingly unconcerned with ice, bling, or gats. Instead, as his DJ ODs on soul samples, Slug sweats the girls who don't call him back, worries what his son thinks of him, and wonders whether he's getting too old for this rap shit. He's not.
★★★★☆

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE
Broken Social Scene
(Arts & Crafts)
Loud noises! Loud noises! With their third album, Broken Social Scene bury their really catchy hooks under mountains of fuzzy guitar, sloppy horn lines, and noisy freak-outs. But like a man who carefully spoons mayonnaise into a toaster and loves lamp, the quirky sonic belching of this cast-of-thousands Canadian collective is the best part of their music and becomes increasingly endearing the more you listen to it.
★★★★☆

SYSTEM OF A DOWN
Hypnotize
(American Recordings/Columbia)
Hypnotize might represent the kind of genre-bending musicianship that could be hailed as pure genius. But that's only if you don't try to listen to the actual album, which sounds like a yappy terrier and a billy goat on helium singing selections from *Fiddler on the Roof*. Filled with excruciating tempo changes, death metal polka beats, and stupid choruses like "Terracotta pie, hey!" *Hypnotize* is best in small doses. *Very* small doses.
★☆☆☆☆

ROADRUNNER UNITED
The All-Star Sessions
(Roadrunner Records)
To celebrate its 25th anniversary, Roadrunner Records pulled together 56 artists from 45 bands, ranging from Slipknot to King Diamond, to create an all-star self-tribute record. The end result is a metal master class, covering every permutation of the genre, from frantic speed metal to sludgy death metal to the kinds of acoustic ballads longhairs bust out during house parties. What's good will tear you a new one, but keep a finger on the skip button.
★★★☆☆

REVIEWS IN HAIKU

More reviews, only 17 syllables long!

GRETCHEN WILSON
All Jacked Up Let's compare Gretchen/to those fey "guys" in Lone Star/Which of them has balls?

NEIL YOUNG
Prairie Wind
Has Neil aged badly/Or was he overrated/From the beginning?

DANGER DOOM
The Mouse & the Mask
Wise beats and wisecracks/with wise-ass cartoony fun/Catchy, clever, rad.

THRICE
Vheissu
Hardcore with a brain?/Sounds like a crap idea/But really, it's not.

DEPECHE MODE
Playing the Angel
Real goths don't grow up/They just discover new things/To make them feel glum.

FIONA APPLE
Extraordinary Machine
We never dug this/weird piano-humping waif/But this changed our mind.

Get your priorities straight.
The first thing you need is
a place for the big screen.
TV stand and audio tower
by Maxim Living
What pin up? This is art.
It's framed!
Art by Maxim
Nice bed.
So she'll want to stay
the night. Hopefully.
Comfortor set by Maxim Living
It's important to have a good
workspace (not that you use it).
Desk by Maxim Living
MAXIM
REBECCA
Bottle openers.
Because using your teeth
isn't a turn-on anymore.
Barware by Maxim Living
Dinner? Not our problem.
Chinese take-out not by Maxim Living
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JIMMY POP ALI

With new record Hefty Fire *in stores, the Bloodhound Gang's fearless frontman goes online for Scandinavian death metal, a feces-eating punk, and 50 Cent.*

IN FLAMES System
"This is *melodic* death metal, which is different from death metal. They only watch churches burn—they don't really do it."

THE FALL Green Eyed Loco-Man
"It has the most amazing first line I've ever heard in a song: 'To wear Chanel, you have to shave first.' As if he's telling you the most important thing you've ever heard. Lead singer Mark E. Smith is an insane genius. The last time I saw him, he was on crutches."

HIM For You
"This song is pretty, then all of a sudden you can't even listen to it. Unlike our records, where you can't listen to any part of it."

50 CENT Outta Control
"I'm an overweight white guy from the suburbs, but there are very few things I like. Now that Eminem's kind of calling it quits, and Jay-Z is gone, 50 is raising the bar."

GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES
I Kill Everything I Fuck
"GG Allin's the only person who could sing, 'I'm infected with AIDS/I fuck every day/I kill everything I fuck.' He's the bottom of the bottom. That's the attraction."

DEPECHE MODE Photographic
"This song got me into fiddling around with synthesizers when I was 12. Everyone else's records sounded thin because they were using the synthesizer's factory presets. These guys made their own sound."

MISSION OF BURMA
That's When I Reach for My Revolver
"I'm giving them props because Moby did a cover of it and changed the lyrics. More people need to know this version. I took it back to where we all came from."

PROGRAM THE DEAD The World
"They're a new band. Like At the Drive-In, but not as weird—more accessible, but still edgy."

WEEZER This Is Such a Pity
"Their single 'Beverly Hills' did really well, but this is a better song. It has a real Cars kind of vibe, and I've always been a big fan of their music."

JASON SUZUKI & MAT LEUTWYLER
The Contented Gastronome
"I imagine everybody else listening to it is blowing some dude, but I love it. Great name for a song."

FRANZ FERDINAND Jacqueline
"It sounds like a love song, but then they sing, 'Said I'm so drunk I don't mind if you kill me.' Those are good lyrics for the first song on your debut record."

Go to **napster.com** to download these and more!

Maximizationer 3000XL

JOKERS WILD

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

Should you be laughing with that outrageous band...or at them?

WEEN

Oddball prog-rock loons
Evidence:
- Claim to worship a deity known as Boognish.
- Huffed Scotchgard for inspiration while making their second album.
- Can parody any musical genre more convincingly than those who take it seriously.

Verdict: Ain't no joke! They're serious musicians, albeit ones with a penchant for song titles like "Waving My Dick in the Wind."

INSANE CLOWN POSSE

Horror-core gangsta-rap bozos
Evidence:
- Sing about rape, necrophilia, and unending violence while dressed as clowns.
- Moonlight as professional wrestlers.
- Ritualistically douse their die-hard fans, a.k.a. the Juggalos, in Faygo soda.

Verdict: You're friggin' kidding! If you take these gangsta clowns seriously, it might be time to check the ol' homestead for lead paint.

TURBONEGRO

Camp sleaze-punk freak show
Evidence:
- Frontman lights Roman candles between his butt cheeks.
- Songs include "The Midnight NAMBLA," "Rendezvous With Anus," and "Hobbit Motherfuckers."
- They're Norwegian.

Verdict: Ain't no joke! Sure, they look like the Misfits meet the Village People, but if you dare snicker at their songs, you'll end up with something fiery up your sphincter.

THE KILLERS

Fancy boy 1980s fetishists
Evidence:
- Ripped off Duran Duran, then claimed the Bravery were talentless copycats.
- Their frontman is a Mormon from Las Vegas who considered becoming a professional golfer.
- Dress like extras from *Pretty in Pink*.

Verdict: You're friggin' kidding! No self-respecting rock band should spend more money on makeup than illegal drugs.

Illustration, Graham Murdoch

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MAXIM DVD OF THE MONTH ★★★★

Movie: ★★★★★

Special features: ★★★★☆

> WORK SUCKS

OFFICE SPACE SPECIAL EDITION

Working stiffs unite. . . to call in sick and watch this movie.

Release date: November 1

Price: $20

"I don't know. Why *do* firemen wear suspenders?"

If you're reading this in your cubicle, daydreaming about giving a turbo-wedgie to your boss and faxing a grilled cheese sandwich to the Toledo office, then you're also the one who's always muttering *Office Space* quotes under your breath while your boss tells you to "think outside the box." Unlike the previous no-frills, just-the-movie DVD release, this special edition features never-before-seen deleted scenes, a sneak peek at director (and *Beavis and Butt-Head* creator) Mike Judge's new *Animation Show,* and a look back on how *Office Space* changed the world. And with a price tag of just $20, even a minimum-wage slave like you can afford it!

GET THIS!

> ***Office Space*** **is based on an animated short that was made eight years before the film came out.**

> NEW RELEASES

Downside: It makes for comical tan lines

BATMAN BEGINS

Out: October 18 **Price:** $23

Erase those painful memories of a glammy Batman slapping Technicolor bad guys with the hard-boiled, sepia-toned *Batman Begins.* The deluxe edition includes a *Batman Begins* spoof, finally proving the franchise can mock itself without becoming a mockery.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

STAR WARS: EPISODE III

Out: November 1 **Price:** $30

Revenge of the Sith is worth seeing, especially for the last 40 minutes, when Anakin becomes Darth Vader. But is this particular edition worth buying? Not when you consider George Lucas is going to repackage these movies more than cow entrails at a sausage factory.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★☆☆

LAND OF THE DEAD

Out: October 18 **Price:** $30

After watching dozens of directors make crappy zombie movies over the last few years, George Romero brought himself back from the dead, then lurched off to make one heck of a kick-ass thriller about mercenaries defending Earth from an army of walking corpses.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

> DECISIONS MADE EASY

BUY IT!

THE BIG LEBOWSKI ACHIEVER'S EDITION

Out: October 18

Price: $50

Fans of the Dude will get stoked over this gift set, which includes a bowling towel and four coasters, along with outtakes and a feature that lets you count the number of times the word "dude" is said.

BORROW IT!

BATMAN: THE MOTION PICTURE ANTHOLOGY

Out: October 18

Price: $80

The good news: All four of the original *Batman* movies have been collected in a superspecial set with loads of extras. The bad news: Joel Schumacher's movies are included.

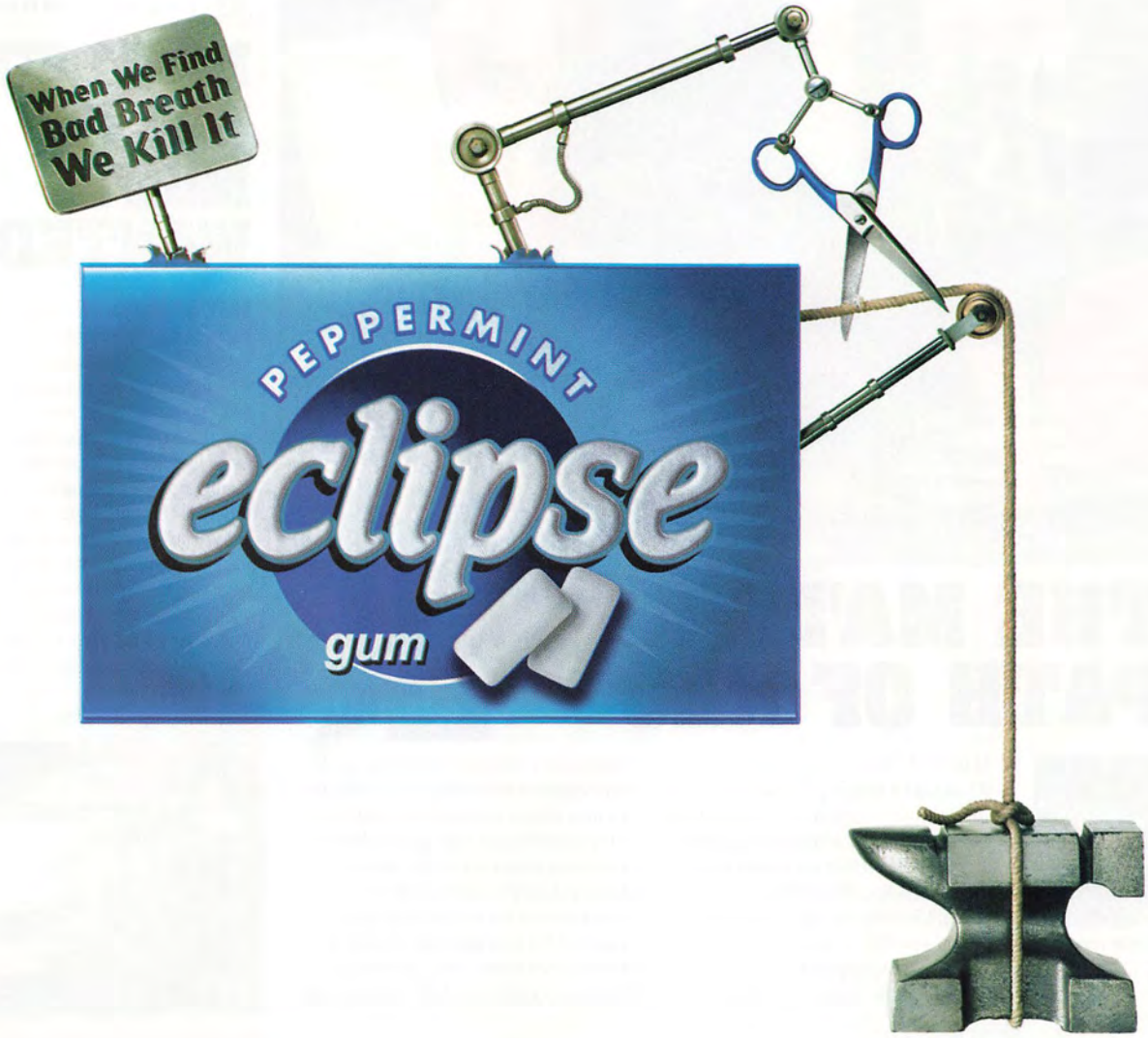
BURN IT!

SEX AND THE CITY: THE COMPLETE SERIES

Out: November 1

Price: $300

While she's wading through all 94 episodes in this 20-disc set, you'll have more than enough time to go through her closet, find her six-inch stilettos, and bludgeon yourself to death.



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MAXIM GAME OF THE MONTH

> TAKE THE RED PILL

THE MATRIX: PATH OF NEO

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

Atari [PS2, Xbox]

Whaaaaa? A *Matrix* game that doesn't suck? It sounds impossible, but it's true. Unlike its predecessors, this adaptation starts off on the right foot by letting you actually play as Neo, and only Neo. (Wow! What a novel concept!) Retelling all three movies from Neo's point of view, *Path of Neo* is like a greatest hits reel that lets you play out all your favorite scenes: the lobby shootout, the Merovingian's chateau, the million-man agent fight, and the dojo sequences where Morpheus teaches Neo his chop-socky. A dedicated time-slow button lets you do all the backflips your Wachowski-worshiping hands can pull off—all the better to enjoy the original tracks by the Crystal Method. You won't want to stop playing—but does that mean it makes up for *Reloaded, Revolutions,* and all those crappy *Matrix* games before this? Not a chance in hell.

GET THIS!

> **The end of *Path of Neo* features a brand-new ending to the *Matrix* trilogy.**

> ANDALE! ANDALE!

NEED FOR SPEED: MOST WANTED

EA [PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360, GameCube, PSP, DS]

Your wife may have forced you to trade in your balls for the keys to the minivan, but a high-speed chase or two will help take the edge off. In this year's sequel, you can drive around town *Grand Theft Auto*–style and Billy Joel other people's shiny new cars…that is, until the cops come and you pull a Piano Man on them, too. And when you're finally done decorating the boys in blue with pretty flames, you can customize your stable of cars for online play or race around one of the killer new tracks. Those poor video game cops—when do they ever get a day off?

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

"Love Bug? I'm the sex machine, baby!"

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN

AEON FLUX

Majesco Entertainment [PS2, Xbox]

In this game foxy spies in skintight leather inspired by MTV cartoons are humanity's last hope. Run here. Rappel there. Perform sexy fatalities. Behold! We've seen the future, and it looks like Charlize Theron.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

GUN

Activision [GameCube, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360]

It unfolds like a classic country song, minus the guilt over losing your dog. Roam shantytowns and prairies, hunting your adopted father's killers with a six-shooter or shotgun. This is one OK Corral, pardner.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

CASTLEVANIA: CURSE OF DARKNESS

Konami [PS2, Xbox]

The umpteenth man-with-a-whip-fights-vampires sequel features Dracula's ex-pal fighting along with the help of "innocent devils" that do your bidding. *Boring!* Why does Dracula have to live forever?

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

> POTENT PORTABLE

SOCOM: FIRETEAM BRAVO

Sony [PSP]

You wanna run and gun? Now you can! The best-selling PS2 franchise finally goes portable, with streamlined controls that give new meaning to the phrase "point and shoot," 14 single-player missions, and four multiplayer areas (including Chile, which is only available on the PSP). Bravo, indeed.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

I don't mean "bitches" in a disrespectful way...

THE BOONDOCKS

OCTOBER 2ND @ 11PM

[adult swim]

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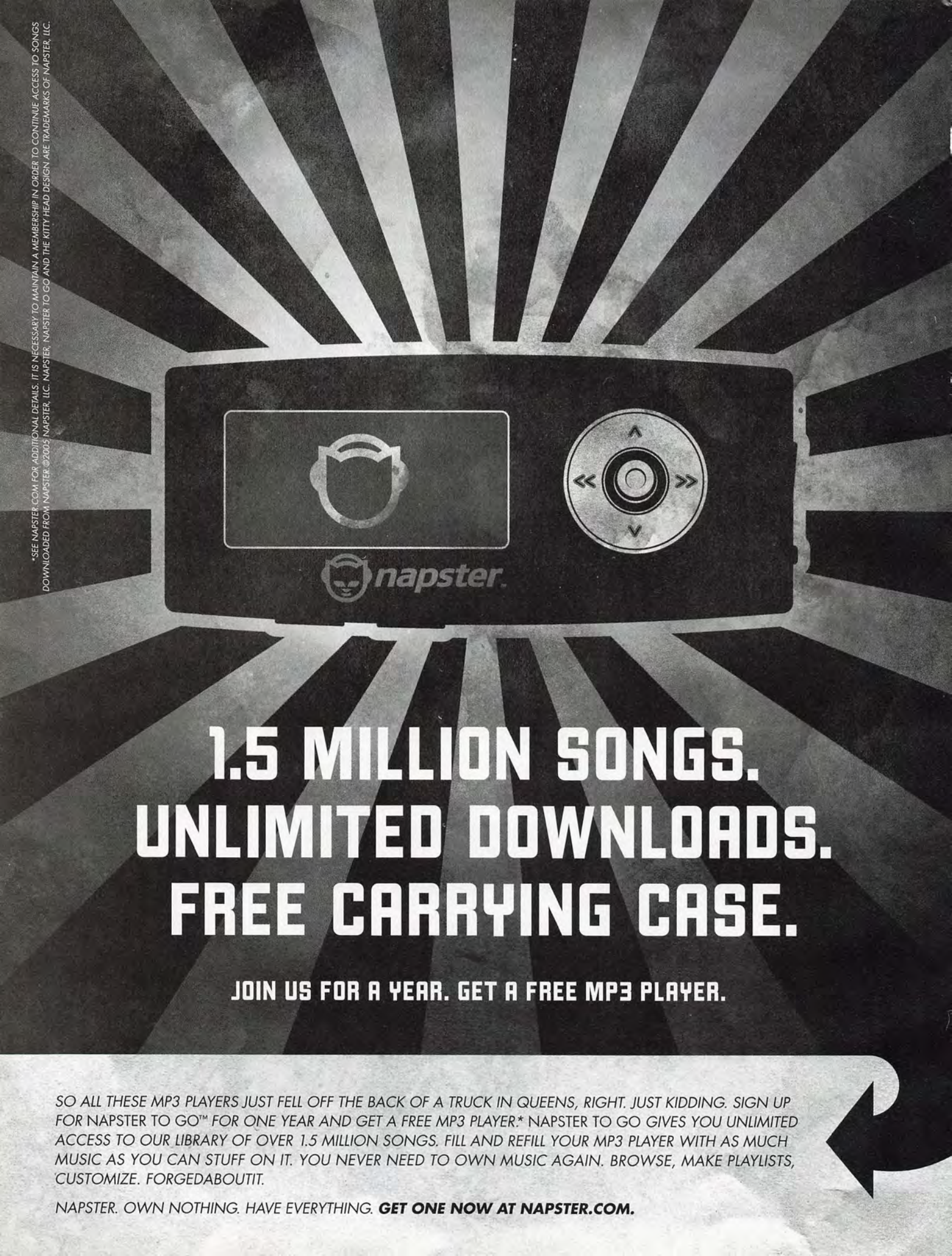

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MAXIM BOOK OF THE MONTH

> RAGE TURNER

FULL METAL SIT-DOWN

Two decades after filming Kubrick's intense Vietnam opus, Matthew Modine shows us his war face.

"It's OK, Matt. Stanley Kubrick's dead. You can go home now."

Is this a picture book with words or a wordy book with pictures?
This book was supposed to be about the photos I took on set, but when I transcribed the diary I realized it was more interesting than the photos.

Why are there so many gaps in the book?
We'd stop filming for long periods. Writing the diary was like scratching numbers on the wall in a prison cell, only there's no more room. I was so fucked up when the movie finished.

The final shots of the movie were supposed to take three days, right?
And it dragged on for months. Finally, it became, "Who do I have to fuck to get off this movie?"

Did Kubrick micromanage every detail?
He got obsessed over how individual words were said, like "sucky" [during the hooker scene]. It was Arliss [Private Cowboy] Howard's line, and it was, "Me want sucky." And Stanley wanted him to go up at the end of "sucky" so it was like he was asking a question: "Me want suck-E? Me want suck-EEE?" It went on forever.

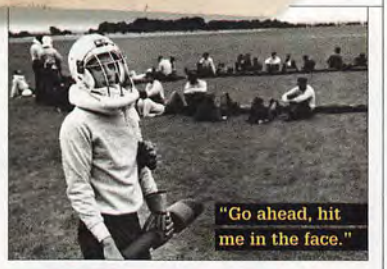
You got Vincent D'Onofrio an audition for Private Pyle…then he wanted to kick your ass once he got the role. What happened?
We were marching, and I was joking with these English extras about Princess Fergie. They were calling her a "ginger-haired cunt." Stanley wanted us to do another march, so he whispers to me, "Stop fucking around; I'm ready to shoot." I said I wasn't fucking around, but Vince, who was behind me, goes, "Yes you were. You were joking with those guys." Then all those English guys were egging us on, like, "Oi, yeah!" I wanted to crack the rifle across his head, but he said, "I'll kick your fucking ass."

Did this ensure he received a few extra soap hits during the blanket party scene?
Yeah, I gave him an extra whack. Maybe two extra whacks. Well, it's inherent in the script, but who knows what I was thinking?

People separate *Full Metal Jacket* into two films—boot camp and combat. Which half do you like more?
Stanley's favorite review of the movie said, "The first half is brilliant, and then it degenerates into a masterpiece." I agree with that and think the movie is better today than when it came out.

So do you keep a diary for all your movies?
Yes, I do.

We'd kill to read your *Vision Quest* diary.
I don't have one, but that would be great, mostly because of Madonna. [Producer] Jon Peters brought in this girl he said was going to be huge. When Madonna came in, we initially thought she was Boy George. She wasn't all that attractive.



"Go ahead, hit me in the face."

"Hey, man, you got any deodorant?"

Just found! Marlon Brando's grocery list

> PRIVATE THOUGHTS

FULL METAL JACKET DIARY

By Matthew Modine (Rugged Land, $30)

With its limited-edition print run and a solid steel cover, Matthew Modine's memoir about filming the Stanley Kubrick war classic is like Madonna's *Sex* book, only with fewer interracial threesomes and more actors looking completely exhausted. Taken directly from the diary Modine scribbled while losing his mind over the one-and-a-half-year shoot, it's more painful than sniper fire—especially the photos from the set, which chronicle the gradual degradation of the cast. *Maxim* rating: ★★★★★

Read more of our interview with Matthew Modine at **maximonline.com.**

USE NAPSTER.COM

ON THE SET

Wonder whose salaries you're paying when you drop nine bucks at the box office? Here's your guide to the beautiful people who make Hollywood a $45 billion annual industry.

PRODUCTION DESIGNER

He's responsible for the whole look of the movie, making sure that the alien's poo-green skin doesn't clash with the set's wallpaper. He's also in charge of the art department, from wardrobe to set location, but some details, like whether the rug matches the drapes in the ingénue's big nude scene, are left to the hairdresser.
Min. pay: $5,507/week

CASTING DIRECTOR

Wonder how Christian Slater became a famous actor? Or Meg Ryan? Their moms are casting directors, whose job is to audition actors to find the perfect star for a project. They send the best prospects to the director, who either turns them into golden gods or lets them fall back into the meaningless abyss of clown porn.
Min. pay: Varies by project

PRODUCER

Don't recognize those ass hats accepting the Best Picture award on Oscar night? That's because they're producers. Producers find a team they trust, get a budget, and make sure the director doesn't go over it. The rest of the time they're worrying their caddy doesn't know a 7-iron from a goddamn waffle iron.
Min. pay: $100,000 to $1 million/movie

DIRECTOR

Bad directors are like fascist dictators who take credit for everyone else's hard work. Good directors turn mediocre scripts into visual masterpieces by expressing their vision for the project to their crew with words like "action" and "lunch." The best directors do all this by squinting through a square made with their thumbs and forefingers.
Min. pay: $13,358/week

STUNT COORDINATOR

Thought Halle Berry looked hot kicking ass in that Catwoman suit? Well, it was a dude in red lipstick and leather. The coordinator makes sure a stunt looks real and that there is limited risk: If the man in the fire suit gets fried, so does the coordinator. Despite making flabby actors look like studs, there's sadly no Oscar for these geniuses.
Min. pay: $2,588/week

BY BEN BRASHARES ILLUSTRATION BY STAN WATTS

FILM SCHOOL

A movie doesn't get made overnight. Unless it's porn.

Major studios develop hundreds of projects every year, but they only end up making 20 to 25 of them. Even big-dog producers like Ivan Reitman (*Animal House*) have to haggle with the suits to get good ideas turned into classics. DreamWorks was initially tepid toward *Old School*, but Reitman and director Todd Phillips persisted, and "with the success of *Road Trip* behind us," says Reitman, "they said, 'What the hell?'" Typically, a flick goes through 12 to 16 weeks of preproduction—hiring a crew, finding a budget, etc.—before the camera even starts rolling. Principal photography takes around 55 days, and then, over a period of around 26 weeks, hundreds of hours of film are cut down to suit your 90-minute attention span. If the studio decides that the film sucks, producers scramble to salvage the project. In *Old School*'s case, Reitman says, "The ending fizzled," so they did additional shooting. Reshooting doesn't always save the project, but it worked for *Old School*, which made more than triple its production budget, pulling in $75.6 million. But *Old School* is rare. Most producers are lucky if they get their ideas to the bottom of the $4.99 DVD pile at your supermarket.

BEST BOY

Best boys assist gaffers (electricians) and grips (support-equipment handlers) in their unsung but well-paid gaffing and gripping duties. Despite being better than all the other boys (and because they're actually grown men who use the word *boy* in their job title), they never score with the best girl at the production wrap party.
Min. pay: $1,873/week

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

He relieves the director of all the crap work (like fending off ambitious extras and screaming at the crew) and gives the crap of the crap work (like making sure there isn't mold on the bagels at the catering table) to the second AD. First ADs almost never become real directors—but chicks looking to break into the business don't need to know that.
Min. pay: $3,734/week

WRITER

As writers like to say, it all starts with the script. Truth is, it usually starts with a boardroom meeting and then a focus group. A script goes through several drafts before it's shot, and the writing usually continues until the film wraps. Occasionally, a hack like you will sell a script, but only if you're blowing the right people.
Min. pay: $97,068 for an original screenplay

THE STUDIOS

MGM
Founded in: 1924
Top movie: *Gone With the Wind* ($1.3 billion)*
...But they also made: *Soul Plane*

DREAMWORKS SKG
Founded in: 1994
Top movie: *Shrek 2* ($455 million)*
...But they also made: *Win a Date With Tad Hamilton*

PARAMOUNT
Founded in: 1912
Top movie: *The Ten Commandments* ($838 million)*
...But they also made: *Staying Alive*

SONY
Founded in: 1924
Top movie: *Ghostbusters* ($453 million)*
...But they also made: *Gigli*

20TH CENTURY FOX
Founded in: 1915
Top movie: *Star Wars Episode IV* ($1.1 billion)*
...But they also made: *From Justin to Kelly*

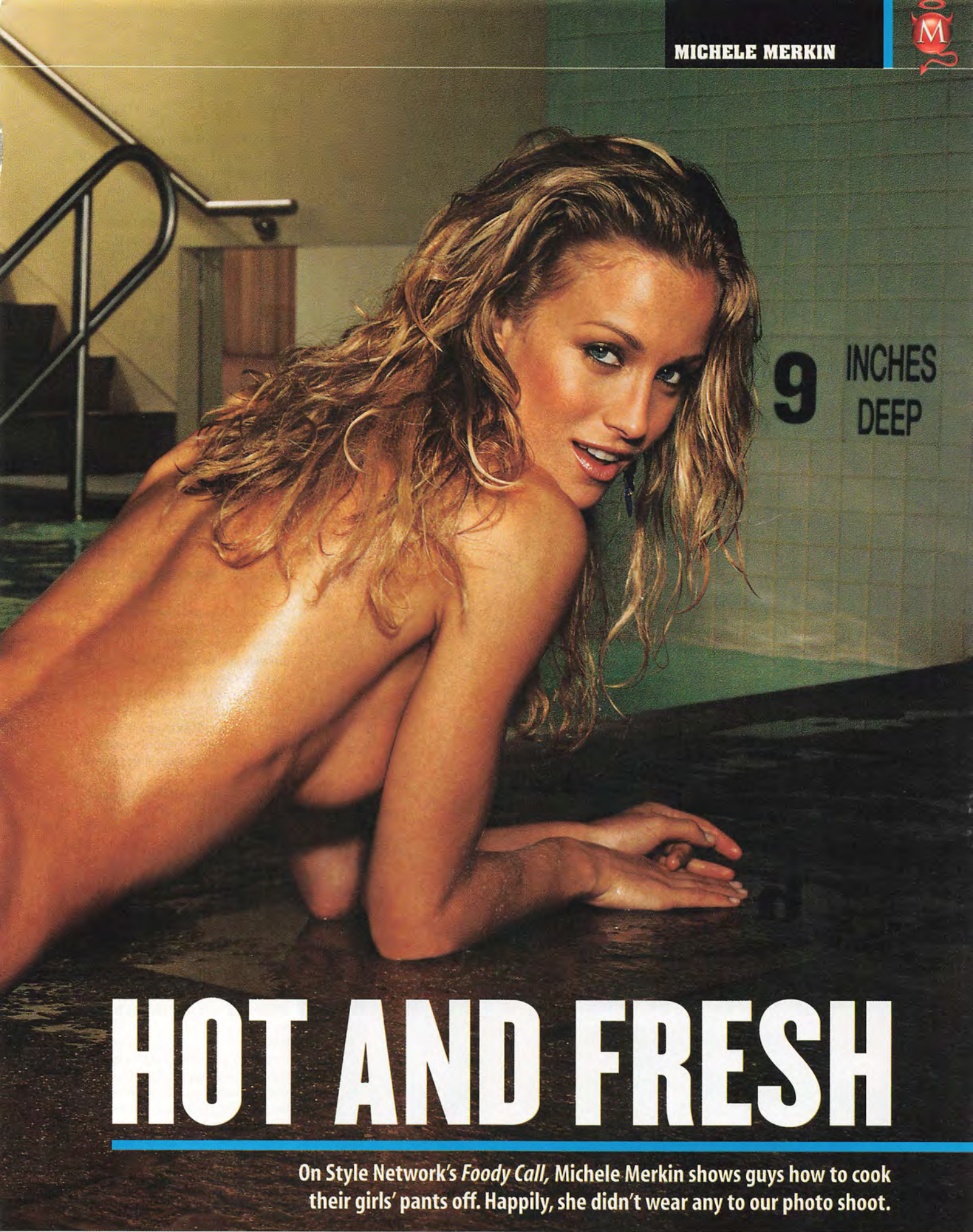
UNIVERSAL
Founded in: 1912
Top movie: *E.T.* ($908 million)*
...But they also made: *Howard the Duck*

DISNEY
Founded in: 1923
Top movie: *Snow White* ($697 million)*
...But they also made: *Corky Romano*

WARNER BROS.
Founded in: 1923
Top movie: *The Exorcist* ($708 million)*
...But they also made: *The Postman*

*Domestic grosses are adjusted for inflation.

INTERVIEW BY STEVE MAZZUCCHI PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA



HOT AND FRESH

On Style Network's *Foody Call,* Michele Merkin shows guys how to cook their girls' pants off. Happily, she didn't wear any to our photo shoot.

You host *Foody Call* and *Extreme Dodgeball* and appear on E!'s *Coming Attractions*. Is it safe to say the camera loves you?
Well, I did attend UCLA because my mom wanted me to be a plastic surgeon . . . so she could get free face-lifts. That lasted about two weeks. I'd been modeling since I was 15, and I booked a huge ad campaign during midterms. I had a choice: Do I take the job or take the test? Job? Test? Job? Test? I dropped out, took the job, and ended up making $100,000.

Good call. Wasn't your mom a model?
I think she might have been the very *first* Victoria's Secret model. She was in their first catalog in the late '70s. Fuzzy lighting and negligee, holding a rose in one hand and an ornate gold phone in the other. It's come a long way.

Have you always been really tall?
I was 5'11" when I was about 14. I had terrible nicknames. One was Giraffa, because I have a very long neck. When I played hoops, they called me Manute, for Manute Bol. People can be mean. But they're gonna regret it when they see these pictures, goddamn it!

'Honey's good, but sticky. Before you know it, your sheets are stuck to you.'

On *Foody Call* you help guys use cooking to score. How does that work?
We turn food into foreplay. We teach guys how to make the meal to seal the deal. It's for your average dude who doesn't have a lot of game, whose whole apartment revolves around the big-screen TV and PlayStation. There's more to life than that.

What's the sexiest food a guy can make?
Anything I can eat off him. Fondue is great because you dip and you roll and you suck and you feed each other. It turns into an event. Tapas are good because you can taste off each other's plates. Food should be fun.

What's really unsexy?
Mexican food. I like it, but it's not good on the belly. You'll be making out, then all of a sudden you're like, "Excuse me, I'll be right back." And you're running into the kitchen, trying to get the odor away from you. "Black Hawk down! Black Hawk down! I stunk up the kitchen."

Whipped cream in the bedroom. Yes or no?
Yes. I give it a thumbs up.

Honey?
Honey's very good, but it's sticky. You don't want that all over your body. Before you know it, your sheets are stuck to you, and when you get out of bed you're taking all the covers with you.

Chocolate sauce?
I myself am not a fan of chocolate. Women are supposed to like it when they're depressed, but I go for Gummi Bears. *[pointing]* There's a bag on that table. I'd offer you some, but I just finished them. You can take the bag if you like. ▶

Tabasco?
I like spicy food, but you remember that movie *Along Came Polly*? Ben Stiller eats spicy food and has diarrhea in her bathroom and overflows the toilet and wipes his butt with her hand towel. So that should be a lesson to the guys out there.
What's the best morning-after food?
The kind that you eat in bed. It's called leftovers.
How often do *you* cook?
I am the queen of ordering in or going out. Those are two of my favorite pastimes. I can call a mean dinner to be delivered.
Don't you work on a cooking show?
Well, the gentleman on the show with me, Rossi

'The best morning-after food is the kind that you eat in bed: leftovers.'

Morreale, is the cooking expert. I'm more into the styling of the home, and I just sort of drink on the side while he's cooking. You know, tasting the alcohol to make sure it hasn't gone bad...
Is there any food that's better than sex?
If you can find something that's better than sex, you're obviously not having sex with the right person. So get out and play the field.
What the hell are truffles?
They grow under the earth, like a fungus, like a mushroom. They're very expensive. Very hard to find. They come in black and white, they're fabulous, and they taste very good over pasta. And there are pigs that sniff out the truffles. That could be an urban legend—I'm sure they can grow them commercially now. If they can make a fake tan, they can make truffles.
Which country has the best cuisine?
Italy. Italian is the language of love, pizza, pasta, *Lady and the Tramp*...
You're part Swedish. Any Swedish delicacies we should know about?
Yes. They have this thing called lutefisk. It's kind of like sulfur-dried fish. It's the worst thing on the planet. But they also have *fläsk*, which is like really thick, fatty fried bacon. It's so good. And smorgasbord. And Sweden has the best butter in the world. Rich and creamy.
Is everything better in Sweden?
Yes, because in Sweden everybody has braids, and their name is Inga, and they churn the butter by hand while the cows pass by.
As long as you're feeding our stereotypes, how was boarding school in England?
It was kind of like *Harry Potter* without the magic. We wore kilts with little argyle sweaters and knee socks and saddle shoes. It was an all-girls school, and we had communal showers. Let your mind wander...but, so you know, I was 10.
Oh.
That was a buzz kill, wasn't it.
Why does food turn a woman on?
Women like a guy to make an effort. Most guys don't cook, so a little effort goes a long way. ▶

MICHELE MERKIN

'Crème brûlée is sexy and saucy, and it makes me totally horny.'

Even if the food sucks?
It's all about the presentation. And if it doesn't taste good, have a sense of humor. Say, "OK, so this is shit. Wanna order pizza?" But it's the whole process. Have a glass of wine and make the meal together. Feed each other. *Taste this. Oh, you spilled. Let me get that off your blouse. Take your blouse off. . .*

OK, word association. We'll name a meal, you tell us how sexy it is. First, filet mignon and roasted red potatoes?
Man with class. A little heavy on the stomach, but that would get me to seal the deal. Filet mignon isn't cheap.

Tuna casserole?
Takes me to a bad place, like my friend's mom's house. I never wanted to eat dinner there.

Crème brûlée?
[gasps] My favorite dessert. Crème brûlée is sexy and saucy, and it makes me totally horny.

Hot dogs and donuts?
That reminds me of the last time I went to a Dodgers game. I felt nauseous, and the last thing I wanted to do was get freaky. M

MAXIM ONLINE
See Web-exclusive photos and video at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Jennifer Green for aartistloft.com; hair, Stephen Ramsey for artistsbytimothypriano.com; makeup, Elisa Flowers for Bernstein & Andriulli using Stila Cosmetics. Shot on Location at Hotel QT, NYC

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NO END IN SIGHT

The cost of the war on terror can't be calculated in rising gas prices or soaring national debt. The real toll is being brought back from the Middle East by a generation of soldiers whose neglect is becoming a mounting national shame. BY KATHY DOBIE

As I write this, it's a sunny summer day in America, the third summer of war, and one year, one month, and two days since Jeff Lucey, a Marine reservist who came home from Iraq with a big smile on his face, hanged himself in his parents' basement. It was Tuesday, June 22, 2004. Before he killed himself, Jeff shaved and cleaned himself up. He wrote letters to his family and his girlfriend. He arranged a group of photographs on the floor before him, placed his battalion coin below them, and then hanged himself with a garden hose.

No doubt the birds sang that late afternoon, as they do today, and people spoke of getting through the work week, only three more days till Friday. On the highways today, cars sport yellow ribbons—WE SUPPORT OUR TROOPS—but to be honest, high gas prices, vacation plans, and long lines at the airport are all that's on most people's minds. There are so few Americans who serve in the volunteer army, so many of us not affected at all. When you're over there, well, you're over there, and it's so far away, and when you're home, have you come home yet? You just seem to disappear.

Sure, some veterans are briefly in the news: Jimmy Massey and Michael Hoffman of Iraq Veterans Against the War testifying to the human costs of doing battle. Paul Reickhoff, founder of Operation Truth, hounding America's politicians to take care of the veterans who fought the war they wanted. The stunned and stoic soldiers speaking from their beds at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C. But most of them just go home and quietly pick up their lives. Or quietly don't.

Here's a typical story making the rounds at a college on Long Island: A combat vet is enrolled in school, but his friends say he doesn't go to classes. In fact, he doesn't leave his dorm room. He's holed up there drinking, they say. They think he's waiting to be called back to Iraq. It's a sketchy story—he's walled himself off, and he's not talking to anybody. The guys he went to war with are back home in Indiana or Pennsylvania, back in Iraq, wounded, or dead, but at any rate, not around. Who knows what things bump and slither in that room with him? Jeff Lucey kept a flashlight under his bed at home because he would hear camel spiders crawling there at night.

The VA planned on 24,000 vets needing help this year. It's more like 103,000.

Pat Gunn's son came home with a truckload of anger.

As 23-year-old Spc. Steve Mortillo puts it, "We wanted to get back. We didn't want to deal with problems. A whole year we'd been looking forward to getting back, drinking some friggin' beers, and getting laid. Then we got back and went crazy. I know I did. I got back and got smashed, just because. I went out to a club every friggin' night. It was just a celebration of life, you know?"

But soon the elation disappears. Demons dance in your head. And you have the rest of your life to figure out.

A WORLD OF DENIAL

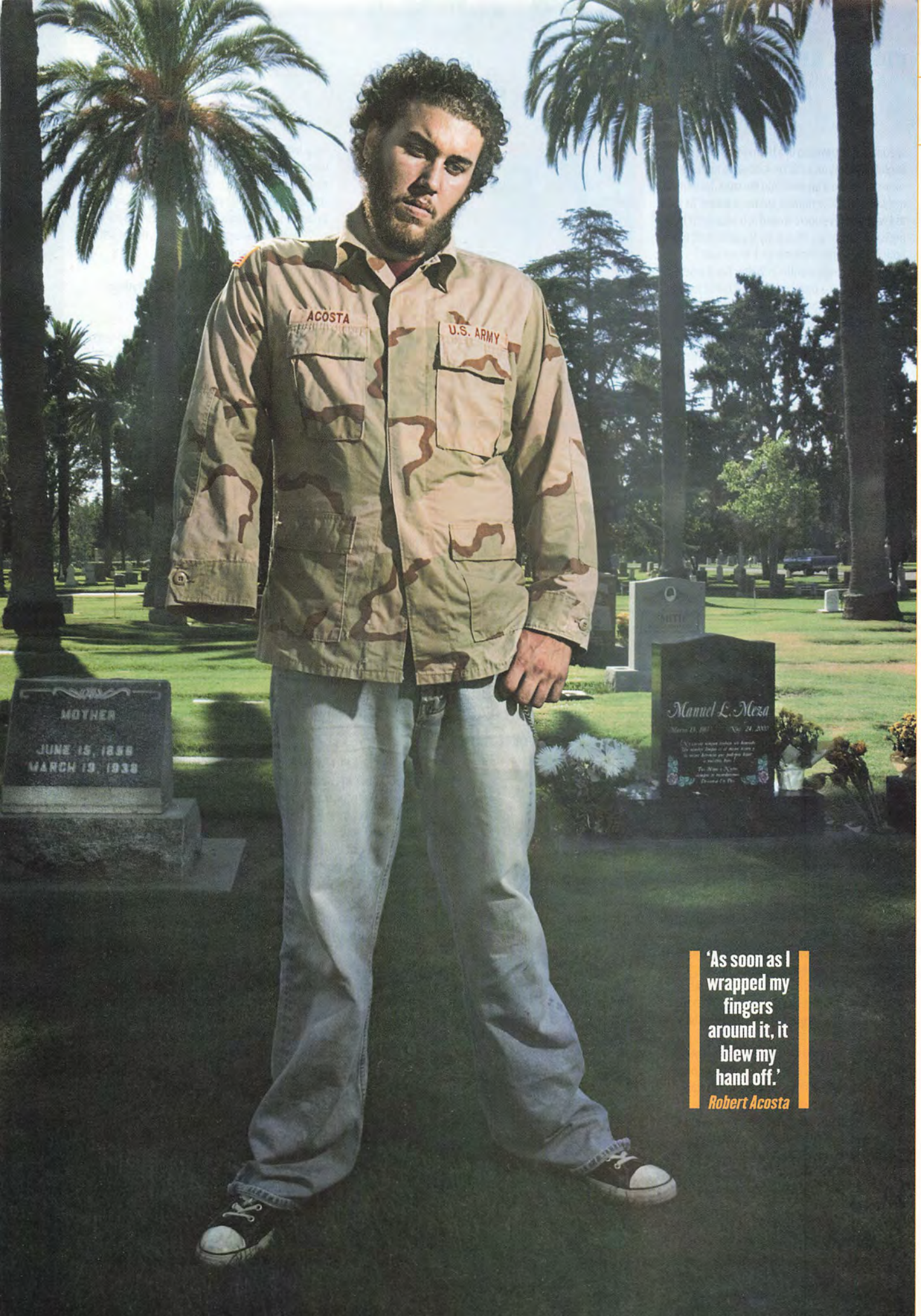
As we have done so often before, America is neglecting the men and women we shipped overseas to fight our war. Here are two pieces of news that only begin to make the case: While addressing a government conference in May, Secretary of Veterans Affairs Jim Nicholson revealed that the unemployment rate for male veterans between ages 20 and 24 was 20.4 percent, almost twice the 11 percent rate of their civilian counterparts. Then, in June, the VA admitted it was short $1 *billion* for this year's budget. They'd underestimated the number of vets needing care after returning from Iraq and Afghanistan in 2005; they'd figured on 24,000, but now it looks more like 103,000.

"That's a big fuckup right there," says Reickhoff, a former first lieutenant and infantry platoon leader. "What that means for vets coming home is longer waiting in lines, longer to process claims."

One of the hallmarks of this war is an unprecedented number of severely wounded soldiers coming back. Because of innovations like the new plated Kevlar vest, soldiers are surviving wounds that would have killed them in any previous war. Of wounded soldiers who are alive when medics arrive, 98 percent survive, but they survive with lost limbs, severe burns, and brain injuries.

Robert Acosta, a 22-year-old ammunition ▶

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATT HOYLE



'As soon as I wrapped my fingers around it, it blew my hand off.'
Robert Acosta

specialist, was traveling in a Humvee near the Baghdad airport on a chicken-and-soda run when someone tossed a grenade into the truck. He immediately snatched it to throw it out the window. "As soon as I wrapped my fingers around it, it blew up. It blew my hand completely off and my leg almost off, broke both my legs, and threw me back in my seat."

He spent seven months at Walter Reed, where he was fitted for a prosthetic hand. A metal rod was inserted in his leg, and pins were put in his toes. Yet he was initially awarded only partial disability for his leg. Though he eventually received full benefits, he still had to use duct tape to hold his prosthesis together because he couldn't get it repaired quickly at the VA hospital.

Jason Gunn with his parents in Northeast Philly

For all the physical trauma, it's the mental health toll on combat vets that may be the greatest price of this war. Before Lorin Bannerman's Washington Army National Guard unit came back home, they joked about making up T-shirts: IRAQ? DON'T FUCKIN' ASK. His wife, Stacy, says that when Lorin returned after an 18-month mobilization, he was still in Iraq, still in the role of sergeant first class, speaking to her abruptly, as if he were barking orders. "You know what they never tell them," Stacy says to me, "is that when you go into combat, you're walking through a one-way door. You will never come back that way again."

Since 9/11, close to 1.1 million Americans have passed through that door. An Army study has found that one in six soldiers who have returned from Iraq reports symptoms of posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD), major depression, or serious anxiety disorders. And those numbers are conservative, because at least one group known to have an especially high rate of PTSD—the National Guard and Reserve—was not included in the survey.

When Bob Stillwell, a 21-year-old MP, returned from Iraq, an officer told him the best thing he could do was "drink until you can't feel any more." Drink he did. And party hard. Two weeks before he was to be redeployed, Bob failed his urinalysis for smoking pot. He was court-martialed and given two months in the brig and a general discharge with partial loss of benefits. He was washing pots at a restaurant before he joined the Army, and now he's back home in Chicago, hanging gutters for a living.

Steve Mortillo, who's stationed in Germany, isn't even sure he wants to come home when he's discharged. He was in Iraq for a year. In his platoon of 30, three were killed and seven wounded. Steve wants me to know that war is the monster, not the Army. His chain of command took care of them as best they could, sending for combat stress teams after each death, giving them a chance to deal with the loss. But it was war, and they had to go right back to fighting for their lives again.

Steve loves America, but he feels like a stranger here now. In Germany he's surrounded by other soldiers. "Right now I have a lot of people around me that understand me because they saw with their own eyes the things that happened," he says. "There's a group of my friends that I sit down with and talk about how I'm fucked up with the war. I'll pull them aside and be like, 'Hey, man, I keep thinking shit's gonna explode.'"

There's a huge resistance to admitting that this war, any war, exacts a mental and emotional price—but how could it not? The resistance comes from the soldiers themselves who think they should be able to tough it out, from ordinary citizens who have no notion of war but think they do because they've watched *Saving Private Ryan* or dodged a paintball, and from an administration that brings the wounded home in the middle of the night and the dead with no fanfare at all.

Not every soldier develops PTSD, of course. And among those who do, there's a continuum, and it runs from Jeff Lucey, who committed suicide, to soldiers who have been diagnosed with PTSD to vets who get no clinical diagnosis but come home and feel like strangers to a life that moves placidly from breakfast to dinner to TV at night. As Bob Stillwell told me, "I really don't care about things as much, things just don't seem that important anymore."

"Like what?"

"Like my girlfriend and stuff. Life. Everything."

'No amount of medicine can cure what they went through over there.'
Jason Gunn

Acosta's dreams always put him back inside that Humvee.

THE SOUND OF THE FURY

Jason Gunn is "home." That is, the 26-year-old veteran of the First Armored Division is living at his parents' house in Northeast Philadelphia after an eight-year stint in the Army and two tours of Iraq. He arrived here two weeks ago.

"I got out without a plan," Jason says, and then thinks again. "Well, I did have a plan. I wanted eight years of my life back, and I wanted to pick up where I had left off." But his high school friends are long gone, done with college, four years into their careers. There are one or two friends still in the area, but Jason doesn't talk to them. "I mean, what can you say?"

It's early evening, and we sit at a picnic table in the backyard. The air is filled with the sharp, metallic cries of birds and the occasional clang of wind chimes in the yards around us. Jason, who's tall and wiry, dark-haired, dark-eyed, his right arm inked with tattoos, his left bearing the scars of shrapnel wounds, stares into the distance as he talks.

"All you want is a little bit of a break, and, thank God for me, I got that break," Jason says. He got a job driving a delivery truck. The pay is good, better money than he'd be making at jobs he'd consider "embarrassing" after two tours of combat. Jobs a lot of guys coming out have to take. "They've been through so much, and when they get out they're working at Staples or McDonald's, and it breaks your heart. The military trained them for nothing." Jason plans on attending community college and studying to become a paramedic, because it was the medics in Iraq that he truly admired.

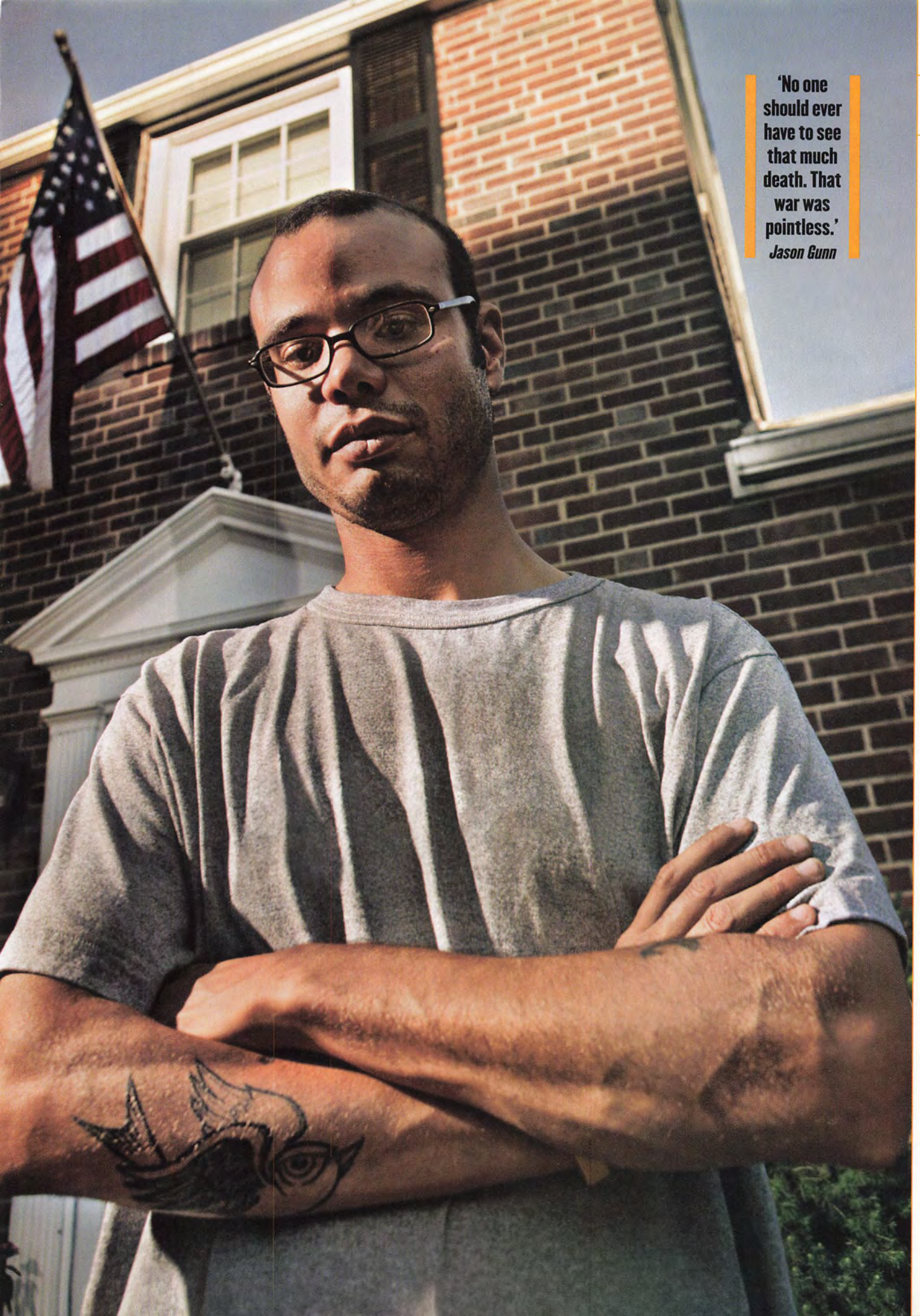
That's Jason on the surface. But he's got ugly pictures inside his head, dead friends he feels he has to live for, no love for the military, and a truckload of anger for civilians. That anger shoots out in all directions—at people who bitch and moan about the smallest inconvenience in their world while soldiers die in Iraq, at the grasping and accumulation of a consumer society, and at those little yellow ribbons stuck on the backs of our cars.

"People put those stickers on their cars to make themselves feel better about themselves," he says. "It makes them feel they're doing their part, so they don't seem like bad people. I mean, do you really believe in supporting our troops? Do you really believe in bringing them home now, or do you just get that thing to slap on your car? Do you even know it's still there?"

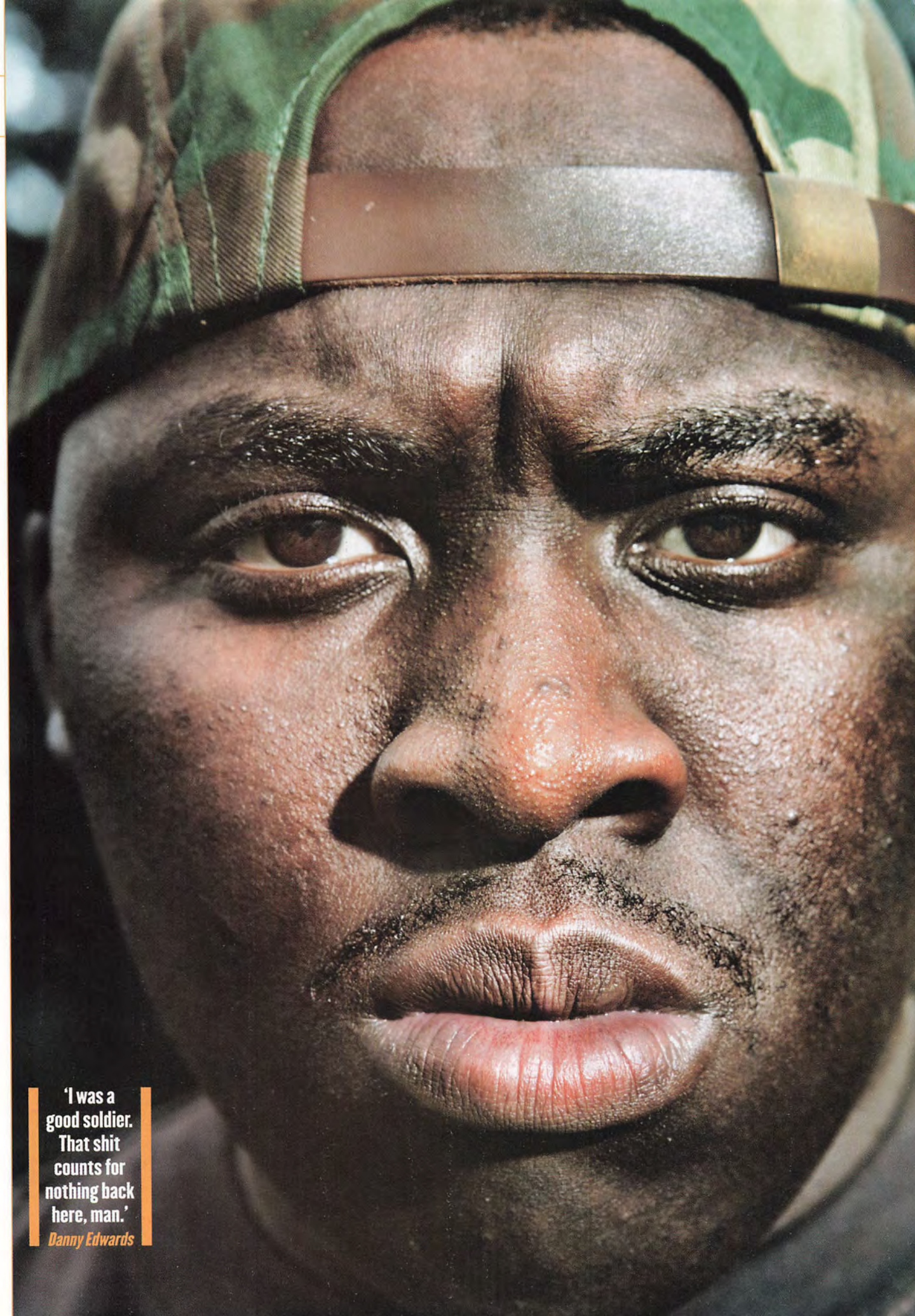
During his first tour, Jason was wounded and a close friend was killed when the truck Jason was driving hit an IED. The device went off on the driver's side, right next to the rear passenger's seat where Sgt. Timothy Hayslett was sitting. Jason was "peppered," a term he hates. "It sounds like I got a paper cut," he scoffs. "I had big holes through my thigh, all through my calf, all through my foot, up the side of my arm, all down my back, my flank up under my armpit.

"Everything was all smoky, and I didn't really want to look in the back of the truck because, from Sergeant Hayslett being hit, there was blood everywhere, there was shit all over the seats. I tried waking him up, and when I saw how bad he really was, right off the bat I said, 'He's dead.' It didn't even look like him, his face was all swollen up, and basically just blue, and his leg was cocked up over the top of his head."

Jason was flown to Landstuhl Hospital, where



'No one should ever have to see that much death. That war was pointless.'
Jason Gunn



'I was a good soldier. That shit counts for nothing back here, man.'
Danny Edwards

he spent months recovering. Even though a team of military shrinks recommended he remain in Germany to be treated for PTSD, he was ordered back to Iraq. When he got back they were going to "baby-sit" him at the base for a while. He thought, *The hell with you, you brought me back here, and for what?* He insisted they send him out on patrols, almost hoping he would get hurt again, and he was sent to Karbala.

"Karbala was an actual stand-up fight. These guys actually fought, the Mahdi army. That first month in Karbala, we burned that shit to the ground; we burned the entire city. And it was fun. We got payback. Finally, we could say, 'Hey, here we are. This is what we're about.' I mean, if we're going over there to fight, let us fight. Don't tell us to go over there and be police officers and day-care-center and civil-rights leaders. We're soldiers. Soldiers are meant for one thing. We're trained to kill, that's it.

"Soldiers do not give two shits about the American way, freedom, terrorism—all they want to do is survive. That war was pointless. There was no need. The only people that are getting anything out of it are the people that invested in the companies that are rebuilding Iraq, 'cause they're making billions of dollars a day on this. The common soldier doesn't get crap out of it. Every day he wakes up, he's scared shitless, he doesn't want to go out on patrols, he doesn't want to leave the gate."

Jason has stopped taking the medication he was prescribed for PTSD. He didn't like the way it made him feel. He won't go to the VA for help; the VA is "like going into an old-folks home, it's just depressing. All the waiting you do, the little help you do receive, it's not adequate, and it's a waste of time. I'll deal with it on my own."

THE UNEXPECTED BATTLE

Danny Edwards lives with his wife and two kids in a trailer in Hinesville, Georgia, a small town outside Fort Stewart. When he and his platoon returned to Fort Stewart in August 2003, Danny thought that his life would work out. It would be cake and ice cream compared to eight months in Iraq, compared to killing and getting shot at, seeing his friend's leg hanging off his body. "My feeling was we just fought a war, we some type of heroes, America's gonna love us," he says. "Everybody had those expectations—man, maybe this will change our lives, which it did. It changed our lives for the wrong reasons."

He had six months left of active duty, and the Army put him on funeral detail, folding flags over caskets. Danny can't help but laugh. "Funeral detail. After coming back from Iraq."

Then he was discharged.

"I never known nothing but training, war," says Danny, a massive man his friends call a big teddy bear. "They left me hanging. I really don't have no guidance, nobody to go and talk to." His recruiter had told Danny that if he was a fueler in the Army, he'd get a good job as a fueler once he got out. But once he started looking for that kind of work, he found out that his Army licenses were no good back here, and his experience driving fuel trucks through combat zones was not the experience civilian employers were looking for.

"It seems like after we got out of the military, we suffer from wanting to be back in the military," Danny says. "It's just not the same. The military teaches us that you can't go nowhere without your battle buddy, but now that I'm out of the Army, it's just me here."

Danny was unemployed for seven months before getting a job on post, doing security at $13 an hour. The simple fact is the Army cannot teach soldiers to be civilians. It isn't their mission, and not anything they really care about. Equipping soldiers with real-world skills is a joke, according to Paul Reickhoff of Operation Truth, who says many returning vets can't even balance a checkbook or pay bills.

In fact, what the Army seems to teach is a great distrust of the civilian world. When Herold Noel used to tell his sergeant that he was going to get out of the Army and enjoy the real world, his sergeant would say, "Man, *this* is the real world. This is what it's all about. If you go out there, civilians don't care about you. They say they support you. They don't give a fuck." Herold ended up homeless when he returned to New York—an ominous sign of things to come, as a third of this nation's homeless men are already military veterans.

Divorce rates have soared in the Army, especially among officers.

The Edwards family at home in Hinesville, Georgia

NO MEMORY LEFT BEHIND

"Dead kids, man," the sergeant remembers. "The leg is over here, the body's over there, shoes somewhere else because they done got blown to bits and pieces. Kids."

I can't use the sergeant's name. He says some of his guys are back over in Iraq, men he once led, and he doesn't want them to hear what has become of him. He's married, but his wife has just filed for divorce. Between 2001 and 2004, the divorce rate has soared in the Army, especially among officers. The Army points to longer and more frequent war zone deployments as the main cause, and the relentless work tempo for officers, who often work 18-hour days *after* they come home.

It's hard to know which the sergeant regrets more, losing his wife or losing the Army. After 10 years of service, he was discharged for misconduct. When I call him, he's living in his mother's house in South Carolina. Seven months have passed since his discharge. He speaks slowly and stiffly. He calls me "ma'am." It is only when he discusses his Army career, the early part, before Iraq, that his voice comes alive. Army life suited him. "I been jobless since January. I really don't know what to do with myself."

When the sergeant returned from Iraq, he was in trouble, but he didn't even know it. His wife had given birth to a baby, their first, while he was away. He had trouble finding his footing in this new family. There were money problems. "I couldn't understand how I had just done eight months over in Iraq and we didn't have any money." They fought constantly.

He began drinking heavily, and one night during an argument about money, he hit her, something he says he had never done before. At his trial, he was given jail time, community service, and a fine. A year after the incident, he was booted out and given a general discharge under honorable conditions, but with misconduct noted.

He's gained 100 pounds since he got back from Iraq. "I don't look like I been a soldier. I look like a bag of nickels." His voice is weighed down with self-disgust and grief. He has not yet had one good night's sleep. He paces the house all night, goes outside, goes through cigarettes like candy.

"That war hurt," he says. "That war hurt. I'm a country guy from South Carolina—to see those dead bodies like we saw, half a body, half a torso, the stench of burning flesh. . ."

When I tell him how Jeff Lucey was haunted by the dead children and old people he saw, the sergeant's reaction is immediate. "Now, that's the truth," he says. "One of the first battles we got in, this little baby got shot up. I'll never forget that lady coming out there screaming, or that baby. And that white sheet was filled with blood." He is crying on the other end of the phone, talking through the tears. "You really don't know what to do: keep shooting, stop shooting? You don't know what to do."

"I want to move on with my life," the sergeant tells me. "But when you don't have any skills. . . I barely graduated. I came out of high school, and I found something that I enjoyed and know how to do. And now I have to come back and be a civilian? The civilian world is tough."

There is no pride in his voice, though he has gotten sober and started college while struggling under the enormous weight of depression. Proud of what? The sergeant wants to know. No, he can only say that he is tired of being embarrassed by himself, by the way he looks, the way he feels, the way he has blown up his own life. He is 29.

Lucey with girlfriend Julie in happier times, 2003

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

"We looked at him—we saw no wounds," says Kevin Lucey. "But he had fatal wounds. He really did."

It was almost one year after his son Jeff returned from Iraq that he hanged himself in the basement. When I arrive at the Lucey's house in rural Belchertown, Massachusetts, Jeff's mom, Joyce, is on the back deck trying to save a dying mouse. The mouse is lying on its side in a shoebox filled with straw, an ant wiggling around on its eyeball. The mouse is breathing rapidly, its front paws pulled up to its chest. A half-hour later, while Joyce and her youngest daughter, Debbie, are inside trying to feed the mouse with an eyedropper, Kevin confides quietly to me, "He's not going to make it." And then the mouse dies.

A sense of failure hangs in the air. It's almost unbearable. "Jeff died on my watch," Kevin says, for on the day his boy killed himself, Joyce was out of town. "I've tried to apologize to Jeff's mom. I blame myself. I do."

Jeff was "just a boy from Belchertown," his father says, as if that is self-explanatory, and in a way it is. One winter during a snowstorm, Jeff and his friend used the roof of their house as a ski slope. When he was nine, his parents took him to Walt Disney World, and Jeff shook hands with all the Disney characters while holding a hand buzzer. Just a boy from Belchertown who grew up and joined the Marine Reserves for the college money and to prove to himself that he was tough.

Jeff could never square Iraq in his mind. Like so many soldiers I talked to, he wanted to be sent to Afghanistan to go after Osama bin Laden. His unit went into Iraq with the first invasion forces in March 2003.

When Jeff first returned that next summer, only his girlfriend noticed any difference in him—he seemed a little distant. She was also the only one who knew he wore two dog tags, both belonging to Iraqi soldiers. Friends asked him if he had killed anyone. In fact, it was the first question his little sister asked, and she regretted it later. Jeff waved them all off.

Jeff went back to college. Four months passed. The first crack in his exterior appeared on Christmas Eve, when he got drunk and threw the two dog tags at his sister Debbie, crying, "Don't you understand your brother is a murderer?" But on Christmas Day, he was his old self again, and his parents thought, *OK, bad moment, he'll have some of those.* The downward spiral began in March, and it was so furious, so dark and relentless, that Kevin compares it to "a fast-moving cancer."

First Jeff quit going to classes. He was drinking a lot. He couldn't fall asleep at night; he could only pass out. His parents found out that he was suffering from hallucinations. He heard camel spiders scuttling across his room, felt that people were touching him. He was involved in an immense struggle inside of himself, and he seemed to be all alone. One night his mother heard a shout. She tapped on his door, "Are you OK?" Heard him say, "Fuck," softly to himself, as if he'd been caught, found out. He called out to her that he was fine.

He didn't begin talking of his combat experience until April, and even then mostly when he was drunk, and never in complete sentences: Driving in a truck at night, 2Pac's "Cradle to the Grave" blasting, a group of marines sitting without speaking, seeing nothing but fire and explosions in the darkness, and heading toward them. House-to-house searches conducted in an alley. Shoveling body parts into ditches. He told his sister how the little kids would run around the trucks expecting candy, but all the drivers were given orders never to stop their vehicles for anything or anyone. "Bumps in the road" was the brutal, psyche-saving phrase the soldiers used in Iraq to describe people who might step in front of their vehicles. "Don't look back" was the only advice they were given.

'He had a charming smile, but even that he lost.'
Kevin Lucey

Lucey (center) and his battle buddies in Iraq

Jeff said the dog tags belonged to two Iraqi soldiers he'd been ordered to kill. The Marines later investigated Jeff's story and decided it wasn't true. "He assumed guilt and responsibility not only for those two deaths but for the destruction of their families," Kevin says. "The ripple effect that he imagined was horrible. He took away somebody's son. He took away somebody's father. He took away somebody's husband."

Near the end he became a recluse, spending hours holed up in his room. But on a Monday, the night before he killed himself, Jeff began talking to his father about Iraq. He asked if he could sit in his father's lap. Later Jeff's therapist would tell Joyce and Kevin that was a sign Jeff was near the end. He was regressing, the therapist said, and desperately looking for a safe place.

"That night he sat on my lap for about 45 minutes," Kevin says. "I scratched his head. It felt a bit awkward, but how could I say no?" They sat and rocked. A middle-aged man and his 23-year-old son.

On Tuesday night Kevin arrived home from work at 6:45. The TV was on in the living room, but Jeff wasn't there. Kevin didn't see the note left on one of the chairs: "It's 4:35, and I'm near completing my death." Kevin went to Jeff's bedroom, saw the dog tags lying on his bed. Coming back through the house, he noticed that the basement door was open and the light was on. He went down the stairs to take a closer look. On the floor in the center of the room, three large photos were spread out—one of Jeff's platoon, and on either side pictures of his sisters, and arranged in a semicircle at the top were many smaller photos of his family. Kevin suddenly felt Jeff standing behind him. "As I was turning around, I saw the hose around his neck. I remember howling something, I don't know what."

It's 11 at night, and Kevin, Joyce, and Debbie are showing me pictures of Jeff and the other marines arriving home in New Haven, a sea of smiling faces; Jeff at seven or eight, collecting shells with his little sister; Jeff and sisters Kelly and Debbie piled on their father's lap. His father cannot go into the basement anymore, though he tries. Joyce hid the hose her son used to hang himself; she just can't bring herself to throw it away.

At the door when I go to leave, Joyce warns me to watch out for the frogs on the road. It has rained a little since we've been inside, just a drizzle, but the roads have a sheen and the air has become heavier. The frogs come out after the rain, she says, and you have to keep a close eye on the road or you'll run over them.

In one of the letters Jeff left behind, he wrote that he'd had a wonderful childhood, but his innocence was gone, and he could no longer stand the pain. "You bring up your kids, and then you lose them to something you don't even understand," Joyce says.

I drive out of Belchertown, Massachusetts, under pine trees that are so tall they seem to be a thousand years old. When Jeff returned from Iraq, he told his family he never wanted to see sand again. He sat on the backyard deck of his childhood home, looking out over the wildflowers and into the pine woods, speaking in broken sentences of dead children, fiery explosions in the night, and grim, frightened men. But no matter how many times he tried to tell his family what war was like, Jeff also told them that unless they were there, they would never understand. He said it so often, in fact, that Kevin wanted to carve it on his son's tombstone. It is the refrain of combat veterans everywhere: Unless you were there...

ASK US ANYTHING

Q What exactly is PTSD?

A Though studies of combat-related posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD) only began in earnest after Vietnam, medical accounts as far back as the Civil War mention a PTSD-like disorder called Da Costa's syndrome. World War I vets got shell shock; WWII vets got battle fatigue. Whatever you call it, PTSD is a psychiatric disorder that can occur after experiencing or witnessing a life-threatening event. According to the National Center for PTSD, about 30 percent of those who have spent time in a war zone suffer from it. "Trauma overwhelms the brain, and its processing capacity breaks down," explains David Grand, a New York–based PTSD therapist. When the brain is overwhelmed, it gets frozen in many ways at the time of trauma, resulting in flashbacks, alienation, aggressive behavior, and diminished problem-solving capacity. Since it's often difficult to diagnose, PTSD has stirred controversy. An infamous 1999 ABC *20/20* segment suggesting that many veterans lie in order to receive PTSD benefits drew outrage from the Department of Veteran Affairs.

Many vets can't see their own symptoms.

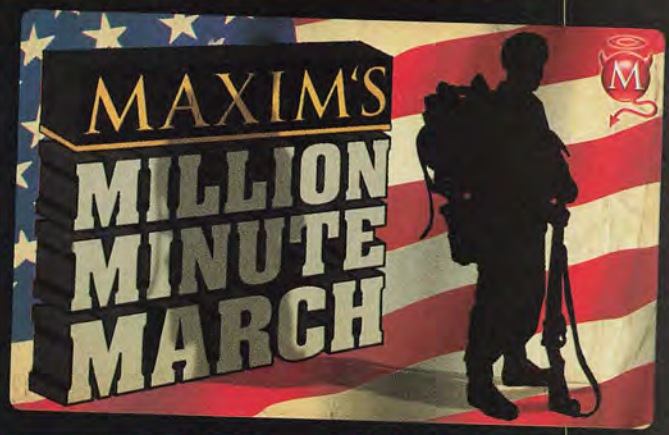
With constant civilian threats, soldiers in Iraq must maintain an unprecedented degree of vigilance. Eighty-six percent of soldiers in Iraq report knowing someone who was killed or seriously injured; 28 percent admit being responsible for the death of civilians. Guerrilla warfare makes PTSD cases from the Mideast even more complex.

Text, Don Campbell (Ask Anything)

DO YOUR DUTY

MAXIM'S MILLION MINUTE MARCH

To you, $20 is a pitcher of beer and hot wings. To soldiers in a war zone, it's a lifeline home.



In the Middle East, American soldiers are disconnected from the things they love most—family, friends, and days when a *Monday Night Football* bet was their biggest worry. To bridge that gap, *Maxim* is launching the Million Minute March, in conjunction with VFW's Operation Uplink, to raise money to buy a million minutes of long-distance talk time for overseas troops. It's not easy—or cheap—to call home from the middle of a war zone. So we're counting on you to go into your piggy banks to help us reach our goal. For just $20, at least two hard-workin' GIs can call home for at least 15 minutes each. Or send any amount you can afford.

Just because *you* don't want to talk to your wife and kids doesn't mean they don't.

NET

Visit operationuplink.org to donate using Visa, AmEx, MasterCard, or Discover Card. (Sorry, no Paypal.)

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Call 800-479-5228 and tell 'em your donation's part of ***Maxim's* Million Minute March.**

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International Operation Uplink cards work anywhere in the world an AT&T operator can be reached. **All cards go to active duty personnel, mobilized National Guard and Army Reserve troops, and hospitalized vets.** More than 90 percent go to troops in Iraq and Afghanistan.

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HASSLE CONGRESS!
Go to congress.org and find your local congressman. Bills involving mandatory funding for the VA are often up for debate in D.C., so make your support known by phone or e-mail.

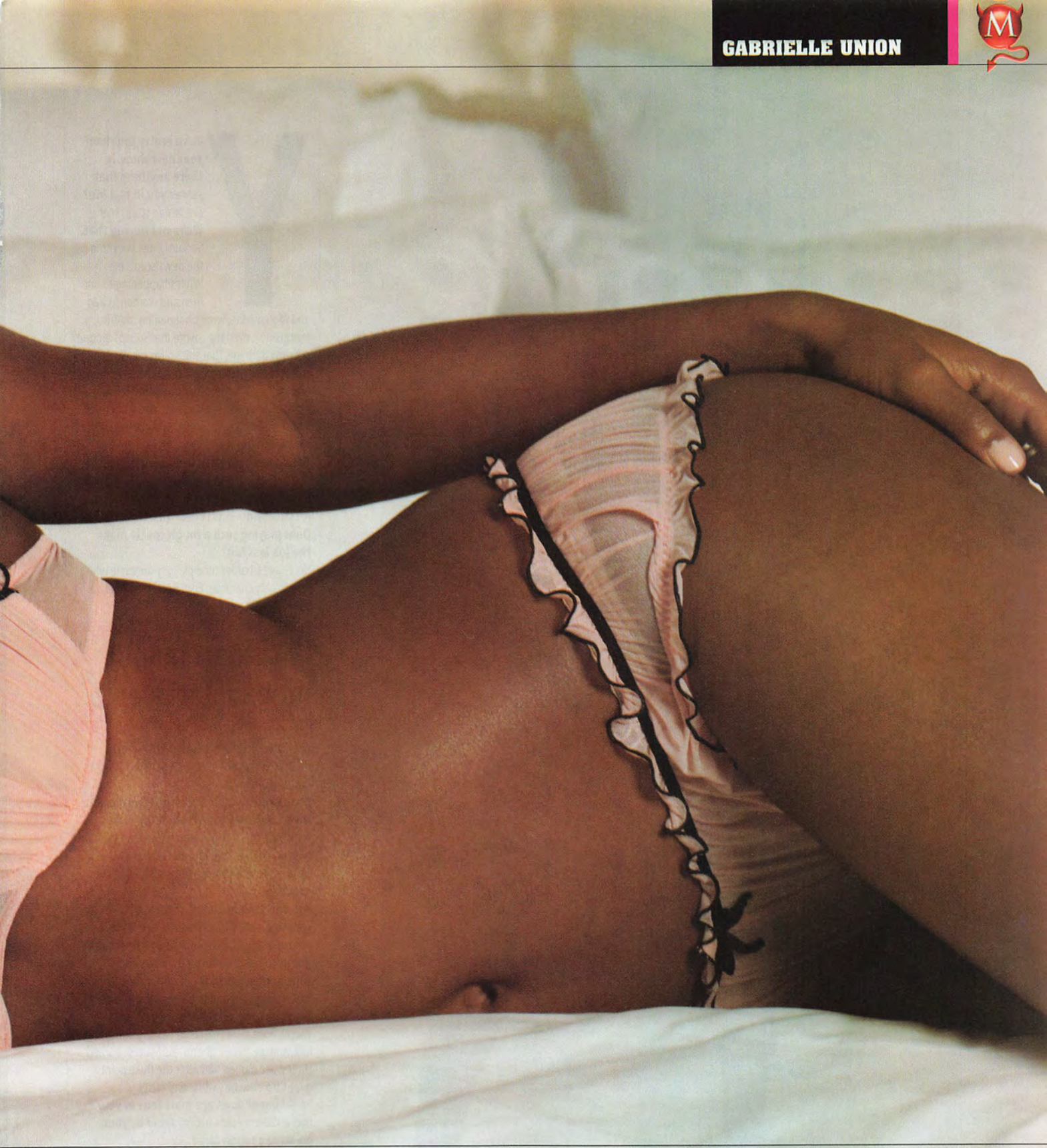
BE CHARITABLE!
Operation Truth (optruth.org) lobbies Congress on behalf of vets. AdoptaPlatoon (adoptaplatoon.org) sends care packages. The USO (uso.org) sends 'em hotties to gawk at.

SHAKE A HAND!
Each month many VFW halls around the country hold parties for returning troops. Call your local VFW (vfw.org) to find one near you and give a vet a cold beer instead of a cold shoulder.

DONATE MAGS!
Remind our boys why the right to bare legs is worth fighting for. Round up back issues and mail to Operation: Hottiedrop, USO Kuwait, Camp Victory, APO AE 09328.

PERFECT UNION

INTERVIEW BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL JAMES

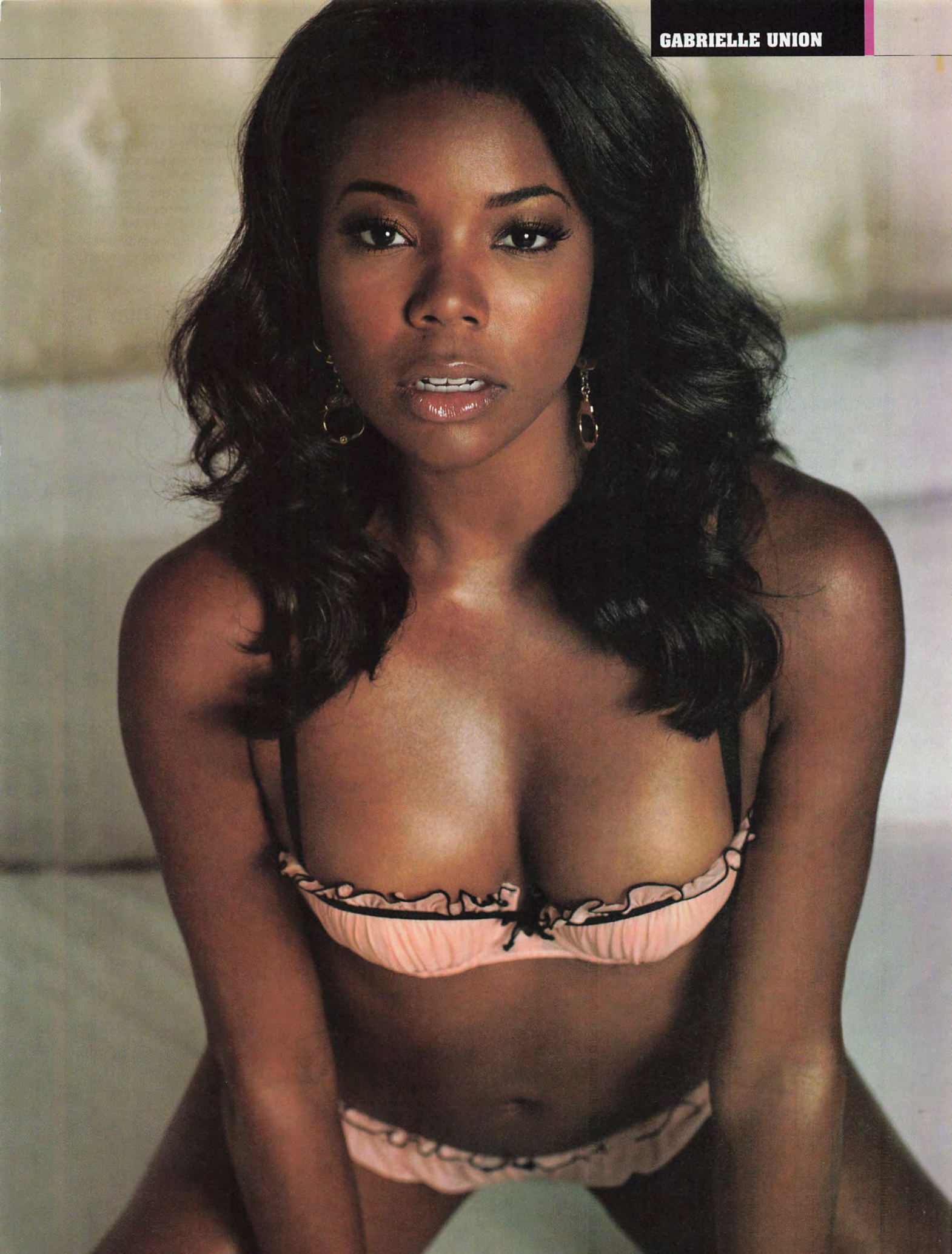


This fall *Night Stalker*'s Gabrielle Union is spending her evenings prowling the streets looking for aliens, ghosts, and freaks. Hey, your luck is finally changing!

You're pretty tough on your new show. Is there anything that scares you in real life?
Everything scares me!
We're not buying that.
Seriously, just watching the news scares me. What's happening to our men and women in Iraq and Afghanistan, what's happening in Africa, terrorism . . . even the coyote that snoops around near my garbage. That shit scares me. *Real* shit scares me. On-screen I get to be the superhero and say, "Let's go get 'em." In real life I hide behind my man and say, "Let's call the authorities."
What about *Night Stalker*? Anything in that make you quiver?
The show is hella scary! In the pilot episode, there are these creatures that have been tearing out pregnant women's fetuses. When I watched it, I screamed—and I knew what was coming.
Does playing such a tough cookie make the job less fun?
No, I have a harder time playing someone who is naive. My character, Perri Reed, gets to bust balls, and I like that.

'My smart mouth intimidates people.'

Ever take your work home with you?
No. If I busted balls at home, I wouldn't have a husband anymore.
You would if you did it while wearing your cheerleader uniform from *Bring It On*.
You know what? I've gotten requests to wear it, but I don't have it! Someone else has all that stuff—the uniform, the spirit stick, all of it! I forget who has it.
You and your husband, former NFL running back Chris Howard, are both pretty athletic people. Are you eventually going to raise an army of incredible superjock offspring?
When we get around to having kids, they'd better have moves! For now we have dogs. There's Bubba. He's a mastiff–American bulldog mix. And we have a ghetto-ass Maltese named Hurley. We named him after the Duke point guard, because he's white and feisty.
Speaking of dogs, are male fans of your more cheery roles intimidated by your on-screen tough girls?
I think people are more intimidated by my smart mouth. They'll say things around actors and musicians and athletes like we can't hear them, but we can. I was standing on the corner back home in Omaha once, and two guys walked by. One said, "Yo, you should see her ass." I shouted, "Motherfucker, I can *hear* you!" That shot him down. I've found that people usually respond to a good "motherfucker."



Have you always had to lob obscenities at overzealous man-cubs? A lot of actresses say they were ugly way back when...
I was always in the popular crowd, but I really had atrocious teeth. I was encouraged to "do well in school, 'cause no one's going to marry you!" But it didn't affect my social life at all. I was a leader—just a leader with bad teeth. Once I got my braces off, though, you couldn't tell me anything!

'I've tried to play a lesbian for years.'

From bad teeth to, well, these photos.
During the shoot we had Roscoe's Chicken and Waffles, collard greens, biscuits, all that. People told me, "Normally, the girls don't eat." I said, "Well, I'm eating."

Good for you. What do you have coming up besides *Night Stalker*?
I have a movie called *Running With Scissors*. I play Annette Bening's lover. I'm finally playing a lesbian! I've been trying to get cast as a lesbian for years. I've played a DEA agent, so why can't I play gay? M

STATE OF MISS UNION
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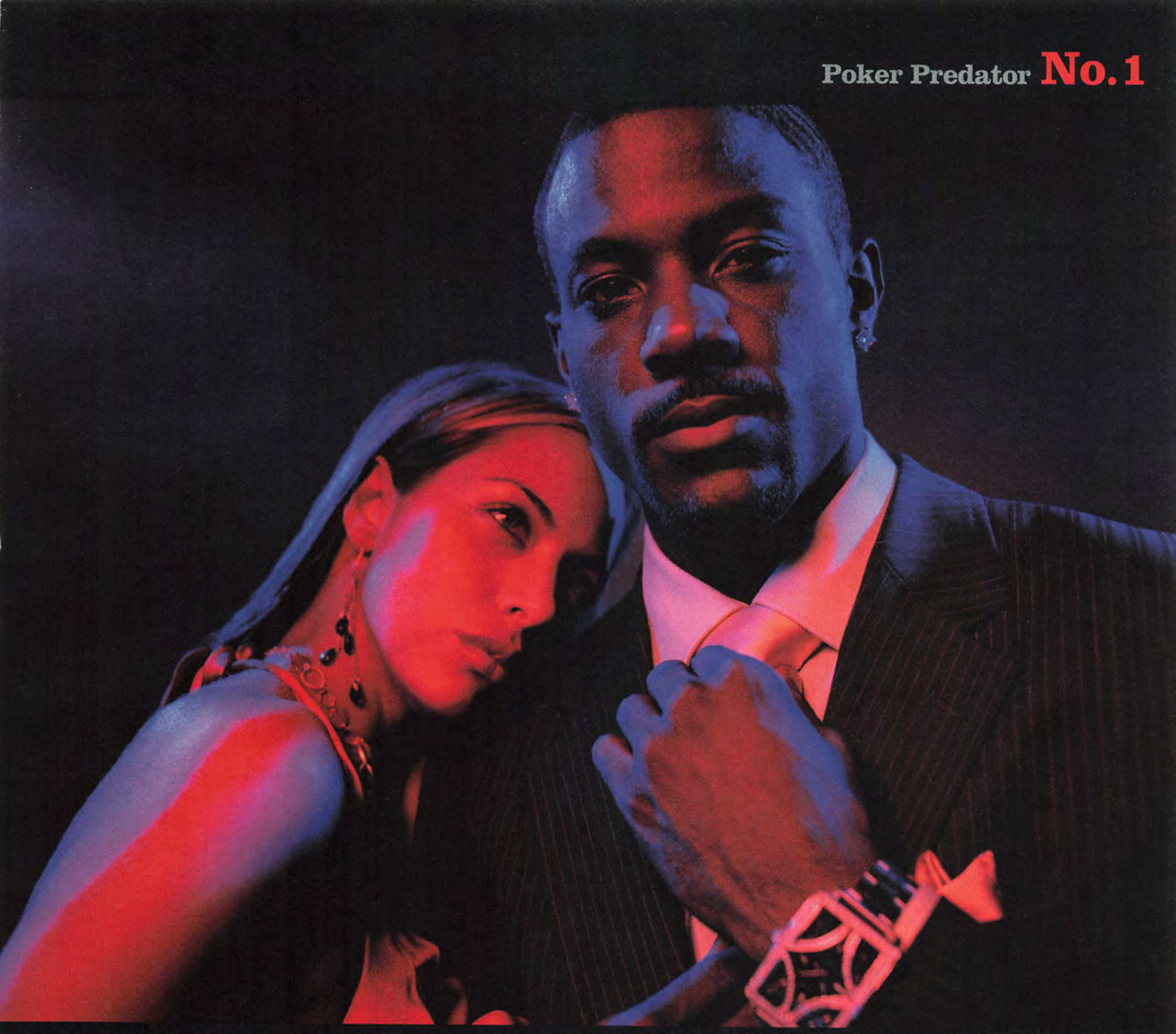
Styling, Julie Weiss for margaretmaldonado.com; hair, Kendra Beaudoin; makeup, Stacy Gibson; set design, Fi Campbell



THE WILDCARD

BEWARE. THIS POKER PREDATOR EATS FISH FOR LUNCH.

He stalks his prey around the soft felt of the poker table. To avoid becoming his next victim, learn how to play your cards tight. Learn the tools to survive, learn to play poker at bodog.net and download our complete guide to playing poker today. 'Cause every man deserves to be king of his jungle.

bodog.net

POKER. PLAY HARD

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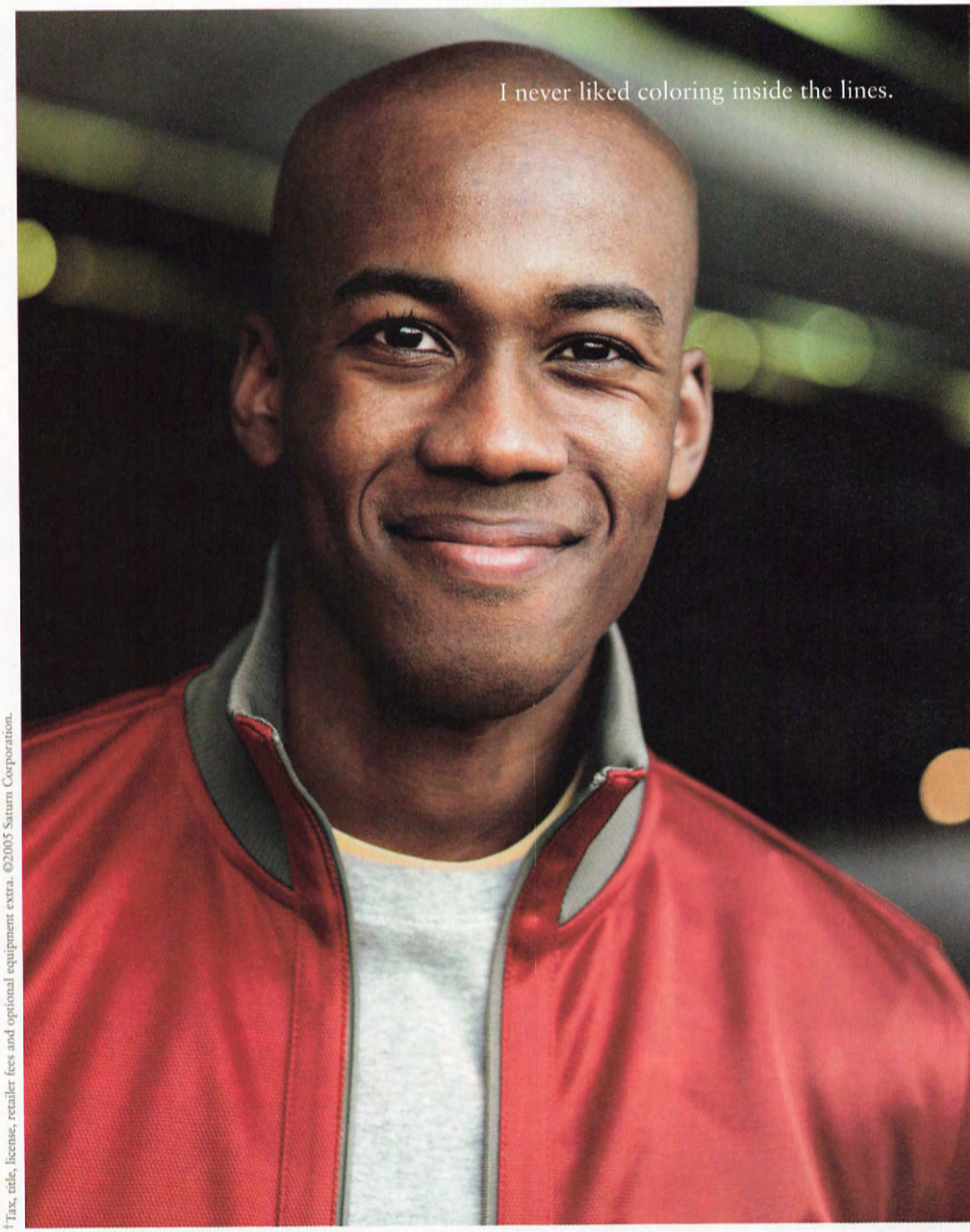

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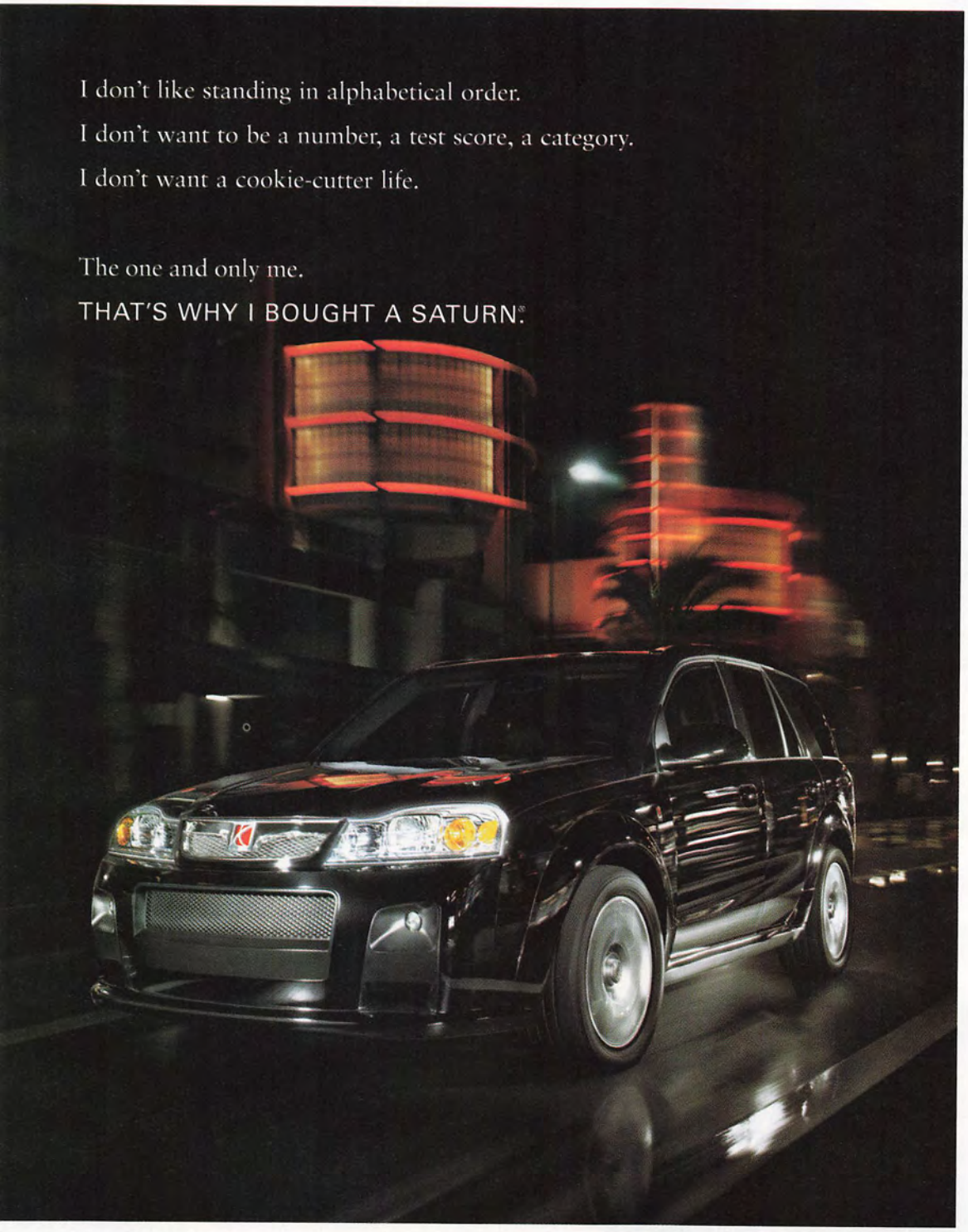
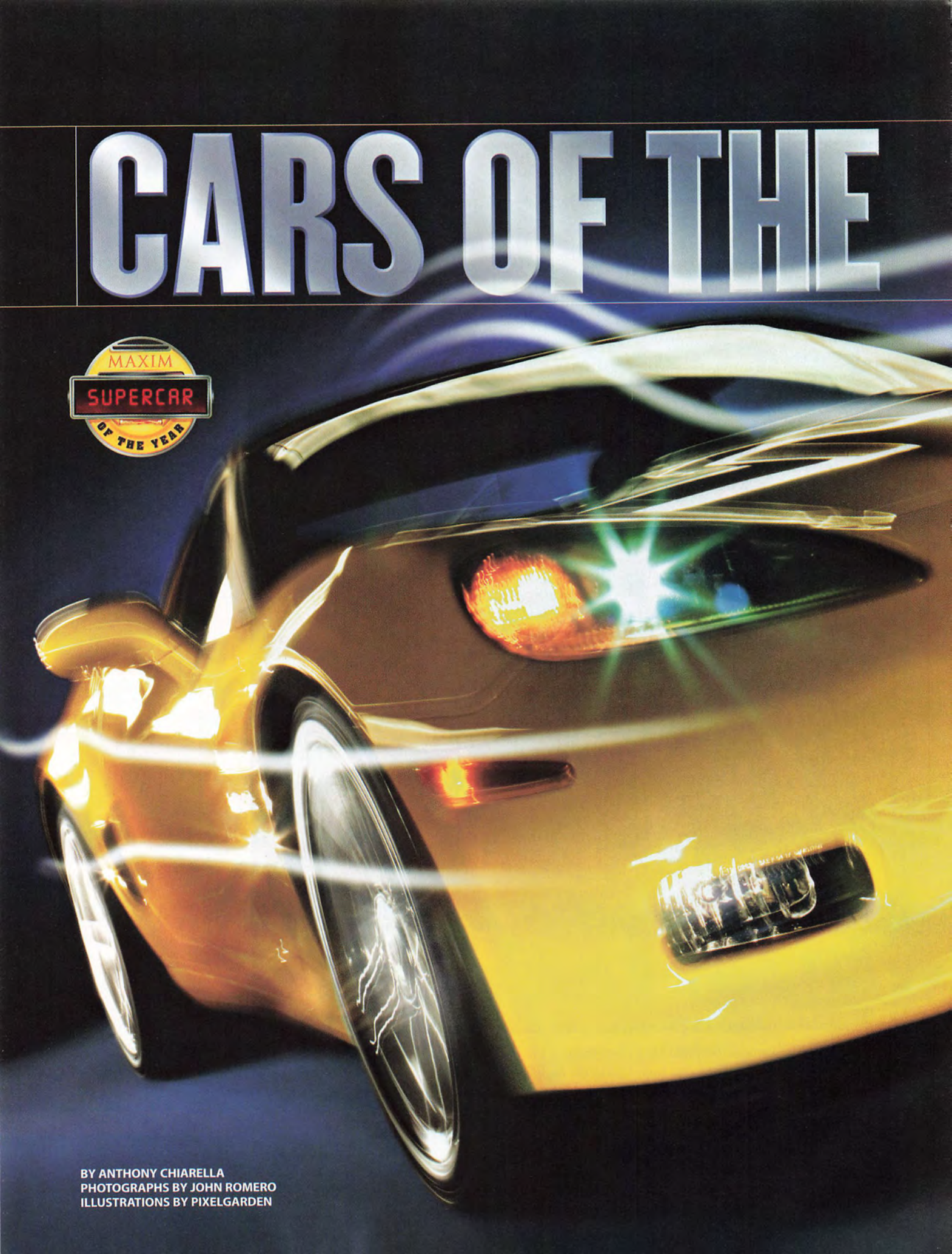

I don't like standing in alphabetical order.
I don't want to be a number, a test score, a category.
I don't want a cookie-cutter life.
The one and only me.
THAT'S WHY I BOUGHT A SATURN®.

THE VUE RED LINE. Lowered, powered by a class-leading 250-horsepower V-6 engine, and equipped with performance springs and struts. Extra style points go to the beefy eighteen-inch alloy wheels, chrome exhaust tip and modified front grille. As shown: $24,485†. To build your own VUE Red Line, visit saturn.com.

CARS OF THE



BY ANTHONY CHIARELLA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ROMERO
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PIXELGARDEN

YEAR

To review, inspect, and beat on our picks for the 10 best cars of 2006, we headed to Michigan International Speedway. (Sorry about all the track damage, fellas.)

JAMIE McMURRAY

What'd we learn by enlisting the skills of a top Nextel Cup Series driver from Chip Ganassi Racing with Felix Sabates? That close calls with death are scary!

Kind of makes us wish all of America were choked with smog

CORVETTE Z06

Amazing performance, sleek design, zero cheese.

SPEC CHECK

PRICE: $65,800

ENGINE: 7.0-liter, 505 bhp V-8

0–60: 3.7 seconds **TOP SPEED:** 198 mph

We say: If European automakers aren't already shaking in their boots, they'd better start. Simply put, Corvette's latest super-performance flagship is the wildest racer south of $100,000 we've ever driven. Developed in conjunction with Chevy's Le Mans–winning C6.R racer, the LS7 engine's block is bored out to seven liters and sports F1 goodies like titanium connecting rods and valves, dry sump lubrication (to keep the engine oiled under extreme G-forces), and a forged steel crankshaft. Despite its bigger wheels, badder brakes, and added performance accessories, an aluminum chassis with magnesium engine cradle and carbon-fiber composite body parts helps the Z06 weigh in at an anorexic 3,132 pounds—about 50 pounds less than the base model. Although dropping the hammer on this beast is what it's all about (McMurray took it for five hot laps and hit 170 mph), it's also a surprisingly practical daily driver. This rod offers hatchback hauling abilities and a comfy interior with supportive racing seats. Its bimodal mufflers keep things quiet at sane speeds, but under full throttle, open vacuum-actuated outlet valves boost power and burp out the Earth-rattling snarl of that monster mill.

Drawbacks: The interior is more plastic, less fantastic. But at these prices, who cares?

McMurray: "Good God, this thing is fast. No doubt about it, this is a racecar."

Made from recycled bananas? No way!

Friendly interior—
mean game face

PONTIAC SOLSTICE

It's bold, beautiful, and badass.

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $19,995
ENGINE: 2.4-liter, 177 bhp inline-4
0–60: 7.2 seconds TOP SPEED: 123 mph

We say: From the MGs and Triumphs of the '50s through today's Miata and MR2, we've always been suckers for that classic roadster recipe: Marry a featherweight chassis to a responsive power plant and a lithe, sexy body, then make it affordable. We think Pontiac's found the magic formula with this hot two-seater. Solstice's curvaceous, wind-cheating bodywork hides an aluminum engine and cutting-edge hydroformed steel frame that's stronger and lighter than a traditional chassis. Engineering flourishes like these keep curb weight to a waifish 2,860 pounds and front/rear weight distribution to a near-perfect 50/50 balance. Independent suspension, disc brakes, and grabby 18"x8" rubber at all four corners give Solstice serious track cred. Mated to a close-ratio five-speed gearbox with race-inspired short-throw shifter, GM's peppy Ecotec engine delivers decent grunt, but a bolt-on turbocharger would make this rear-drive roadster really sing. Power aside, though, Solstice's smooth mill, hydraulic engine mounts, and advanced sound-absorption package make this one of the most refined ragtops we've driven. Throw in a sticker just south of 20 grand and you've got a righteous rod that shakes up the sports car status quo.

Drawbacks: Windshield frame blocks forward vision for anyone over six feet.

McMurray: "Drives well at 110 mph."

And its headlights can project the Bat signal. Honest.

ECONOMICS

CAR PAYMENTS

Running a top-tier car like the #42 Home123 Dodge ain't cheap. Especially with these gas prices!

PAINT $10,000,000+
It's what primary sponsors pay for the 200 mph logo.

TIRES $1,000
That's per set, and a team eats about 15 sets per race—not counting a victory burnout.

DRIVER $5,000,000+
Not surprisingly, risking your life tends to pay well.

THE CAR $250,000
The price drops dramatically after a pileup.

STICKERS $500,000+
Partial sponsors won't get their phone calls returned for less.

MAXIM TRUCK OF THE YEAR

HONDA RIDGELINE

Don't chew terbacky? This could be the truck for you.

Good for impressing samurai's daughters

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $ 28,215
ENGINE: 3.5-liter, 255 bhp V-6
0–60: 7.9 seconds **TOP SPEED:** 110 mph

We say: Never thought you'd own a truck? With its carlike ride and handling, SUV-size interior, and versatile cargo bed, Honda's first-ever pickup has the goods to change your mind. Next to the Ridgeline, whose cab and bed are integrated as a single unit, other half-ton trucks suddenly seem outdated. That avant-garde design carries through to the mechanicals, including the truck industry's first four-wheel, fully independent suspension, full-time all-wheel drive, and a unibody chassis that's stiffer and stronger than any competitors'. Equally impressive is the spacious five-passenger interior, especially the rear bench with underseat storage. On the job site the Ridgeline's 5,000-pound towing capacity and 1,549-pound payload prove it's no poseur. Although the Honda's five-foot cargo bed is about a foot shorter than many other compacts', its dual-action fold-down, swing-out tailgate simplifies loading and unloading, which comes in handy if you shovel shit for a living. Constructed of tough-as-nails composite plastic, which eliminates the need for a bed liner, the Ridgeline's cargo box includes a unique 8.5-cubic-foot in-bed trunk. Sa-weet!

Can you say "hot tub"?

Drawbacks: Lack of a low-range transfer case impairs off-roading ability; unable to do burnouts.
McMurray: "Drives smooth for a pickup and has a lot of really cool features."

Must...resist...innate urge...to...key car

MAXIM TROPHY CAR OF THE YEAR

MASERATI QUATTROPORTE

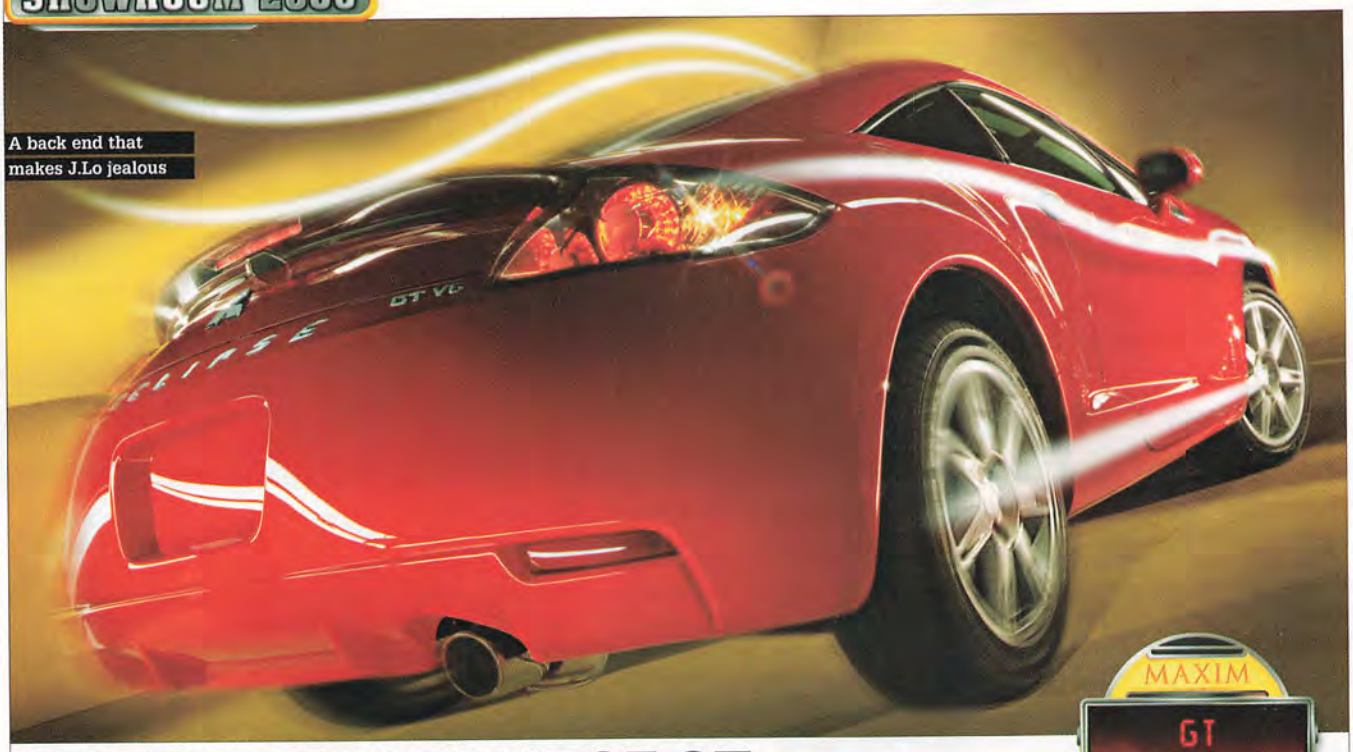
No entourage is complete without one.

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $106,850
ENGINE: 4.2-liter, 400 bhp V-8
0–62: 5.2 seconds **TOP SPEED:** 171 mph

We say: So you've got the hots for a Ferrari, but the practicalities of hauling wife, kids, and golf clubs make the purchase impossible? Maserati's new *gran turismo* combines supercar driving dynamics with room for five aristocrats. Beneath its seductive, Pininfarina-styled bodywork, QP's eager V-8 mounts behind the front axle to achieve the same front/rear weight distribution (47/53) as Ferrari's 612 Scaglietti. The result? This blade slices the curves with nimble sports car handling we thought impossible in a 16.5-foot, 4,250-pound limousine. It's also a great highway cruiser, thanks both to its extended (120.6-inch) wheelbase and an F1-derived "robotic manual" six-speed that herds those 400 Italian thoroughbred ponies down to the 18-inch Pirellis. Inside, pampered passengers enjoy a sensual symphony of engine shrieks, exhaust growls, and assorted mechanical music. And since the finer things never come off the rack, QP's sumptuous interior can be customized in its owner's choice of leather, wood, and stitching options. So, yes, Vinnie, wearing a wife-beater when driving this car would be inappropriate.

We love art

Drawbacks: As splendid as it is, the interior lacks the fit, finish, and ergonomic refinement of top German competitors.
McMurray: "The paddle shift is super cool—that's Formula 1 technology. And it's a smooth, quiet ride...even at 120 mph."



A back end that makes J.Lo jealous

MITSUBISHI ECLIPSE GT

A hot, fast American-Asian. What's not to like?

MAXIM GT OF THE YEAR

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $23,699
ENGINE: 3.8-liter, 263 bhp V-6
0–60: 5.8 seconds **TOP SPEED:** 148 mph

We say: First it was a tuner favorite, then a chick car. Now in its fourth generation, the Eclipse has evolved into a full-fledged grand touring coupe, its interior distinguished by racing-style buckets, front-seat room aplenty, ergonomically arranged controls, and a motorcycle-style instrument cluster whose large, round gauges are illuminated with ice-blue LEDs for at-a-glance legibility. Sleek hatchback styling is practical, too, serving up nearly 16 cubic feet of cargo capacity with the rear seats flipped down. At some 3,500 pounds, Eclipse is no lightweight, but Mitsu's latest MIVEC V-6 and state-of-the-art six-speed gearbox scorched the track and kept 0–60 sprints in the sub-six-second range. Although front-wheel drive and a cast iron engine block put 60 percent of the GT's weight up front, the car rarely felt nose-heavy, especially at highway and track speeds. Still, with a generous dose of torque steer you'll need to keep your hands white-knuckled on the wheel—so no devil horns when blasting the optional 650-watt Rockford Fosgate sound system. Starting under 20 grand for the four-cylinder GS, there's no doubt the Eclipse is one of the best buys on the market. Now please excuse us, while we gladly put on a skirt.

A deer's nightmare

Drawbacks: Cast-iron engine block a little old-fashioned compared to aluminum competitors.
McMurray: "It's a good-looking car and a very stable drive. It's got cool gauges, a nice dash, and that stereo system is killer."

VW JETTA

Think of it as an investment.

MAXIM BEST BUY OF THE YEAR

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $17,900
ENGINE: 2.5-liter, 150 bhp inline-5
0–60: 9.1 sec. (auto) **TOP SPEED:** 130 mph

Like Streisand, its left profile is more flattering than its right

We say: Remember when compact cars were small, slow, and boring? One lap in the all-new Jetta and visions of cramped econoboxes shrunk in our rearview. Entering its 25th year, the Jetta has grown up: wider, taller, and a stretchy seven inches longer than last year's ride. The roomy new cabin gives passengers (especially rear-seaters) a comfier place to hang. A redesigned dashboard with high visibility gauges and intuitively placed controls means you can speed, drink coffee, and yap on the cell with relative ease, while its trunk with split-folding rear and a fold-flat front passenger seat enable the Jetta to take any load. Below the sheet metal, a state-of-the-art electronic steering system and sophisticated multilink suspension make the most of a five-cylinder engine that pumps out 30 percent more power than the old four-banger. We can't figure out how VW delivers so much for so little, but it probably has something to do with the fact that they own Lamborghini.
Drawbacks: The auto robs power and performance. Consider the hard-charging GLI.
McMurray says: "It drives tight over 100 mph, but otherwise it's a fun ride."

It likes to sniff other cars' back bumpers

AXE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.

©2005 UNILEVER

AXE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.

MAXIM SPEED DEMON OF THE YEAR

MERCEDES-BENZ SLK55 AMG

So good it feels like cheating.

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $62,275
ENGINE: 5.5-liter, 355 bhp V-8
0–60: 4.9 seconds TOP SPEED: 155 mph

We say: Somehow AMG, MB's super-tuner division, managed to shoehorn a nasty V-8 into a tiny engine compartment, turning their nice little SLK roadster into a Porsche killer. Of course, we expected over-the-top power from AMG, but what really stroked our pistons were the miracles they worked with the rest of the package. A unique suspension, short (95.7 inches) wheelbase, and asphalt-hungry 18-inch wheels helped this pint-size panzer grip the track like an Indy car. And this is the first AMG to get Mercedes' silky new seven-speed automatic. With two extra gears to keep engine revs in their performance sweet spot, the Teutonic tranny squeezes every drop of power from the 55's hand-built engine. Stomp the pedal at any speed, and programmed downshifts of up to four gears kick out acceleration on demand. And since this is a Mercedes, you get techno toys, like scratch-resistant paint and "airscarf" neck heaters that'll keep you warm with the top down...or naked.

It's watching you!

Drawbacks: Though there's more trunk space than last year, it all but disappears when the retractable hardtop is down.

McMurray: "It looks great, sounds great, and drives great."

SHOP TALK

CARROLL SHELBY

Maxim *catches up with the Shelby Automobiles founder, a.k.a. the godfather of horsepower.*

What's coming out next from your stable?
The Cobra GT500 Mustang will be out next June. It'll be less than $40,000 and have an honest 500 hp. We already have more orders than expected.

Why don't U.S. automakers have such luck?
Three reasons: unions, health costs, and patience. They got used to making money building three million black Chevrolets or three million black Fords a year. Now people demand unique automobiles. It's the niche market. Every auto company now has to build 10 times as many models, and each model costs $3 billion to make.

How about the fact that many American cars are so damn ugly?
I think they concentrated so much on emissions and safety that they let styling go. But some companies are taking the plunge and building cars individually. One of the best is Nissan. Look what Chrysler's doing. And I think the new Fords coming in the next few years are going to be exceptional looking.

'It'll take 20 years before we have hydrogen.'

What's beyond hybrids?
The hybrid now is a stopgap measure for probably 10 to 15 years on the way to hydrogen fuel cells. I've been told by a lot of people that it will take 20 years before we have hydrogen. I've also been told that the Japanese will be selling them in five years. I don't know when we'll get to hydrogen, but I know the world can't afford $100 barrels of oil.

"I'll let you have this baby for $1,200."

But we could use an autobahn...
I lived in Europe off and on for 15 years. And those nut cases, those Germans who drive 150 mph on the autobahn, are stupid. If you drive for more than 15 minutes, your neck gets sore from looking around to make sure some German isn't coming up on you at 150 mph flashing his lights or giving you the finger.

What about the Chinese? When they start making quality cars, should we invade?
I wouldn't recommend that. I'm afraid we'd get the shit kicked out of us.

The next Super Bowl is in Detroit. You gonna come get your drink on at our party?
If Billy Ford asks me, I'll come.

Er, it's sponsored by Dodge, but consider yourself invited.—*Phil Berg*

Once we add the gun rack, it'll be perfect

BMW 330i

You'll quit before it does.

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $37,295
ENGINE: 3.0-liter, 255 bhp inline-6
0–60: 6.1 seconds **TOP SPEED:** 155 mph

We say: It's the first rule of business: Don't screw with success. For more than 20 years, the 3-series has been BMW's biggest seller. So when it came time to debut that model's fifth generation, it had to be a winner. In our book the new Bimmer hits its bull's-eye by achieving a series of seemingly contradictory goals. Bigger and heavier than the '05 car, with more passenger and trunk space, the 2006 330i somehow gets better fuel economy. Credit the new magnesium/aluminum block and patented Valvetronic variable valve lift technology, which coaxes 30 more ponies from a one-inch-shorter, 22-pound-lighter package. Nearly as effortless as an automatic and loads more fun, BMW's six-speed manual is further improved for surer, shorter shifts. Twitch the wheel and the new double-pivot front and five-link rear suspension flattens curves with the confidence-inspiring solidity of a bank vault on wheels. And since BMW included bigger brakes linked to its latest, gyroscopically governed stability control system, the 330i fulfills the promise of high-performance driving without the high risk.

Blink once for "yes"

Well, there is the risk of getting an STD from all the girls this ride will draw your way.

Drawbacks: None that we can find. Unless, you order the somewhat convoluted iDrive system.

McMurray: "The front end is responsive. You can see why everyone else models their sport sedans after BMW's."

SLICE OF LIFE

GET A GRIP

A cross-section of the most important part of your car. No, not the air horn.

BELT PLIES
Usually two crisscrossed layers of woven steel cords that keep the tire from getting warped out of shape by centrifugal forces. Off-road tires have up to three layers in order to handle rocks, sharp branches, and dead bodies.

INNER LINER
Essentially a built-in inner tube. It's a rubber compound—made from some of the 200 different raw materials that go into a tire—designed for keeping air in. But unlike the tube on your old Huffy, it's useless for whipping a younger brother.

TREAD
Tread design is about compromise. So this high-performance BFGoodrich g-Force T/A KDW sports a directional tread (made to roll one way) with fat blocks of rubber on the shoulders and the center for grip, and deep grooves to clear water.

BODY PLIES
Bands of rubber-coated cords that stretch from one side of the tire to the other like Joan Rivers' face skin. They do the grunt work, supporting the car's weight and transferring power, steering, and braking forces from the bead to the tread.

CAP PLIES
Important to high-performance rubber, they're layers of nylon or Kevlar-esque aramid cords that strengthen the tire for hard-cornering loads and provide stability at lose-your-license speeds. Total plies for a KDW: four. An average airplane tire: 30.

BEAD
Connecting radial to rim is a ring of braided steel cables wrapped in layers of rubber, one of which is the hardest compound on the tire. Why? A tire's assembled in 15 minutes, but toasted in seconds if it can't handle your hard driving.

Illustration, Graham Murdoch

EXCITING FINISH.

Our pure limestone filtered water and new charred oak barrels give Wild Turkey its consistently smooth finish with no hard edges.

Uncompromising since 1855.

REAL
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

WILD TURKEY® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 50.5% Alc./Vol. (101 Proof). Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, KY ©2005 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
Uncompromising people drink responsibly and remember, never drink and drive.

MAXIM SUV OF THE YEAR

RANGE ROVER SPORT

It dances with cheetahs.

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $69,750
ENGINE: 4.2-liter, 390 bhp V-8
0–60: 7.2 seconds TOP SPEED: 130 mph

We say: Seems someone at Land Rover or its new corporate parent, Ford, must've noticed all those Porsche Cayennes and BMW X5s whizzing by, because the new Range Rover Sport Supercharged is the best-handling vehicle the Rover chaps have ever built. Starting with a chopped, short (108-inch) wheelbase version of their aluminum chassis, Land Rover engineers bolted on Jaguar's supercharged aluminum V-8, cribbed from Jag's mighty XKR. Twenty-inch rims with low-profile tires compromise all-terrain capability but improve pavement performance and make room for massive Brembo brakes. And in the event you actually do go off-road, its air suspension system automatically raises, lowers, stiffens, and softens speed and conditions. As with past Range Rovers, this truck's interior is finished to a standard of craftsmanship and luxury that no other SUV surpasses. But this one's got the goods to pin you back in that plush seat whilst you hunt for defenseless elephants. **Drawbacks:** If Land Rover put this 5,670-pounder on a diet, we bet it would really fly. **McMurray:** "I love the sound of the supercharged engine. It's a true guy's car."

HUMMER H3

Kill nature, but with less guilt.

Kind of like smoking in the boy's room

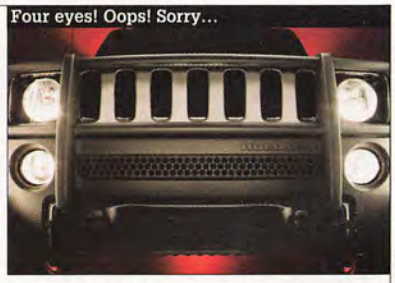
MAXIM OFF-ROADER OF THE YEAR

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $29,500
ENGINE: 3.5-liter, 220 bhp inline-5
0–60: 10.2 seconds TOP SPEED: 98 mph

We say: Hey, like all guys, we love Hummers. But lately those visits to the gas station have made us sore. Borrowing its beefed-up platform from GM's midsize Chevy Colorado, the H3 offers compact-car maneuverability—its 37-foot turning circle is less than two feet wider than the Solstice's—and improved fuel economy (up to 20 mpg).

Thankfully, the H3's interior does away with the plastic trim designed for the H2, substituting a thick, leather-wrapped steering wheel and shifter, convenient controls, and easy-reading gauges. Best of all, however, is what hasn't changed. You'll ride high in this Hummer, with a feeling of invincibility that comes from knowing you could ford two-foot-deep streams and climb 16-inch vertical steps. For even more monstrous off-road capability, get the five-speed manual transmission, a first for Hummer. A smarter, slimmer sequel to the bloated H2, the new H3 is everything we like about Hummers, only thriftier.

Four eyes! Oops! Sorry...



Drawbacks: Like the H2, tiny windows with high sills sacrifice driver's outward visibility for style. And what happens when you try to pull nearly 5,000 pounds with 220 horsepower? Not much! The H3 accelerates like, well, a big heavy truck. **McMurray:** "It handles pretty good for having such big tires. And, come on, just take a look at it."

MAXIM ONLINE
See McMurray smoke all these cars at **maximonline.com.**

Speed. Control. Omnipotence. Verizon Broadband gives online gamers the upper hand in any competition. Visit richerdeeperbroader.com and tell us what game you're playing.
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100 THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

You know not to forget her birthday and that her favorite flowers are purple tulips. But you need the complete list. Please use it responsibly.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN

100 Girls enjoy always having something kind of wrong, like a headache or cramping or something. Remember: No matter how bad it sounds, she's going to outlive you.

99 **Most women will not have sex for the first time with a guy unless their legs are shaved. If your date shows up and you spot stubble, she's trying to keep herself in line.**

98 No matter how much she reassures you, if you can't get a hard-on she assumes you're not attracted to her.

97 **Beware of your girlfriend's single party friend or gay bud. They want her to be single with them and will encourage any bad behavior as often as possible.**

96 **Jewelry. Now you always know what to get her for a last-minute gift.**

95 The sight of you in your socks and underwear is the biggest turnoff in the world.

94 **Never trust a girl who has no girlfriends. She doesn't get along with other women because she's either bat-shit crazy or just plain mean.**

93 Girls who say, "I love sports!" are lying. Girls who ask you what time the game is on, without specifying which game they're talking about, are not.

92 **A random hookup is more likely to result in pregnancy, because a woman has more sex when she's most fertile.**

91 She still has all the love letters and cards from her past boyfriends.

90 **Just started dating? Women want you to drive, even if it's their car.**

89 A girl would prefer to get a $100 gift from Tiffany & Co. than a $500 gift from Fortunoff. Why? Because her friends will ask where she got it.

88 **"If I give you my number on Friday, Tuesday and Wednesday are your best bets to score a date. Monday is too desperate, Thursday is too late."**—*Claire, 27*

By Maria Fontoura, Heather Havrilesky, Dana Joseph, Amelia McDonell-Parry. Allan Piper: Styling. Annebet for Code Artist Mgmt.: styling assistant, Kim Johnson; prop styling, Manuel Norena at Donnie Myers Studio for De Facto; hair, Joseph Bartucci for Redken/Cutler; makeup, Jacqueline Sheppard for Photogenics Media

87 Your female coworkers are obsessed with the fact that on average they receive less pay than male counterparts—and the fact that they work less overtime and get pregnant is irrelevant to the discussion.
86 Laying a towel down over the wet spot is like putting your jacket over a mud puddle for her, you noble bastard.
85 A recent study revealed that natural blondes could be extinct in 200 years, so unless she's Norwegian, her towhead might be bottled.
84 Sixteen percent of American men have been with a prostitute—scientific proof most women are decent in bed.
83 Women always want to believe what you're saying is true.
82 What do women really want in bed? More blankets. They get colder than men.
81 The threesome is not about you; it's about the two girls. If you're lucky enough to score one with your girlfriend, enjoy sex with the other one because there's a good chance it'll end the relationship.
80 If women have an excuse to take a pill, they'll take it.
79 Never trust the woman who gives you the best blow job you've ever had.
78 "I hate when my boyfriend is sweaty and tries to lie down on top of me or cuddle after I've come. Wait five minutes."—*Erin, 21*

73 Over the course of her life, a woman will use 10 men for every one she loves. If you lent her your car or helped her move and didn't get laid, you're one of the 10.

65 The most painless way to end an argument: Let her win.
64 An online dating service's survey found that a woman's ideal man has brown hair and blue eyes.
63 In the U.S., 21 percent of women ages 18 to 59 hold out for their honeymoon.
62 A British study claims a woman's chances of getting married drop by 40 percent for every 16-point rise in her IQ. The same increase in IQ for a man boosted his chances of getting married by 35 percent.
61 When a woman tells you her problems, she does not want you to offer solutions.
60 Women often cite manhandling of breasts as the biggest foreplay faux pas.
59 "When I'm drunk, I can't come. Not even with a vibrator."—*Lauren, 35*

58 If they're going to do it, most wives cheat between the ages of 18 and 29.

57 Most women think they're better drivers than they are. Don't point this out while she's at the wheel or she'll freak and crash.
56 Women ingest about half the lipstick they apply, which means they eat approximately one to three sticks per year.

77 The average woman kisses 79 men before getting married.

72 During emergencies, women are likely to remain calmer than men. Though it should be noted that inventing minor crises on a weekly basis gives them more practice.
71 "Women grow hairs in a lot of the same places that men do—lower abdomen, nipples—we just get rid of them."—*Katie, 26*
70 Unless they're lesbians, she won't approve of your hanging out with other girls. Even if they're ugly. And, really, even if they're lesbians.
69 If you have something to hide, she'll find it.
68 Eighty-five: The number of males per 100 females in Gary, Indiana, lowest male-to-female ratio of any city with a population of 100,000-plus. The highest male-to-female ratio is in Salinas, California: 114 males for every 100 females.
67 Kiss her before two dates have gone by or you'll be "friended."

76 She hates your Xbox more than she lets on. Blow her off for some gaming and she'll soon stop wasting time on a dork like you.
75 Women who are obsessed with their dogs also like to keep their men on a short leash.
74 "Girls who buy their men lap dances and pretend to enjoy it are kidding themselves. They're trying to keep him happy with some controlled freedom."—*Suzy, 31*

66 They can't live without tension. Every once in a while, she's gonna pick a fight with you for no reason. Accept this as a running, inevitable theme and your relationship will make a lot more sense.

55 The best-looking women often possess the least self-confidence.

54 A woman might say she just wants sex, but sleep with her for a while and she'll change her tune. "I've known so many women who think they can pull this off, but they always develop feelings for the guy," says Evie, 22.

53 According to the American Association of Facial Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, Angelina Jolie's lips were the most requested celebrity feature among all female patients in 2004.

52 Despite always complimenting another woman's short haircut, she secretly celebrates having one less competitor, since men prefer long hair.

51 Don't call her "cute." In her mind it's the same as "not vomit-inducing." "Sexy," OK. "Hot," yes. "Fucking awesome," only if she's at least slightly buzzed.

50 Women often buy shoes a size or two small because they're in denial about the size of their feet—which they can't stand.

49 They dream of one day peeing in a urinal.

48 Women know where they stand looks-wise but worry about being considered cool, about which they're unsure.

47 According to the U.S. Bureau of Statistics, 23 percent of 18- to 34-year-old women live with their parents, versus 31 percent of you losers.

46 Women want to talk dirty, but they're afraid you won't respect them in the morning. Reassure her that letting go in bed doesn't make her less classy and she'll probably go wild. Jäger helps.

45 Twenty-three percent of this magazine's readers are women.

44 A psycho jealous girl will do anything to keep her man—including anal.

43 About 40 percent of women still call their father Daddy.

For the last time, no, you can't have our digits

34 Chick rock strikes a deeply primal chord inside women while simultaneously revolting men. Just sit back and let her sing the Sarah McLachlan or Ani DiFranco song. It's only about four minutes long.

33 The average woman owns eight bras and wears each one five times before washing. *Shasta!*

32 Girls will not sit on any toilet outside their own home or a five-star hotel. Everywhere else they're hovering above the toilet in a squat.

31 Got a new girl coming over? Your (tidy) bathroom should include clean linen, a box of Puffs Plus, and several full rolls of TP.

30 "Don't caress our faces while we're kissing, unless you really, really, *really* like us." —*Rachel, 21*

29 On a first date, women never order what they really want to eat.

28 Breast augmentation surgery has grown by 257 percent since 1997. The most popular size? C-cup. As if you didn't know.

27 Gain her trust when you're out by calling her at 10 P.M. She'll go to bed content you're thinking of her, even if you're slurping Jell-O shots off some skank's cleavage.

42 The only way girls who don't know each other can start a conversation and signal that they're nonthreatening is to compliment one another's clothes, shoes, jewelry, or hair. To become BFF, a common enemy is needed.

41 If she suddenly cuts her hair short, it might mean she no longer cares what you think of her. But that doesn't mean she doesn't care about someone else's opinion.

40 About half of all brides will lose a good friend over a ridiculous bridesmaid squabble.

39 It never hurts to say you're sorry, even if you don't mean it.

38 Let her beat you at something once in a while—poker, chess, Ping-Pong—and she'll be more likely to give you what you want, like some peace and quiet.

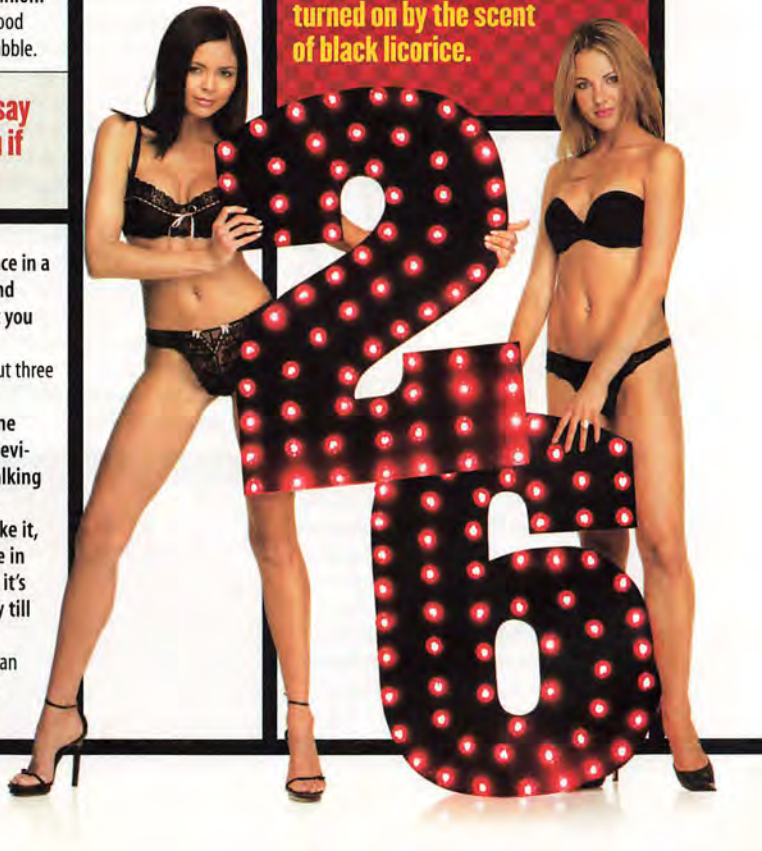
37 Women's public bathrooms are about three times more disgusting than men's.

36 "At one point or another, I've gone through your things looking for any evidence from past relationships. I'm talking photographs, postcards, mementos, address books, diaries. If you don't like it, get rid of this stuff before letting me in your apartment. It's not about trust; it's about curiosity, and it drives us crazy till it's been satiated." —*Caroline, 28*

35 Like you, girls hate nothing more than a clingy partner who needs them every eight seconds.

The hottest math department interns ever

26 Put down the Drakkar and grab a box of Good & Plenty. Women are turned on by the scent of black licorice.



25 At least one of her friends wants to sleep with you.
24 A good but flawed man is a fixer-upper gem, and women love nothing more than home improvements.
23 Every woman is self-conscious about her ass. Tell her you love her ass and you'll see it more often.
22 If you want more sex, tell your girl an attractive woman hit on you that day. Sixty percent of the time, it works every time.
21 More than half of surveyed females between 18 and 25 would prefer to be run over by a truck than be fat.
20 All women think they're smarter than their partners in some significant way.
19 The more piercings she has, the more places she'll let you put it.

18 Once in a while, let her pick the movie and don't complain about it.

17 Any good woman will tell ya, honesty is not always the best policy.
16 Chicks aren't afraid to get kinky; you just have to have the nerve to ask.
15 Girls don't want to date doormats. So make her proud and refuse to give up bowling night with the guys.

10 Ugly girls like to hang out with pretty girls because it makes them feel like they're more attractive. Pretty girls hang out with ugly girls for the same reason.

ASK US ANYTHING

Q Why aren't women funny?

A Is the only time your girlfriend makes you laugh when she suggests watching a Lifetime Original Movie rather than *Monday Night Football*? You're not alone. Most women tend to be tragically unfunny. But why? Wendy Spero, an L.A.-based comedian, suggests that, proportionally, there are as many funny female comedians as male comedians. "Of the thousands of men in comedy, most are bad. If you only saw Carrot Top do stand-up, you wouldn't think men were funny, either." (What?! Carrot Top isn't a woman?) Telephone Bozo aside, the question isn't so much about women not being funny as it is about men needing to find an outlet for painfully suppressed emotions (like your micropenis shame). Basically, if we didn't laugh, we'd cry. Women just cry. Besides, when you've got breasts, you don't need to be funny to get attention.

14 Don't take a woman to a concert you really want to see—she'll just want to leave early.

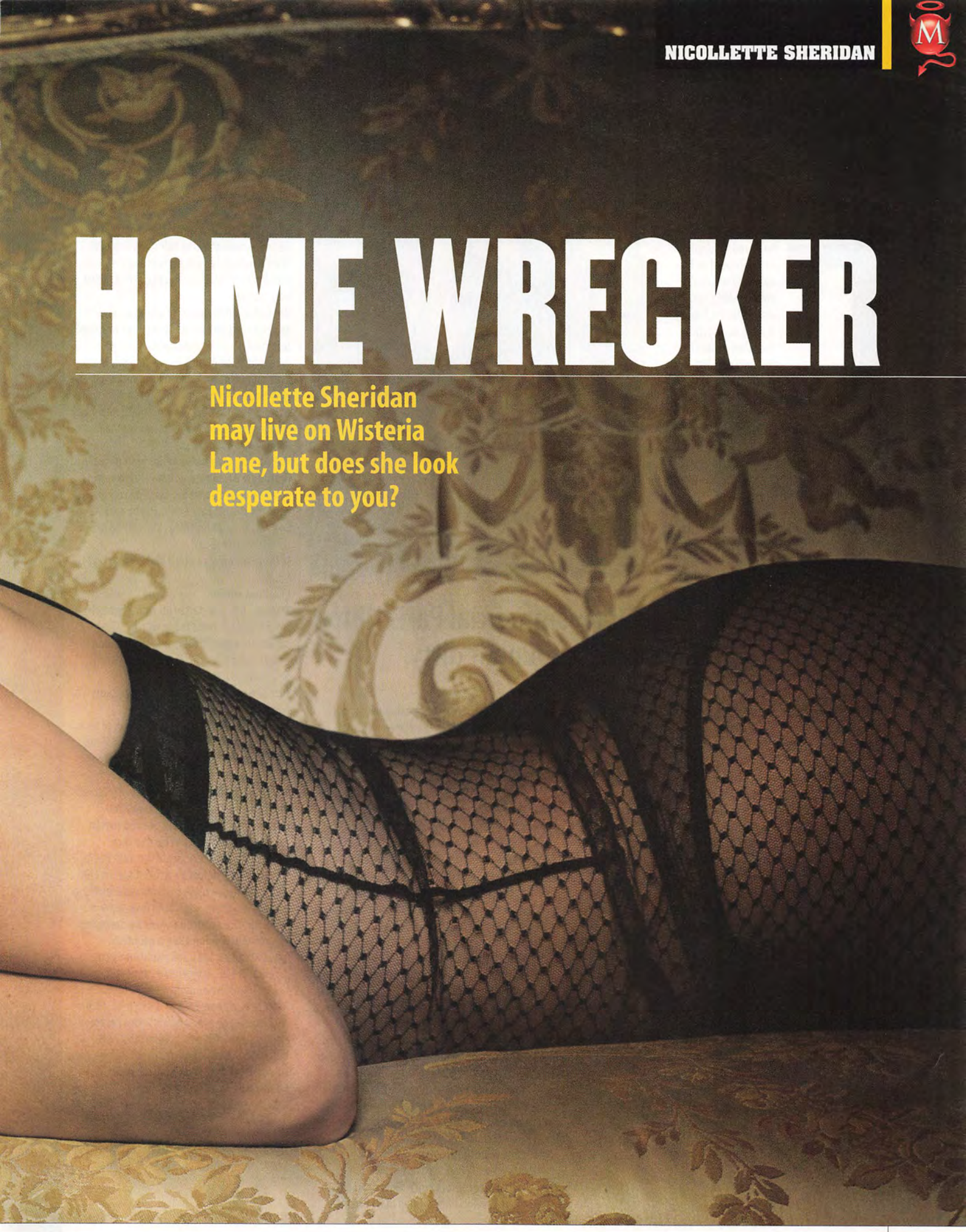
13 "Women appreciate a big penis, but having one doesn't give you an excuse to suck at foreplay."—*Elena, 28*
12 Studies show women are more attracted to "macho" guys near ovulation. The rest of the month, they're drawn to "good providers," otherwise known as chumps.
11 She likes one of your friends.

9 The minute she decides she's even mildly interested in you, she starts making mental pictures of what your kids would look like and imagining her first name with your last.
8 Sixty percent of women in the United States color their hair, according to L'Oréal (who are obviously hoping they can peer-pressure the other 40 percent).
7 Dated a stripper? Keep your mouth shut, stupid.
6 Rub a sheet of medium-grade sandpaper across your face. That's your five o'clock shadow when you kiss her. Now rub that sandpaper on your inner thigh. (Mind you, we're not suggesting you shave.)
5 Female serial killers tend to use poison rather than guns or knives.
4 Foghat's "Slow Ride" is not about a trip in the car. Get the hint?
3 The one breakup line she'll never be able to argue you out of: "I'm sorry, but I no longer have feelings for you."
2 Buying a present for your girl? She'll hate it (and you) if she finds out you took along another woman to help pick it out.

01 You'll probably never know how many guys she's slept with. The standard lie is five. Which really means about 12.

HOME WRECKER

Nicollette Sheridan may live on Wisteria Lane, but does she look desperate to you?



INTERVIEW BY ERIC ALT

For many men, the words "desperate" and "housewives" inspire thoughts of late-night Skinemax movies and Oprah drones with shrieking babies in one hand and Valium in the other. Those of us, however, who've actually watched ABC's twisted drama (which, happily, is more David Lynch than *Days of Our Lives*) instantly envision Nicollette Sheridan. Yes, the only woman to star in both *Knots Landing* and *Beverly Hills Ninja* has found a home in Fairview. As her neighborhood's femme fatale, Edie Britt tells it like it is, stirs up trouble, and rocks short shorts in a way that fills millions of soccer moms with envy. Get to know the woman giving a good name to bad marriages.

Was there a moment you thought, *Am I really going to do something called* Desperate Housewives*?*
I love the title! It was very interesting. When I'd bring it up to people, they'd say, "Oh, my God, they have to change the title." I was like, "What are you, crazy? It's so tongue in cheek, I love it." You have to find the humor in it. And it's caught on—150 countries and counting.

Did you expect the program to blow up the way it has?
Absolutely not. I've never known of any show that's taken off like this one. Before the pilot aired, there was buzz about the show as if it had already been on for six months. It was bizarre. Unlike anything I had ever heard of before. It's amazing how people relate to these characters.

Do you see the show's success as a blow against reality TV? In particular, we're thinking of *MTV I Want a Famous Face*.
Absolutely! People were yearning for something they could really sink their teeth into. Hopefully, this will be it for reality TV. I think it is going to open the way for more shows of this nature. Whenever there's something at this level, people jump on the wagon and try to re-create it.

Yep, can't wait for *Anxiety-Ridden Significant Others*. If a guy has a preference for one desperate housewife over another, what does that say about him?
Oh, this is so hard! Let's see: To like Teri Hatcher's Susan, he'd have to be very in touch with his feminine side. To like Marcia Cross' Bree, he'd have to be a little masochistic. To like Felicity Huffman's Lynette, he'd have to be . . . hmm . . . really well-rounded. To like Eva Longoria's Gabrielle, he'd have to be extremely sure of himself. And then to like Edie—well, that would just make sense!

'That commercial Paris Hilton did . . . I found it dirty.'

It certainly would. What of all the rumors of constant on set catfighting?
It's controversy. The press doesn't want to hear that we all get along, that we're enjoying the work and one another. They love to build you up and then tear you down. People love all the drama that's created. There seems to be some sort of mole on the set. Somehow things seem to get out . . . We've been trying to find him.

If there ever is a proper catfight, could you please film it?
For you guys, yeah. Just for you guys. If there ever was one, it would be a good one.

When this dream catfight finally happens, who's going to win?
I've got a mean right.

Do you keep up on the gossip?
You can't trust the Internet. Someone told me there was this Web site with my head on other people's naked bodies doing lewd, crude, and totally unacceptable things. I guess at one point I've got to get around to suing them. But the real drag of it was that my body is much better than their bodies.

How insulting!
It was! My God, at least do me justice.

Any other rumors you'd like to quash?
There was this thing written that I had gone into a candle store, and my hair went up in flames because of all the hair spray. First of all, I never have hair spray in my hair, and I've never even heard of this store, and my hair has never been burned.

Not hot wax? Er, never mind. Have you experienced any other downsides of fame?
Just that I got picked on ruthlessly at the American Music Awards for wearing this Elie Saab couture gown. I kind of went rock'n'roll with black makeup and ended up on Blackwell's worst-dressed list. But like I've said, I'd rather be number one on the worst-dressed list than number two on the best.

Does being on a network instead of cable limit how desperate you housewives get?
I praise the Lord above because God only knows what they would have Edie doing on cable—probably some of the things Kim Cattrall had to do on *Sex and the City*!

Is there a new vice you'd like Edie to try?
Drugs.

Excellent choice.
Seriously, this year started off with a twist: Her six-year-old son came to live with her. One can only imagine: "Honey, can you grab me a cigarette and a scotch?" You know, she could be a really cool mother.

Just like our mom! What can guys learn from watching the show?
There are a myriad of things. Learn how to be an arm piece . . . to say, "Yes, dear" . . . how difficult a job it is to be a housewife . . . a little about S&M. It's been a pretty full season.

Your *Monday Night Football* ad with Terrell Owens stirred up a lot of FCC-related controversy. Do you feel honored to join Janet Jackson in that exclusive club?
I'm so-o-o-o not a member of that club. But it was amazing that for two weeks it was on CNN and all the news channels. If this was something they were upset by, why play it over and over?

To recap: You seduced Owens by dropping your towel. We don't see a problem.
It was ridiculous and a sad commentary on America. The NFL moment was done with humor. It was like a *Saturday Night Live* skit! If America is so freaked out by a couple of shoulder blades—give me a break. Such a double standard. You look at that commercial Paris Hilton did . . . I found it dirty. I'm not a prude, but I didn't like it. It was tacky and classless.

So no Carl's Jr. ads for you, then?
If you had a small child, you'd be much more ▶

'I can lie out naked
and get a good tan.'

offended by that commercial than the one I did. Let's just fry Paris Hilton, shall we?

There's another catfight we await. What were you wearing underneath the towel?

That's for me and Terrell to know...

Was T.O. his usual charming self?

He is the nicest guy. He is smart and sweet. He started off a little unsure of himself, but then he relaxed. He didn't need cue cards. When he's tired of football, he might have an acting career to fall back on.

Nice to see he'll have options during his next holdout. What other projects are you working on at the moment?

I'm doing a movie in Vancouver. It's called *The Cleaner,* with Cedric the Entertainer.

What's that about?

Is he FBI, is he CIA, or is he...the janitor?

Cedric, you remain an enigma. What do you do when you're not acting?

Horses are a big part of my life. I go out to ranches and bring the dogs out and just let them run. I like to hike, I like to sculpt, and I love to read. In the summer my poolside is my office. I can lie out naked and get a good tan and read a good book.

'Do you find me intimidating?'

At times like this we so wish we were functionally literate. Any other pastimes?

I grew up with motorcycles. I used to do these charity rides; Honda or Harley would give us bikes. The last time I did it, I was on a Honda Valkyrie. It looks like a Harley, but it's faster and it handles better. So basically some racecar drivers and I raced down from Santa Barbara and then back to L.A. I won!

Does the speed ever frighten you?

No. I find it all quite thrilling. I'm definitely a daredevil. I love the rush.

As a beautiful woman with a love of the road and a talent for catfighting, how do you handle the barrage of come-ons?

I don't. Men get intimidated by me. I think when you're a strong woman, that happens. I don't know—do you find me intimidating?

No, ma'am.

See? But usually men don't have the nerve to approach me.

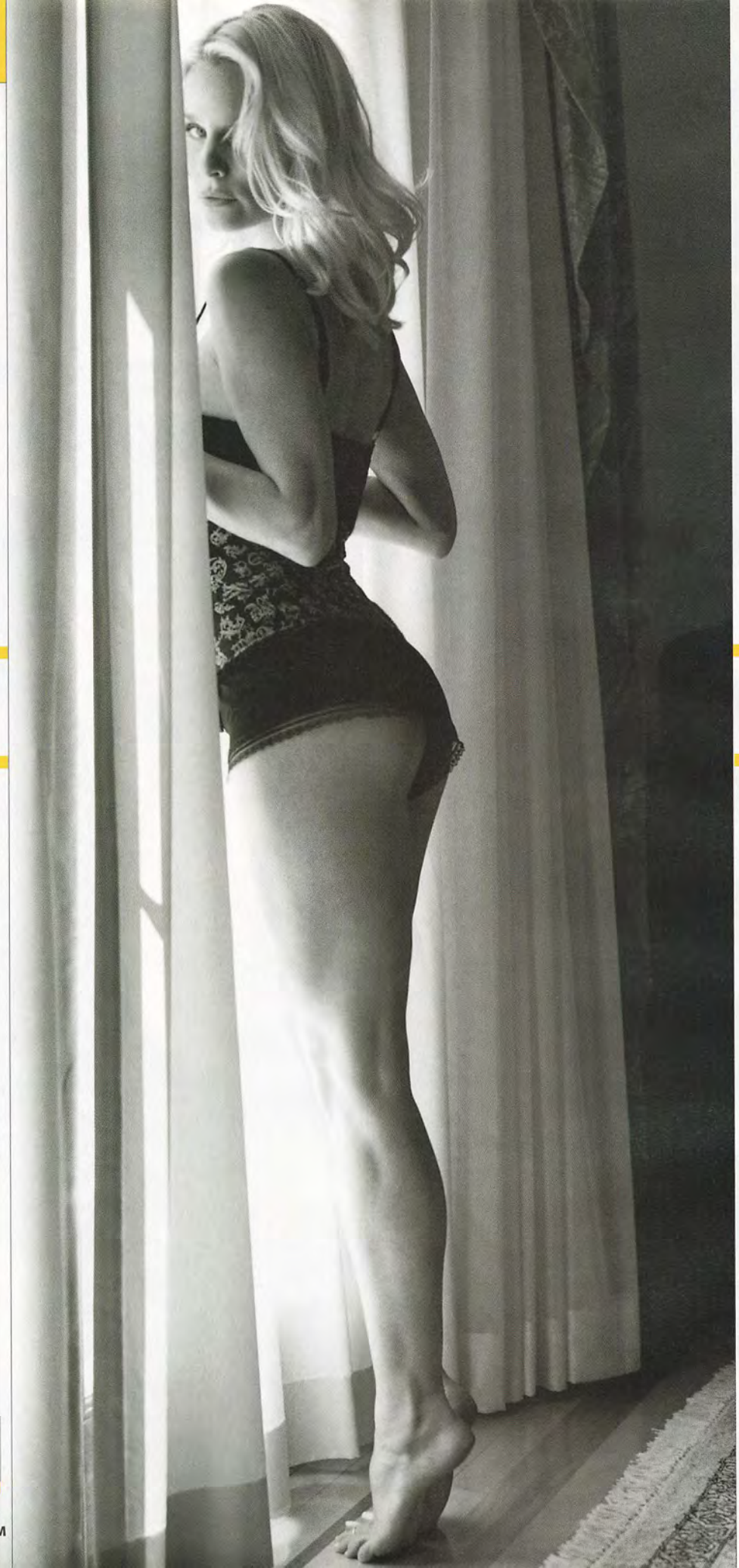
Well, we are extremely brave—like the Navajo. Have any advice for lesser males seeking your attention?

Get hurt. I have a big heart.

Are there ways they can win your heart without the bloodshed?

No. I like it that way. M

MAXIM ONLINE
See our bonus Nicollette pics at **maximonline.com.**



Styling, Eric Orlando; props, Kyle Kannenberg; hair, John Ruggiero for Bumble and Bumble; makeup, Agostina for cloutieragency.com using Giorgio Armani cosmetics

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How Dirty Boys Get Clean.

NEW AXE SHOWER GEL

SARAH SILVERMAN

Jesus Is Magic star Sarah Silverman doesn't mean to make 14-year-olds cry and prompt the homeless to choke her, but sometimes the little voice in her head tells her to say hurt words.

NAME GAME

What Sarah would call her rock'n'roll band...if she had one.

BORN VICTIM
"You know, like burn victim? But you're a victim... of being born!"

DIARRHEA EXPLOSION
"Why? Because it's...beautiful."

THE UNWANTED HAIR MACHINE
"Because eventually, we'd have to call ourselves U.H.M. That's cool."

DIRTY PILLOWS
"I guess because I'm thinking about how my pillows are really dirty."

Why aren't women funny?
They pee it out. Like vitamins you don't need.

In that case, who was your bigger inspiration: Rita Rudner or Elayne Boosler?
If I had to pick one, I'd say the Booz. But have you seen Rita Rudner's ads in Las Vegas? Her face is so airbrushed, it's just white with two holes for her nose.

How hard was it for you to break into the business?
When I first started out, I passed out fliers for the Boston Comedy Club in New York in exchange for stage time. One time I was on the corner, and some guy knocked me unconscious. I was trying to break up a fight between him and a man in a chicken costume, who was handing out fliers, too. The guy punched me square in the temple and knocked me out.

Did the chicken help you?
The chicken didn't do shit! He wasn't even there when I woke up. Another time this homeless Vietnam vet was walking toward me and staring. I handed him a flier and he snapped and started choking me. People had to pull him off.

Was that a lot like when you were a writer for *Saturday Night Live*?
I blacked it all out.

That bad, huh?
It was all right. I'm happy to have had the experience. I was so young—I had just turned 22—and I used to get these panic attacks. When I think back on it, my heart pounds a little bit.

A room full of washed-up joke writers and burned-out comics is that scary, huh?
I had never seen people be that mean before. I did have a lot of laughs, though. My favorite day was Thursday, when we'd all sit around the table and rewrite the scripts. We'd start at noon and end at seven in the morning.

When did you realize you wanted to spend your life making dick jokes?
They're not dick jokes! They're sociopolitical jokes about the penis.

Has a heckler ever gotten to you?
Yes, totally. We used to do these things called prom shows—shows with all these prom kids until five in the morning. It was like being back in high school. They're yelling, "Take off your shirt!" "You suck!" and "Next!" "Next" is a bad one. "Next" cuts deep.

How did you get back at them?
I used to be very serious and have a discussion with them, like, "What's wrong with you?" Just abandon trying to be funny. But this one time, recently, this middle-aged black man took offense at some of the black jokes in my act and started yelling that I wasn't funny, blah, blah. So I said, "Don't blame me, blame the guy who writes my material." He said, "Who's that?" I said, [black comedian] "Paul Mooney."

You don't shy away from controversial material. Have you ever thought to yourself, *I can't say that. It's too mean.*
No, because I tend to put my foot in my mouth. As soon as I think I shouldn't do something, I end up doing it. I was at the Improv, and there were some kids who looked like they were about 14. I thought, *I shouldn't do this joke if there's a 14-year-old in the audience.* But I still ended up talking about coming on someone's face. I felt like I had raped their brains.

What do you make of kids having anal sex to avoid pregnancy?
It's the new Neopets. They like to wear their prolapsed anuses on chains around their necks. But that's a great joke: "These kids today! So much anal!"

Is this uptight political climate we're in now too much to resist, though?
I'm not a political comic, but socially? Yeah. We're in a weird time. The rules have changed. Remember when Archie Bunker was the right-wing guy and spewed all this racist stuff, and Meathead, the liberal, was like, "You can't say that. It's not nice." Now the people on the left are all "Freedom of speech! If I want to say 'nigger this...'" and the conservatives are saying, "Don't say that, it's not nice."

That's a good point.
Yeah. I'm really smart when I can focus.

Do you have any sacred cows?
No...there are things I wouldn't joke about because they're too sad or mean, but if it's more funny than sad or mean, anything goes.

You were in *The Aristocrats*. Is that joke really an underground phenomenon?
It is, yeah. You know how a Catholic school girl will get titillated by the word "pussy" but a sex fiend needs, like, five midgets just to get off? In order to make a comic laugh, it has to be taboo.

Is that why roasts are so much fun?
Yeah, because it's all comics together.

Do you have any jokes left over from the recent Pamela Anderson roast?
They cut out when I said, "Tommy Lee, a few years back, was arrested for assaulting Pamela. I know that must have been a low point in your life. Your penis must have felt this big *[holds her hands a foot apart]*." All the jokes were about him having a huge cock. Poor guy, you know? I also had one where I said, "Adam Carolla has a really big penis. I've never seen it, but Jimmy said it feels like 10 inches."

Speaking of Jimmy Kimmel, how long—in minutes—will it take for you to leave him after his show gets canceled?
I'd wait a full day. Just to show I'm supportive. Then...we'd grow apart.

You have kind of a tough persona, so tell us what makes you melt.
March of the Penguins. I didn't see the movie, but I watched the trailer online, and it was so cute it hurt. I can't watch it. Honestly, I'd rather watch *Schindler's List.* That I can handle, because the stuff with the penguins really happened...

Do you have advice for *Maxim* guys on how to pick up a female comic?
You have to be really funny. And no cologne! Women want to smell you. Just put a little Mennen under the armpits and be fucking clean. You know what cologne tells me? You're fucking dirty. And it gives me a sore throat.

Is there a type of food we should avoid trying to have sex with?
A child's gingerbread house.

Your new movie is called *Jesus Is Magic*. Is that just pandering to right-wingers?
It's actually a punch line to one of the jokes. It's a stand-up movie, primarily, but there are little scenes in it...and even some musical numbers.

OK. Since we know what Jesus would do—what *wouldn't* he do?
That's a good expression, because you don't have to change the bracelets. What wouldn't Jesus do? I'm sure he wouldn't wear underwear. And he wouldn't wear cologne.

Interview by Eric Alt. *Jesus Is Magic* starts turning water into cola November 11.

Wardrobe styling, Suzie Hardy for ms-management.com; prop styling, Eric Archer; hair, PatriciaMorales.com for Cutler N.Y.C./Redken; makeup, White Simon for FactoryArtists.com.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MILLER

› 'As soon as I think I shouldn't do something, I end up doing it.'

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Microsoft's ready to deliver your gaming orgasm.

God looked out over everything He had made, and He found it very good, but lacking in consumer electronics. Behold your new living room master, Microsoft's Xbox 360—10 times as powerful as the original big black brick from 2001. The always online 720-pixel HDTV-optimized system can trade or accept gaming challenges whether you're playing a midnight death match or just catching up on last season's *7th Heaven* via its Windows Media Center Extender. An extra $100 for the deluxe edition gets you a wireless controller, a headset, a remote, and a swappable 20 GB hard drive for building a digital movie library. Thus saith the lord, Bill Gates. *($299; xbox360.com)*

TECH FATAL1TY'S TAKE

2004's *Doom 3* world champ says, "360 has a great Internet platform. In competition, I use a mouse and keyboard, not a controller."

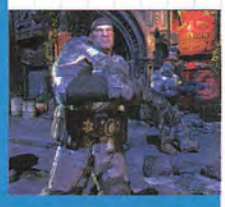
When the power goes out, there's always Parcheesi

WHY WE WANT IT

Three reasons the 360 is worth it.

GEEK DEMOCRACY
Your online gamer card shows off your trophies, and it's rated by your peers on a one-to-five scale. So watch that smack talk, butter hips.

UPLOAD THE IPOD
Feel like launching some missiles to a Prokofiev symphony? Plug in an MP3 player and lay down your own custom soundtrack.



GIMME GAMES
Quake 4, Call of Duty 2, Full Auto, and the most realistic *Madden* ever are the titles this unit will rock. And we hear there's this *Halo 3*...

Text, Scott Steinberg

PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

GRAB BAG

Ain't got game? Then load up on some peripherals that'll make Master Chief salute.

BY JASON BUHRMESTER

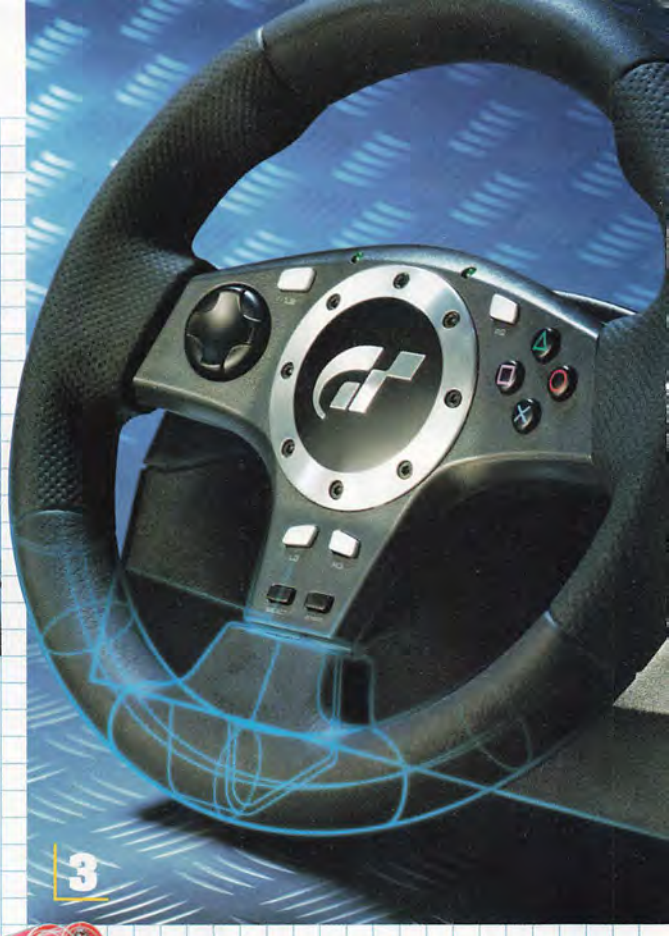
1 FREAK FACE ($25)
Remember when you played *Prince of Persia* until the controller grew claws? Here comes the flashback: Game Elements' PS2 Ninja controller, designed by toy sculptor Jeff Kokin. It's scary as hell when the drugs kick in. *(gemini-usa.com)*

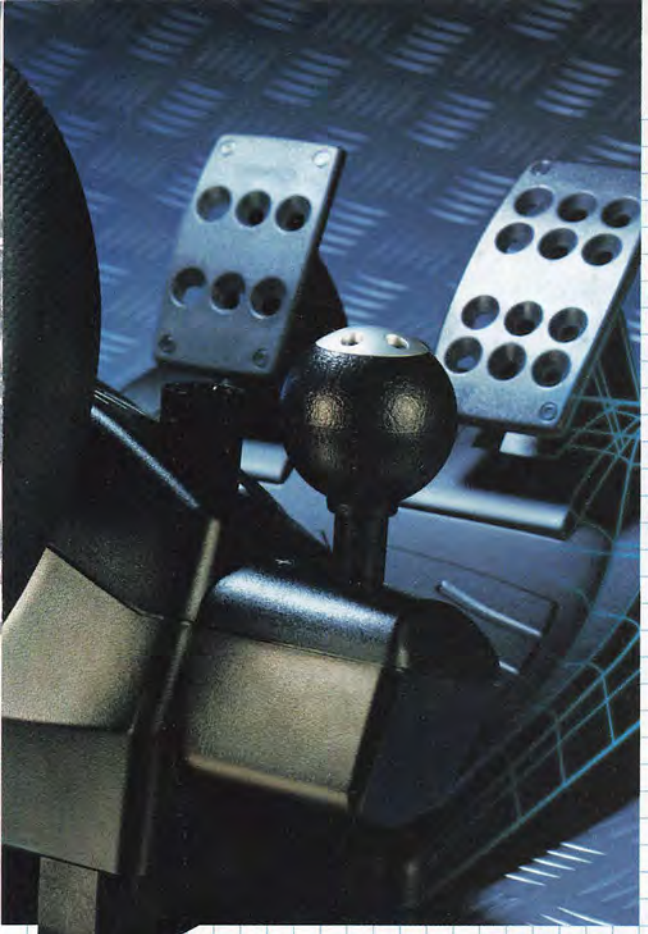
2 EAR DRUMS ($50)
For an extra kick in the joystick, eDimensional's AudioFX Force Feedback Headset rattles your skull with bass amplification. LED intensity meters let everyone know there's something serious happening between your ears for once. *(edimensional.com)*

3 DRIVING AMBITION ($150)
Johnny Law may have snagged your license, but he can't stop you from getting behind the Logitech Driving Force Pro steering wheel. Connect to your PS2 and hit the open road with 900 degrees of wheel rotation and realistic vibration. Crack open some beers and play your Whitesnake loud: The good ol' days are back! *(logitech.com)*

4 SICK-SHOT ($50)
Sorry, cowboy, your old pistol won't work with fancy new plasma TVs. To open fire on your 50-inch flat-panel, you'll need to cram the tracking-camera-equipped G1 Light Gun in your holster. Compatible with Xbox and PS2, it hungers for your hand. *(erealgames.com)*

5 NOTHING BUT NET ($80)
We hear ya: You want to take *NBA Street* online from the bedroom, but your cable box is in the den. Alas, you need a Linksys Wireless-G Game Adapter for an instant 802.11g, 54 Mbps connection to your home network. Alternatively, you can spool wire across the ceiling and hope for the best. *(linksys.com)*





TECH FATAL1TY'S TAKE

"I game with a mouse, keyboard, and headset. The keyboard needs to be slim and have good key action times, and the mouse needs to be precise and have a high dpi (at least 800)."

6

7

8

9

Aunt Phyllis used me as a footrest!

Photographs, Satoshi

6 RAT NASTY ($60)
Take your old mouse out to pasture: The R2 Mark II has easy access to seven buttons, including three side-gripped pressure zones, and 1,600 dpi optical tracking for pixel-precise aim. Now there are no excuses for being so lousy at *Unreal Championship.* *(gamingmouse.com)*

7 KEYED IN ($150)
Don't like the look of your keyboard? Customize a new one with the Ergodex DX1 Input System. Lay out the touch-sensitive pad and apply 25 adhesive-backed buttons in any layout your twisted gaming heart dreams of, then program the function of each key to specific games. It's not dummyproof, but it's a lot cooler than hunting for the *S* key while some online teenager named "KILLUR" shreds you. *(ergodex.com)*

8 HEAD TRIP ($495)
Remember virtual reality? Well, it's finally come home to say hi. Strap on the PS2-, Xbox-, and PC-compatible Trimersion Head Mounted Display and tracking sensors allow you to control *SOCOM, Halo,* and other shooters with your head, all while being immersed in wraparound screens and audio. *(trimersion.com)*

9 PIXEL BOX ($30)
Sick of hearing your buddy brag about his eBay-acquired 2600? Drop him like Intellivision and fire up the Atari Flashback 2, a woodgrained, retooled version that comes with 40 built-in games, including *Pitfall!!, Asteroids,* and *Adventure.* Even better, two controllers are included. It's like 1977 again, all the way down to your bad haircut. *(atari.com)*

PSP + NYKO THEATER EXPERIENCE ($250 and $80)

PS2-quality graphics and all-purpose multimedia make Sony's PSP the best Japanese import since Puffy AmiYumi. But its built-in speakers are tinny, and there's barely enough battery juice to coast through *Metal Gear Acid*'s intro. Thank America: Attach Nyko's Theater Experience for a seven-hour battery boost, pumped-up stereo, and a viewing stand. If it had a hard drive, we'd turn our backs on iPod forever. *(playstation.com and nyko.com)*

★★★★★

THE GOOD
- 4.3-inch, 16:9 wide-screen TFT LCD display
- Compatible with wi-fi and USB 2.0

THE BAD
- Large, bulky boat shape of the case

THREE FOR THE ROAD

An army of handheld game systems has arrived to kill off every one of your waking hours. But which of these pint-size pocket playthings gives the best game?

TECH FATAL1TY'S TAKE

"I'm on a plane about half my life, so I'm always playing handhelds. I like multiplayer wi-fi. *Lumines* for PSP is awesome."

GAME BOY MICRO ($100)

It's a-more a-money for Mario! The big N's Game Boy screen used to be so dim you couldn't tell Lara Croft from Luigi. But those crafty Pokémon worshipers learned from their mistakes with the Game Boy Micro, packing a superbright backlit LCD into a cell-phone-size package barely larger than the cartridges. It plays your entire GBA game collection at a crisp but cornea-crippling screen size. If you already own a bucket of titles, buy this—or start an antiques shop. *(gameboy.com)*

★★★★☆

THE GOOD
- Travel-ready dimensions (4"x2"x.7"); light weight (2.8 oz.)
- Backlit monitor with adjustable brightness

THE BAD
- Eyestrain-inducing two-inch viewing panel

GIZMONDO ($399; ad version $229)

Ever want your Game Boy to track your location? Us neither, though Gizmondo thought its GPS- and camera-equipped attempt to win your pocket change wasn't a bad idea. Clever launch titles like *Colors* track real-life players as they defend their virtual turf. Unfortunately, the rest of the obscure titles mostly suck. At least you can load in MP3s and MPEG-4 movies via USB to justify the cost, or buy an ad-enabled version and save nearly half the price. Big Brother says hi. *(gizmondo.com)*

★★☆☆☆

THE GOOD
- SMS/picture messaging, GPS, digital camera
- 400 MHz processor, Windows CE operating system

THE BAD
- C-level game library

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Text, Jason Buhrmester; photographs, Satoshi

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PIMP YOUR PC

Most computers ain't got game. For that you'll need more of everything. Here's how to make your box better, stronger, faster.

COOLING SYSTEM ($60)
A good chill stops your PC from suffering a meltdown while you rev it like an overworked jalopy. The Big Typhoon's aluminum fins, 1,300 rpm fan, and six copper pipes suck out the heat better than a bag of ice. *(thermaltake.com)*

MOTHERBOARD ($199)
The PC motherboard, like a true matriarch, does all the selfless martyr work while you go have fun. The Asus A8N-SLI Deluxe uses AI NOS technology to boost power when overclocking. No need to thank it. *(asus.com)*

TECH FATAL1TY'S TAKE

"The important thing when building a computer is the motherboard. They usually last forever, and a high-end one makes your computer run faster."

SOUND CARD ($400)
Do those *Medal of Honor 2* sound engineers proud: Sound Blaster's X-Fi Elite Pro 64 MB card makes the Dolby Digital EX 5.1 rattle of your Thompson sound so realistic your neighbors will duck for cover. *(soundblaster.com)*

HARD DRIVE ($240)
You've wasted hours of your life waiting for the next level to load. The Raptor, a 74 GB drive that runs at a blazing 10,000 rpm, pulls up data in as little as 4.5 milliseconds. You can upgrade . . . or die alone. *(wdc.com)*

RAM CARD ($569)
RAM is a computer's short-term memory. Two gigabytes of Kingston HyperX DDR2 sorts out sound and video demands for smooth gaming and keeps your PC from behaving like we do after a jug of rum. *(kingston.com)*

GRAPHICS CARD ($599)
Radiosity? Subsurface scattering? All that and more in the Nvidia Dual GeForce 7800 GTX. It makes your explosions pretty, and turns the digital sweat trickling off that kick boxer's cleavage into sweet, magical elixir. *(nvidia.com)*

64-BIT CPU ($1,031)
Taking on *Half-Life 2* with a slow processor is akin to running after mainlining gravy. AMD's Athlon 64 FX-57 has 6.4 GB/second processing throughput, providing fiber for your bloated gaming colon. *(amd.com)*

HAMSTER WHEEL ($5)
Now that your dream machine is built, free yourself of Big Brother energy companies forever with 1,000 wheels of hamster power. Or if you live in rural Indiana, welcome to the wonderful world of electricity!

Text, Jason Buhrmester; photographs, Bradford Noble; prop styling, Joey Edwards; hair and makeup, Amanda Redgrave at aartistloft.com using Chanel

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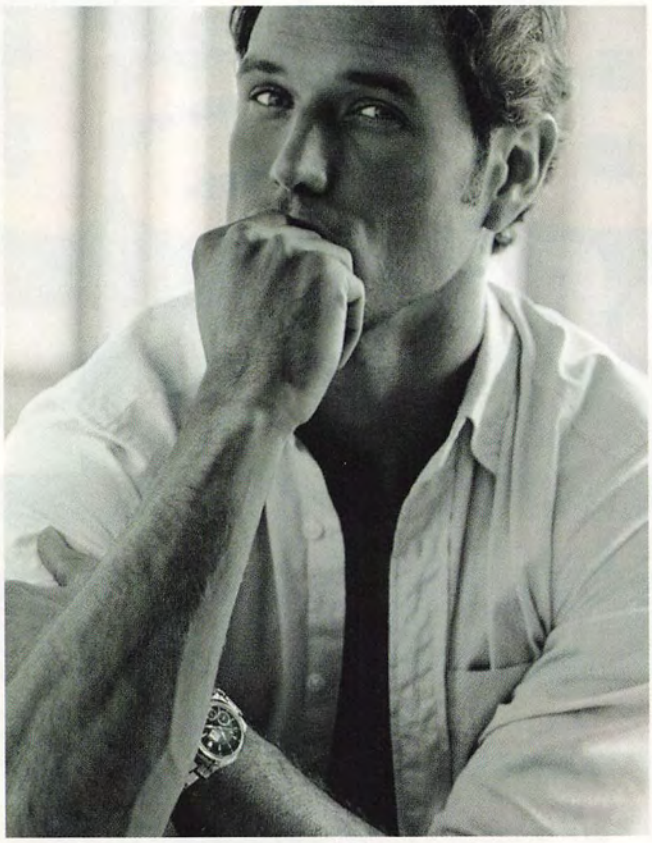

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FASHION

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For buying information, see page 170.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN KLUTCH

(from left) Nate Adams: Cracked antique-leather jacket, **$450,** by Guess Leather; Redan shirt, **$139,** by Energie; jeans, **$98,** by Lucky Brand Jeans; Versatile sneakers, **$85,** by DC Shoes.

Jeremy "Twitch" Stenberg: Zip-up sweater, **$115,** by Howe; Arto sneakers, **$73,** by Etnies; Thor jeans, Stenberg's own.

Ronnie Renner: Leather jacket, **$500,** by Tommy Hilfiger; Levanki button-down shirt, **$130,** by Diesel; Hunter jeans, **$88,** by Mavi; Geoff Rowley XL3 sneakers, **$65,** by Vans; belt, **$285,** by Claudio Orciani; Warden aviators, **$175,** by Oakley.

Travis Pastrana: Blazer, **$125,** by DKNY Jeans; Aiden jeans, **$52,** by DC Shoes.

Ailo Gaup: Motorcycle jacket, **$398,** by Lucky Brand Jeans; Key West long-sleeved henley, **$70,** by Diesel; Low-rise classic-fit jeans, **$108,** by Guess; Geoff Rowley XL3 sneakers, **$65,** by Vans; Warden aviators, **$120,** by Oakley.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CORBETT STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO

IN HIGH GEAR

Rev up your motocross style with the Red Bull X-Fighters as the competition eats dirt in Madrid's Las Ventas. Olé!

(from top) Ronnie Renner: Hooded shirt, **$225,** by Replay; Matt jeans, **$88,** by Mavi; Geoff Rowley XL3 sneakers, **$65,** by Vans; Gascan sunglasses, **$90,** by Oakley.

Travis Pastrana: Oksana leather motorcycle jacket, **$580,** and Tsuki waffle-knit thermal, **$130,** both by Diesel; Aiden jeans, **$52,** and Work High boots, **$80,** both by DC Shoes; Serpico aviators, **$80,** by Smith.

Floral dress shirt, **$170**, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb; Emmasse T-shirt, **$77**, by Peckers; Penthouse regular-rise trousers, **$79**, by Ben Sherman; Versatile sneakers, **$85**, by DC Shoes; Dragon sunglasses, Adams' own.

NATE ADAMS

Nate Adams, winner of the 2005 Red Bull X-Fighters in Madrid and gold medal recipient at last year's X Games, was the World Freestyle Motocross champ in 2002, a mere year after turning pro. When the 21-year-old daredevil is not riding motocross, he likes to hit the slopes on his snowboard and play video games. Considered laid-back, he enjoys movies, music, art, and drawing, as well as kicking major ass.

Vintage T-shirt, **$72,** by Juicy Couture Men; pants, **$185,** by Peckers; Serpico aviators, **$80,** by Smith Optics; Techno-Marine watch, and Louis Vuitton belt, Stenberg's own.

JEREMY "TWITCH" STENBERG

What's the best thing about being a freestyle motocross rider? "All the free stuff," says 24-year-old Stenberg. Even though he's lacerated his liver, collapsed his lung, and broken four ribs and his wrist (and that was all from a single wipeout), the injuries don't dampen his drive to compete. "I want to be the guy who finally takes down the guys who always seem to win."

Leather jacket, **$450,** by Replay; Buckley shirt, **$69,** and Smith pants, **$89,** both by Guess; Geoff Rowley XL3 sneakers, **$65,** by Vans; Warden sunglasses, **$175,** by Oakley.

ARLO GAUP

The hardest thing about being a pro motocross rider for this 26-year-old Norwegian is trying to practice in his icy homeland. But that can't keep the 2004 FMX world champ from practicing his craft, wherever he may be, and raking in money doing something he loves. "It's nice to never feel like you're wasting time when you're out riding," Gaup says.

Zip-up mock neck leather jacket, **$420**, by Guess Leather; The Heartbeat Rider T-shirt, **$59**, by Barking Irons; Tsuki waffle-knit thermal, **$130**, by Diesel; Aiden jeans, **$52**, by DC Shoes; Serpico aviators, **$80**, by Smith Optics.

TRAVIS PASTRANA

Imagine having a 20-acre backyard track at home to ride your bike any damned time you please. That's what Pastrana, 22, has in Annapolis, Maryland. Such are the perks of taking the freestyle moto gold medal four times in the past five years at the X Games. Pastrana, who began riding his one-speed Honda Z-50 at age four, is known for inventing tricks and generally humiliating his competition.

Fitted shirt with French cuffs, **$210**, by Juicy Couture Men; Glacier wool sweater vest, **$125**, by Reiss; Reese pants, **$98**, by Guess; Geoff Rowley XL3 sneakers, **$65**, by Vans; Warden aviators, **$175**, by Oakley.

RONNIE RENNER

This 28-year-old FMX rider was proudest taking the 2005 Red Bull X-Fighters in Mexico City. "I also have a Gravity Games gold medal this year, but the X-Fighters was cool because it was the largest-attended FMX event ever, and I won that thing!" Renner fills his time with activity. "I have my foot into about every sport there is," he says. "I'd be pumped if the days were three times longer." Relax, Ronnie.

Production, Simsan Photo, Barcelona; photographer's assistant, Hans-Paul Braun; grooming, Frank at Agencia Makeup. Special thanks to Red Bull. For buying information, see page 170.

Easy on the wallet

1. Comfort Max Anti-Irritation After Shave Balm with SPF 15, $6.99, by L'Oréal Men's Expert 2. Sensitive Face Wash, $5.99, by Nivea for Men 3. Vita Lift Anti-Wrinkle & Firming moisturizer, $10.49, by L'Oréal Men's Expert 4. Shave gel for sensitive skin, $3.29, by Brut 5. Surf Hair Matte Texture Cream, $2.99, by Garnier Fructis Style 6. High Endurance Clear Gel antiperspirant/deodorant, $2.79, by Old Spice 7. M3Power Nitro razor, $11.99, by Gillette 8. Daily conditioning shampoo, $6.95, by Michael Jordan Grooming 9. Legacy leather travel kit, $148, by Coach

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS STEIN

And from the top shelf...

1. Blenheim wash bag, $480, by Tanner Krolle 2. Perfect Shave gel, $18.50, by Therapy Systems 3. Rosemary Essential Oil shampoo, $20, by The Art of Shaving 4. Cleansing Cream, $16, by Biotherm Homme 5. Skin Revitalizer, $35, by Lab Series for Men 6. Kid Glove Hydrating Gel, $16, by Sharps 7. Maneuver Working Wax, $10.95, by Redken 8. Nickel-plated curved razor, $60, by ê Shave 9. Obsession Night for Men deodorant, $14, by Calvin Klein

For buying information, see page 170.

CARRY ON CARRYING

The worst part of traveling? Being the last man standing at the baggage claim. Take it all with you in a bag of distinction.

Leather/cotton bag, $595, by Calvin Klein Collection

Leather duffel bag, $995, by Burberry London

Vinyl bag, $80, by Ben Sherman

Leather doctor's bag, $2,295, by Giorgio Armani

Legacy leather soft duffel bag, $648, by Coach

Leather travel tote, $2,595, by Dolce & Gabbana

Wool tweed/leather bag, $395, by Boss Hugo Boss

Umer Bag, $595, by Bally

Collection leather tote, $395, by J.Crew

London Tradition hold-all, $1,815, by Dunhill

Canvas travel bag with leather detail, $1,095, by Z Zegna

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI COMPILED BY MARIA RUOCCO

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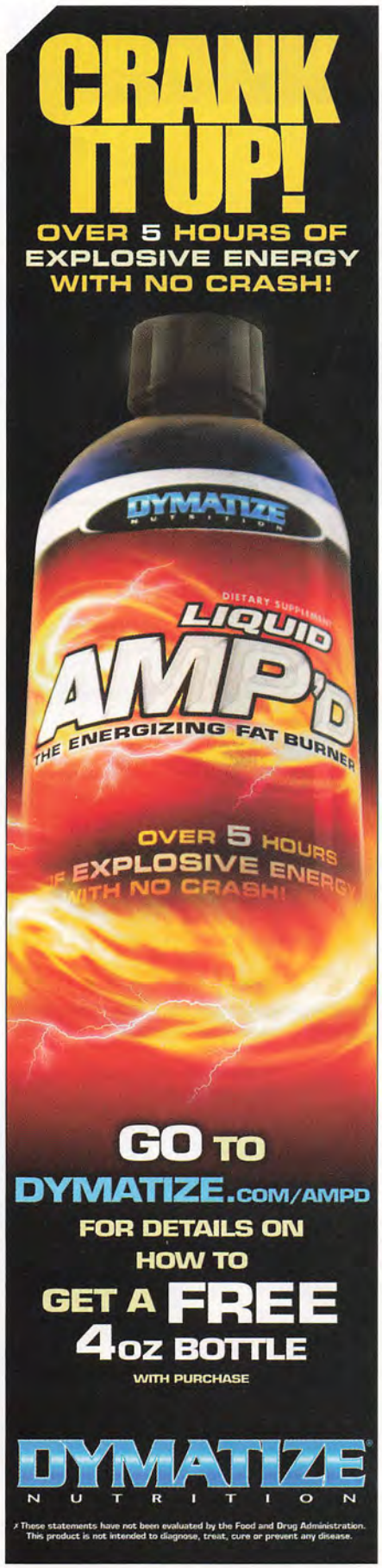
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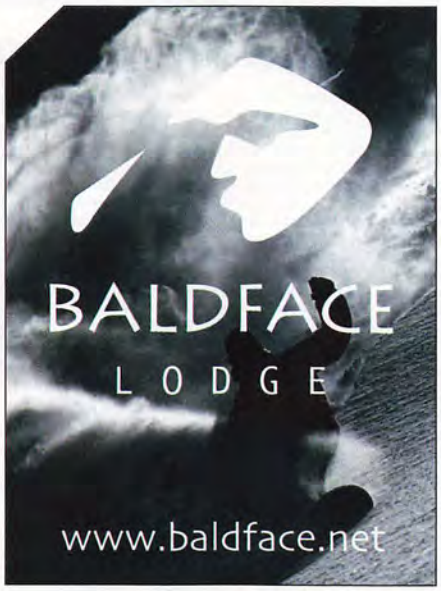

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Page 155: Sunglasses, $50, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U.

IN HIGH GEAR

Page 156–157: (from left) Jacket, $450, by Guess Leather, at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Shirt, $139, by Energie, at select Bloomingdale's stores; and select Nordstrom stores; or call 212-575-0315. Jeans, $98, by Lucky Brand Jeans, at Lucky Brand Jeans stores; or visit luckybrandjeans.com. Sneakers, $85, by DC Shoes, at select skate shops; or visit dcshoes.com. Sweater, $115, by Howe, at Nirvana, NJ; or visit shopnirvana.com. Sneakers, $73, by Etnies, visit etnies.com. Jacket, $500, by Tommy Hilfiger, call 888-TOMMY4U. Shirt, $130, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Jeans, $88, by Mavi, visit mavi.com. Belt, $285, by Claudio Orciani, at H. Lorenzo, L.A.; AK Rikks, Grand Rapids, MI; By George, Austin, TX; Barneys New York. Sneakers, $65, by Vans, visit vans.com. Aviators, $175, by Oakley, visit oakley.com. Blazer, $125, by DKNY Jeans, at Macy's; and Lord & Taylor; or call 800-777-4524. Jeans, $52, by DC Shoes, at select skate shops; or visit dcshoes.com. Jacket, $398, by Lucky Brand Jeans, at Lucky Brand Jeans stores; or visit luckybrandjeans.com. Henley, $70, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Jeans, $108, by Guess, at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Sneakers, $65, by Vans, visit vans.com. Aviators, $120, by Oakley, visit oakley.com.

Page 158: (from top) Shirt, $225, by Replay, at Replay stores; or call 888-REPLAY8; or visit replay.it. Jeans, $88, by Mavi, at Urban Outfitters; or visit urbn.com. Sneakers, $65, by Vans, visit vans.com. Sunglasses, $90, by Oakley, visit oakley.com. Jacket, $580, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; Neiman Marcus; Bloomingdale's; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Thermal, $130, by Diesel, at Diesel; Bloomingdale's; L.A. Sporting Club, L.A.; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Jeans, $52, by DC Shoes, at select skate shops; or visit dcshoes.com. Aviators, $80, by Smith, visit smithsport.com.

Page 159: Shirt, $170, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb, at Butch Blum, Seattle, WA; and Relish, Washington, D.C. T-shirt, $77, by Peckers, visit peckers.com. Trousers, $79, by Ben Sherman, at Bloomingdale's; or visit bensherman.com. Sneakers, $85, by DC Shoes, at select skate shops; or visit dcshoes.com.

Page 160: T-shirt, $72, by Juicy Couture Men, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pants, $185, by Peckers, visit peckers.com. Aviators, $80, by Smith Optics, visit smithsport.com.

Page 161: Jacket, $450, by Replay, at Replay stores; or call 888-REPLAY8; or visit replay.it. Shirt, $69, and pants, $89, both by Guess, at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Sneakers, $65, by Vans, visit vans.com. Sunglasses, $175, by Oakley, visit oakley.com.

Page 162: Jacket, $420, by Guess Leather, at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. T-shirt, $59, by Barking Irons, at Barneys New York; or visit barkingirons.com. Thermal, $130, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; Bloomingdale's; L.A. Sporting Club, L.A.; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Jeans, $52, by DC Shoes, at select skate shops; or visit dcshoes.com. Aviators, $80, by Smith, visit smithsport.com.

Page 163: Shirt, $210, by Juicy Couture Men, at Bloomingdale's. Vest, $125, by Reiss, at REISS store, N.Y.C.; or call 212-925-5707; or visit reiss.co.uk. Pants, $98, by Guess, at Guess stores; or call 800-39-GUESS; or visit guess.com. Sneakers, $65, by Vans, visit vans.com. Aviators, $175, by Oakley, visit oakley.com.

AFTER DARK

Page 164: After shave balm, $6.99, by L'Oréal Men's Expert, at drug, food, and mass market retailers. Face wash, $5.99, by Nivea for Men, at all food, drug, and mass merchandisers.

Moisturizer, $10.49, by L'Oréal Men's Expert, at drug, food, and mass market retailers. Shave gel, $3.29, by Brut, at drug, food, and mass market retailers. Hair cream, $2.99, by Garnier Fructis Style, at mass market outlets. Antiperspirant/deodorant, $2.79, by Old Spice, at drug, food, and mass market retailers. Razor, $11.99, by Gillette, at food, drug, and mass merchandise stores. Shampoo, $6.95, by Michael Jordan Grooming, at Rite Aid stores. Travel kit, $148, by Coach, at all Coach stores; or call 866-262-2440.

Page 165: Wash bag, $480, by Tanner Krolle, at Neiman Marcus. Shave gel, $18.50, by Therapy Systems, at Henri Bendels, N.Y.C.; Private Edition, Nashville; select Nordstrom stores; Bamboo Apothecary, Charlotte, NC; Bella Boutique, Montgomery, AL; or call 800-733-8606; or visit therapysystemsinc.com. Shampoo, $20, by The Art of Shaving, visit theartofshaving.com. Cream, $16, by Biotherm Homme, visit biothermhomme-usa.com. Skin Revitalizer, $35, by Lab Series for Men, at select specialty stores; or visit labseriesformen.com. Gel, $16, by Sharps, visit sharpsusa.com. Wax, $10.95, by Redken, call 888-REDKEN8; or visit redkenformen.com. Razor, $60, by ê Shave, visit eshave.com. Deodorant, $14, by Calvin Klein, at department stores.

CARRY ON CARRYING

Page 166: (clockwise from top left) Bag, $595, by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein stores, N.Y.C.; and Dallas; or call 877-256-7373. Bag, $995, by Burberry London, at select Burberry stores. Bag, $80, by Ben Sherman, at Macy's; Urban Outfitters; Nordstrom; or visit benshermanusa.com. Bag, $648, by Coach, at Coach stores; or call 866-262-2440. Bag, $595, by Bally, at Bally stores, N.Y.C.; and Beverly Hills. Bag, $1,095, by Z Zegna, at Ermenegildo Zegna stores; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. Bag, $1,815, by Dunhill, at Alfred Dunhill store, N.Y.C. Tote, $395, by J.Crew, call 800-562-0258; or visit jcrew.com. Tote, $2,595, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores; or call 877-70-DGUSA. Bag, $395, by Boss Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss stores, N.Y.C.; and L.A.; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Bag, $2,295, by Giorgio Armani, at select Giorgio Armani stores.

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READER'S NOTE

"My Boyfriend's SECRET ... for Amazing SEX!"

As a faithful reader of your magazine, I just had to tell your readers about a recent experience I had with my boyfriend.

First, let me just say he is a great guy. But, after dating for six months, it seemed he was having confidence issues in AND out of bed. It was having a real negative effect on his sexual prowess and let's face it, with any new relationship, it usually doesn't last very long without a real strong sexual connection. My dilemma was that I really liked the guy.

Thankfully, I didn't have to make a difficult decision because everything changed a few days ago. I came home from work and he basically tore my clothes off before I even made it through the door. Right there on the stairs he practically pounced on me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I definitely felt sensations I'd never felt before ... in places I forgot existed. We made love for what seemed like an eternity. I never knew what some of my friends meant when they said the earth moved from having sex – I do now. "I can honestly say it was the best sex I've ever had in my entire life!"

When I asked him what was going on – what brought about the change – he wouldn't answer me. So I did what any red-blooded American woman would do, I started snooping. It didn't take me long to figure out his secret. In his underwear drawer under the "men's magazines", was a tube of Connection. After reading the fine print and finding the website, I went online to www.maxoct.com to discover more about this magic in a tube.

Connection (of which I'm having my boyfriend buy a lifetime supply) is a lotion that is applied topically to either the clitoris or the penis. An all natural mix of herbs and who knows what, brings blood flow straight to the source – that's when amazing things start to happen. He achieves harder, stronger erections and my orgasms go through the roof! We aren't into taking pills of any kind – not even aspirin – so I was relieved to find he was using something topical without any systemic side effects. Unless you want to think of great sex as a side effect, because that's definitely what's going on at our place – ALL the time!

So... please print this letter. Anyone who wants to experience mind-blowing intimacy has to try Connection. They need to tell their boyfriends, husbands or partners about this product. Or just "accidentally" leave a tube lying around for them to "accidentally" find. I really want to thank the woman who developed Connection – only a woman could design something that feels this good.

T.J.

P.S., Let your readers know I'm pretty sure they can still get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** of Connection with their order by calling **1-800-859-7672** or by visiting their website at www.maxoct.com. Oh and even better, their product is backed by a 90 Day Full Money Back Guarantee.

"I felt sensations I'd never felt before... in places I forgot existed."

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

GO AHEAD, WE DARE YOU

ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your pistol-duelin', judge-rulin', NASA-schoolin' questions.

Q WERE THERE ANY RULES IN OLD WEST GUN DUELS?

A There was just one: Kill the other guy before he kills you. The classic scene of two grizzled cowboys facing off at 20 paces is pure Hollywood. In reality, gunslingers preferred an ol' fashioned ambush, and it was typically deemed a fair fight as long as the victim was wearing a gun and was shot from the front. "The idea of rules being involved is ridiculous—the object was to come out of it alive," says Loren Estleman, a Pulitzer Prize–nominated novelist and an authority on the American West. "Even when people were shot in the back, the gunman was often acquitted because the jury felt the victim was dangerous enough to warrant it." Our view of Old West duels can probably be traced back to the 1881 gunfight at the OK Corral, which really did involve a face-off between "good" and "bad" guys who fired at each other in a vacant lot in Tombstone, Arizona. "That single fight inspired just about every mythical gunfight that followed," says Estleman. So just to make this perfectly clear, not everything you see in the movies is real. Got that, pilgrim?

"Watch out, Compton, here I come."

STRAIGHT ANSWERS

Are brown eggs more nutritious than white eggs? NO

Are a hurricane, a typhoon, and a tropical cyclone the same thing? YES

Were there POW camps in the United States during World War II? YES

Are conjugal visits allowed in federal prisons? NO

That's one small step for fat bastards...

Q WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO TO BECOME AN ASTRONAUT?

A For starters you should know that there are two kinds of astronauts: pilots, who fly the shuttle and serve as commanders, and mission specialists, who conduct experiments and do spacewalks. If you can't decide which to be, don't fret—you're totally unqualified for either job. "Astronauts are exceptional people," says John Ira Petty, a NASA spokesman at the Johnson Space Center. "Pilots are generally former military and have advanced engineering degrees. Mission specialists are typically scientists who have achieved in their fields." To become a pilot, you'll have to pass extreme physical tests, and all astronauts need great eyesight and a placid 140/90 blood pressure while seated. Training lasts at least a year and is a lot like high school, except every class is science, math, or gym, and every student is smarter than you *and* can kick your ass. NASA accepts a new class about once every two years, and of the thousands who applied for the most recent class, only 12 were accepted. *Still* think you have the right stuff? Check out astronauts.nasa.gov. Godspeed, space cadet.

UNBELIEVABLE

IT'S A FACT

Trust us. We wouldn't lie to you, Big Daddy.

- It takes around 850 peanuts to make an 18-ounce jar of peanut butter.
- Because of continued rationing after World War II, competitors had to bring their own food to the London Olympics in 1948.
- The volcano on Mars called Olympus Mons is 16 miles tall.
- Like RuPaul, oysters can change from one gender to another and back again.
- Jell-O is the official state snack of Utah.
- Bestiality isn't illegal in Washington State unless it can be proven that the animal has somehow been physically harmed.

"She's finicky, but she has eight nipples!"

Q WHAT IS THE LONGEST A JURY HAS EVER DELIBERATED A CASE?

A This happens to be a stat that, much like the number of air balls shot in a WNBA game, you'd think would be astutely logged and regularly discussed. But it isn't. "It's a misleading question because it depends on how you measure the deliberation," says Randolph N. Jonakait, a New York Law School professor and the author of *The American Jury System*. "Juries used to be locked up and not given food or drink till they reached a verdict; today juries usually deliberate just a few hours a day."

"I don't *want* to smell your finger!"

And even a week is considered a long time for a case to be decided. So while there's no definitive answer, the longest modern deliberation probably happened during a 2003 Oakland police-brutality case. The jury spent four miserable months discussing the case as their repeated pleas to the judge to let them stop went unheeded. Finally the judge relented, and 27 of the 35 charges against the cops ended in a mistrial. When the officers were hauled back into the courtroom for a retrial, six more weeks of deliberations yielded . . . another deadlock. Who says the system doesn't work?

GOT QUESTIONS?

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Illustration, Steve Cross

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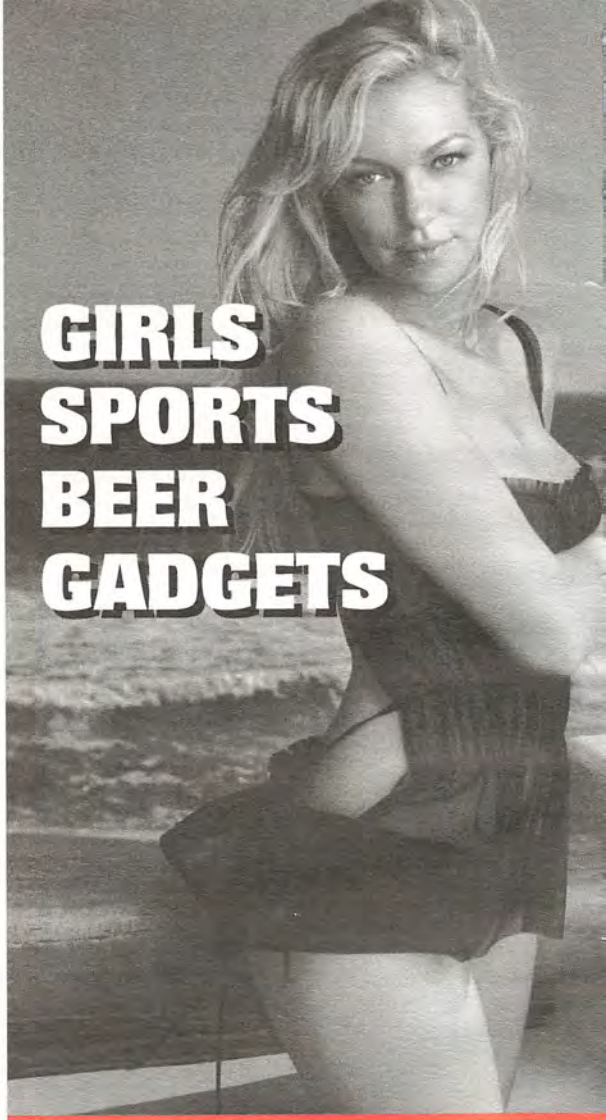

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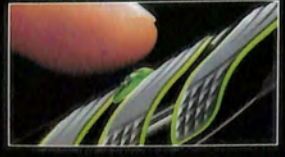

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